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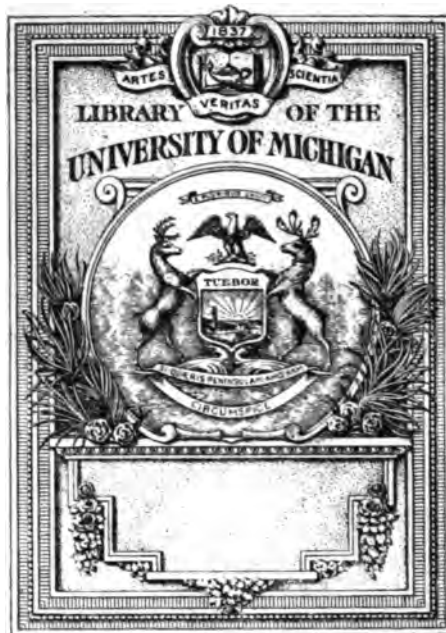
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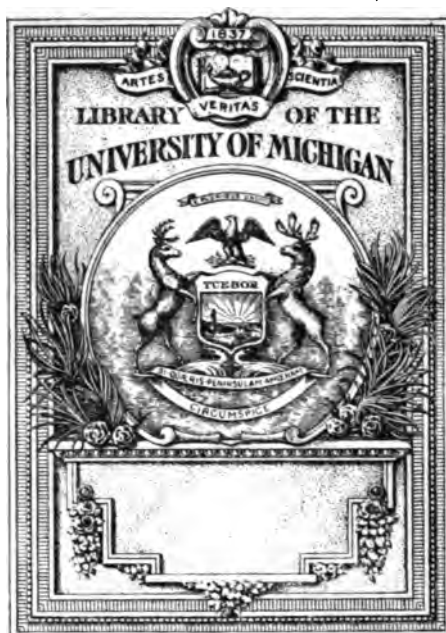
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Rev. Geo. W. Knepper.





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Battlefield Monument, 153d Regiment.

HISTORY
OF THE
One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment

Pennsylvania Volunteers Infantry

Which was Recruited in Northampton County, Pa.

1862-1863

Written by
Rev. W. R. Kiefer, Historian
(One of the Musicians)

Assisted by
Newton H. Mack
Secretary of the Regimental Association

Easton, Pennsylvania
1909

Press of
THE CHEMICAL PUBLISHING Co.
EASTON, PA.



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1909

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EASTON, PA.

CREDIT

Many of the pictures in the volume are from negatives loaned by Ethan Allen Weaver, son of Sergeant Wm. Henry Weaver of Co. A. The photos bearing the imprint of the Century Company are from "Battle and Leaders" published by them. Others by the Freedman's Aid Society of the M. E. Church. Geo. W. West, printer, of Easton, loaned us several cuts; Bush and Bull furnished the cut of the Soldiers' Monument in Easton. Many others are from photos furnished by Newton H. Mack from his gallery.

Much valuable assistance was rendered by General Frank Reeder of Easton.

Wm. L. G.

DEDICATED
TO THE
RELATIVES
OF THE
COMRADES
OF THE
COMMAND

RESOLUTIONS

Resolutions of the Association of the One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment of the Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry:

At a Special meeting of the Association of the 153d Regiment the following business was transacted:

The Secretary called the meeting to order, and stated the object of the meeting.

To take into consideration the advisability of having a complete History of our regiment, the 153d, written and published. Where upon the following resolution was offered:

RESOLVED,—1. That it is the sense of this meeting of the members of the organization of the 153d Regiment that we should have a more complete history than has yet been published.

2. That having been duly elected as the Executive Committee of the regiment, at its last reunion, June 5, 1907, and vested with the right to select the time and place of the next reunion, we would call an early meeting of the survivors of the regiment, and name June 6, 1908, as the time and Nazareth as the place, at which meeting we will ask for the authorization of the publication of the contemplated history.

3. As the State of Pennsylvania has made a special appropriation for the purchase of 400 volumes of such histories as may be satisfactorily written by Pennsylvania regiments, we recommend that our organization avail itself of the offer of the Commonwealth at the earliest practicable moment.

4. As Comrade Rev. W. R. Kiefer has by considerable labor, and correspondence, procured a large amount of material relative to our history, we recommend him as historian of the work and gratefully commend his voluntary research and will give him our assistance in the further prosecution of the work, the matter of compensation to be left to the Society in June, 1908. Approved. NOAH DIETRICH, *President*.

NEWTON H. MACK, *Secretary*.

Easton, Pa., Jan. 24, 1909.

At a meeting of the publishing Committee in Easton, January 9, 1909, the following resolution was passed:

RESOLVED, That the manuscript copy of the history of the 153d Regiment, Penna. Volunteer Infantry, be submitted to the State Commission for its examination with the view to its publication in book form, in pursuance of the resolution of the Regimental Association dated June, 1908.

NEWTON H. MACK, *Secretary*.

Easton, Pa., June 24, 1909.

W. R. KIEFER, *Chairman*.

GEO. W. RHOAD.

WM. F. RADER.



Corporal Noah Dietrich, Co. E., Pres. Regimental Association.

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INTRODUCTION

The task of writing the history of a regiment after the expiration of more than forty years from the time of its muster-out is far greater than many at first thought would imagine. Many incidents of an instructive and entertaining nature must of necessity be omitted, owing to the death of those who could have vouched for the accuracy of the same.

In the preparation of the present work the historian labored under many disadvantages; at no time, however, did he manifest discouragement, but faithfully and diligently toiled on determined to do his best. From the scant authentic material to which he had access he has submitted to the survivors of the regiment and their descendants a most truthful and valuable history of the organization from the time of its formation to the day of its muster-out, and justly deserves the thanks of all its members.

WM. M. SHULTZ.

Officers of the Regimental Association

President—NOAH DIETRICH.

Vice President—GEO. W. RHOAD.

Secretary and Treasurer—NEWTON H. MACK.

Advisory Board

Lieutenant Colonel—JACOB DACHRODT.*

Sergeant—WM. F. RADER.

First Lieutenant—WM. H. CRAWFORD, M. D.

Publishing Committee

APPOINTED JUNE 6, 1908.

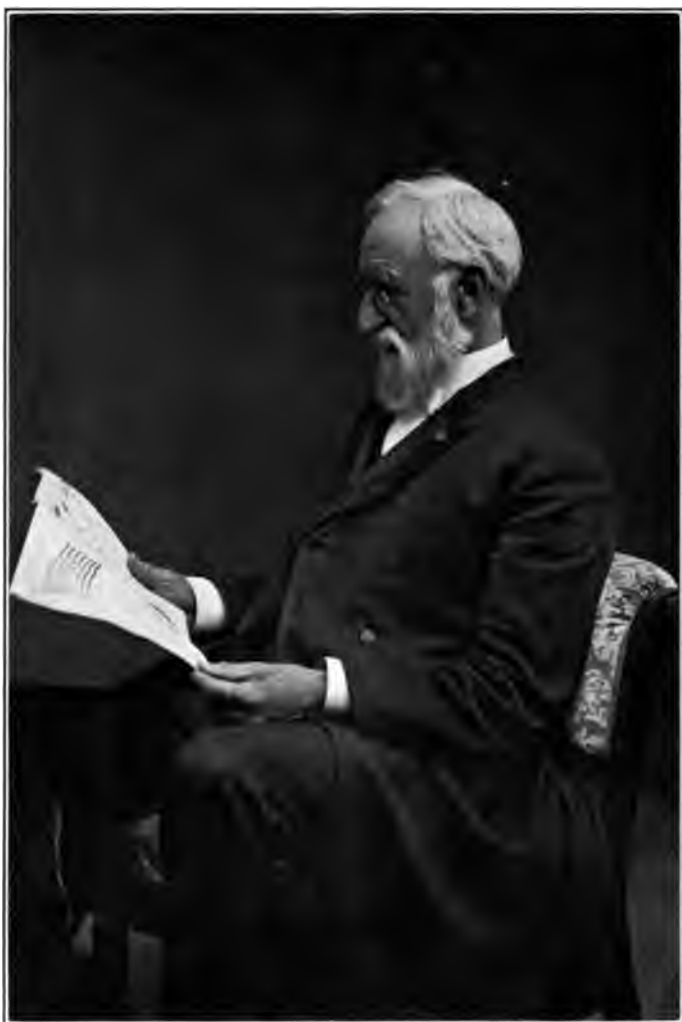
REV. WM. R. KIEFER, *Chairman*.

GEORGE W. RHOAD.

WILLIAM F. RADER.

NEWTON H. MACK, *Secretary and Treasurer*.

* Col. Dachrodt died June 4, 1909.



Rev. W. R. Kiefer, Historian.

Inceptive Chapter.



THE historian of the regiment approaches the delightful task of writing up the deeds of the soldiers of the One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment with peculiar pride, and yet with feelings of sadness since the worthiness of the comrades whose service he is to record, and the honorable and heroic service they rendered their country, deserve so much more commendation than he is competent to bestow.

The service of our men was short:—but ten months, but in some respects a more unique career was not found in the annals of the Federal troops of the war. Though the term of enlistment was under the call for nine months, the exigencies at the time for the muster-out having come while on the road to the battle field of Gettysburg, when the safety of our nation was threatened, they cheerfully consented to remain and help decide the destiny of our army and State.

Our regiment enlisted with those who shared the highest honor of the nation in her defense. They came on the scene at the time of the Proclamation of Lincoln read before the Cabinet, on the 22d day of September, 1862, and saw Emancipation become a fact on the 1st of January, 1863. Standing in line of duty they obeyed the most immortal moral edict known to any nation. Henry the IV gave religious freedom to France; Washington took the yoke of monarchy from three million Colonists, but Lincoln caused the shackles to drop from the arms, intellects and souls of about four millions of American citizens.

The fixed policy of Lincoln primarily was the preservation of the Union, the dissolution of which was to him, (and to every true American), the greatest calamity which could befall the nation. The men who voluntarily composed the 153d Regiment were as a reserve force, moved by the momentous issue in the campaign which ended in the election of the great Eman-

cipator to the Presidency. They had helped to elect him; they knew how he stood on the great moral question of human slavery; for largely the men were religious in practice or at least in proclivity. Probably the majority had imbibed the anti-slavery sentiment which had become the burning sectional issue. Many of them sealed their convictions with their blood on the sacred soil of Gettysburg.

The origin of the Civil War is well known, having been graphically and well related by many authors, but to give our forthcoming history proper setting the description of the part that the One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment took should be accurately and faithfully prefaced by such antecedent history, of the origin and causes that led up to the Rebellion, as will properly introduce the record we are about to write. Neither can brevity be employed in a work of such interest and permanent value to the casual reader and military student. There is no place for fiction in a work of this sort, where authenticity is of such great value. The preservation of the Union ranks, among the great epochs of any nation or empire of the world.

The writer was eye-witness to two of the most pivotal campaigns of the war—battles in which his Regiment fought—having faithfully preserved in Diary form, a perfect itinerary of the army, the movements and battles in which he, with his regiment participated, and of such incidents as occurred during the term of enlistment, which extended from September 22, 1862, to July 24, 1863.

In writing up the history and deeds of heroism of one thousand men the historian faces a most difficult and laborious task. First, for want of the detailed and perfect reports by commanders respectively; Second, for want of narratives from the different Companies, by comrades of them respectively, so as to spread the interest of the individual over the larger field of reminiscent record.

As the historian is fully aware that it is not in keeping with the work committed to him to write up matters in which the 153d

Regiment had no part, nevertheless, he feels it imperative to relate such parts of the general engagement with which his regiment was associated, that a clearer view may be obtained of the achievements of the regiment itself.

To one not acquainted with the philosophy of military history, divergent and often contradictory records have the semblance of positive falsifications; but with the candid reader authenticity is not determined alone by the reports of individual observations of witnesses who occupied different positions and view points of the same general engagements. A great battle over long and complicated lines over ground of varied configuration and many natural impediments, and, as is sometimes the case, fought at night, cannot be faithfully and accurately described by any one man; but must depend on the reports of many.

The true historian gathers facts from every source, even from the enemy who can often furnish valuable information. It is our own good fortune that the Reports of both sides are accessible from the published Records of the Government.

Many of the histories which came under the observation of the writer, while affording valuable data respecting the movements, battles and issues of the campaign, have been so heavily tainted with odium cast upon certain officers; others of them written in such partisan style; that the accounts given by them must of necessity be omitted if the peculiar narrative the historian is expected to present to the greatly diversified readers of the book, is to meet general acceptance. Often incidents occur in the numerous diaries, presented by the friends of comrades which contain personal matters which would not be pleasant reading by surviving friends. We have, therefore, eliminated much that would otherwise have added relish to the stories.

Nothing is so vital and interesting to the friends of the veterans as the relation of scenes of a battle, and yet many of the horrors of the battle field if related in all their true vividness would be most harrowing to those friends who mourned the loss

of dear ones, and from whom there comes but the lone, sad report—buried with the “Unknown.”

Any attempt at depicting the timely retreat of the Eleventh Corps, on the fateful Second of May at Chancellorsville, would be a mere wasting of words. The battle which was overtaken with darkness must for all time to come remain shrouded in confusion worse confounded. Both armies became entangled in the wilderness as the darkness covered the scene. About 500 of the 700 men of the 153d Regiment that were in line at the opening of the battle at 5.30 p. m., were widely scattered in the dense woods; many of them did not find their command until the next day. About 300 of them were rallied before midnight near the Chancellorsville House. The pursuing rebels were equally confused and scattered, one of the divisions having lost all organization in their mad rush. The scenes of that weird, trackless, forest were truly appalling. The roar of cannon, and bursting shell, crackling of broken boughs, the rattle of musketry, and the shouts and yells of men, mingled with the groans of the dying made the awful night hideous.

No part of the army engaged in the Nation's defense deserves more of the commendation of their countrymen and to hold a warmer place in the memory of the future generations, than our own Northampton County Regiment.

The stirring times incident to the enlistment and departure of our boys to the war, is still fresh in the memory of many living, while the vast majority of those then alive have long since departed this life.

A nobler and more soldierly body of men did not go out to defend the Union. The Officers proved themselves leaders who won the esteem of the men whom they commanded.

The 153d was composed in large part of young men. They were chiefly of the farming class, yet many of them were mechanics and professional men. Loyalty to the Union was their watchword as they marched under the Stars and Stripes on that

ever memorable September day. How well they acquitted themselves on the field of battle we confidently hope their published history will fully show. Many of them were descendants of the patriots of the Revolution, and the spirit of "76" stirred their Teutonic blood. They were true sons and ready for the heroic service of the hour—the auspicious period in the progress of the war.

The troops of the eastern portion of the Keystone State were noted for bravery in Colonial days. In the storming of Stony Point—the most daring strategic military movement of the Revolution—the two officers who led the 20 picked men under Wayne, were Gibbon and Knox, both Pennsylvanians. The hero General of the Assault, was also a native of the State of our pride. Colonel Hays and Colonel Febiger who led the forlorn hope were natives of our State. The writer's grandsire, a Sergeant and a native of old Northampton, died in the battle of Long Island.

There were noble men in our organization who were hindered by force of circumstances from taking part with us. Our sympathy for them is the deeper since we know how well they would have assisted in the defense of home and native land. Our men had the honor of belonging to a State than which none in the Union had more to fight for. The Keystone State had become the pivotal one of the nation. Its protection was fraught with incalculable consequences. What transcendent honor that the high water mark of the Rebellion should be reached in our grand old Commonwealth, and that so many of her noble sons should have been permitted to cast the fatal dart at the tottering "Lost Cause."

It is the higher honor that our boys did not enlist in a war of aggression, or grasp of empire, but for a great and pure cause. For this their deeds will ever stand out in bold relief on the page of history, be an enduring legacy to all their posterity, and live long in the memory of their grateful country. Their gallant impulses, resulting in glorious achievements, have

contributed a noble part in the restoration of the Union upon a perpetual basis of national peace.

Of all the soldiers of the eastern part of the State, our regiment was the only organization that was wholly composed of Northampton men.

Proclamation of Governor Curtin.

C. P. Buckingham, Brigadier General and Assistant Adjutant General, Dispatched Governor Curtin July 7, 1862, asking him to raise twenty-one Regiments as early as possible, in order to fill the quota required by the President. The Proclamation issued by the Governor is as follows:

"To sustain the government in times of common peril by all his energies, his means, and his life, if need be, is the duty of every loyal citizen. The President of the United States has made a requisition on Pennsylvania for twenty-one new regiments, and the regiments already in the field must be recruited. Enlistments will be made for nine months in the new regiments and for twelve in the old. The existence of the present emergency is well understood. I call on the inhabitants of the counties, cities, boroughs and townships throughout our borders to meet and take active measures for the immediate furnishing of the quota of the State. I designate below the number of companies which are expected from the several counties in the State, trusting the support of her honor in this crisis, as it may be safely trusted, to the loyalty, fidelity and valor of her freemen.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this 21st day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-second.

By the Governor:

A. G. CURTIN.

ELI SLIFER, *Secretary of the Commonwealth.*"

	The President's call		Response
April 15, 1861	75,000	3 months	93,326
May 3, 1861	82,748		
July 22 and 25, 1861	500,000	3 years	714,231
May and June, 1862.....			15,007
July 2, 1862	300,000	3 years	431,958
August 4, 1862	300,000	9 months	87,588
June 15, 1863	100,000	6 months	16,361
October 17, 1863	300,000	2 years	
February 1, 1864	200,000	2 years	374,807
March 14, 1864	200,000	3 years	284,021
April 23, 1864	85,000	100 days	83,652
July 18, 1864	500,000	1, 2, 3 years	384,882
December 19, 1864	300,000	1, 2, 3 years	204,568
<hr/>			<hr/>
Total	2,942,748		2,690,401

Once this vast army moved about over the wide arena of battle like waving grain over a great harvest field ready for the reaper. The panorama of those mighty surging columns abides real as life to those who were participants in the great national conflict or those who are still living under the shadow of sorrow over the untimely death of a beloved one in the distant battle field long years ago.

In the Pension Building, Washington, in Sculpture design is shown the marching columns of the men in blue as real as in the days we bore arms in the defense of the Union. Those engraved, familiar scenes speak more eloquently than the sabried friezes of the Parthenon in Athens, or the Pantheon of Rome, which is dedicated to all the gods. With lavish art are here pictured the brave defenders of the nation for the study and inspiration of the soldiers of all coming generations.

All language is lame, and the most eloquent description of demonstrations of rejoicing over the victory fall short of depicting the emotions of the men when they saw and heard that their side had won the day. Even amid the din, and strife of

battle, with the ground strewn with the dead and dying the most enthusiastic and hilarious shouts rent the air. Any one standing listening on a distant point of the extended field could distinguish by the peculiar huzzas which side was winning, and which ensign would continue to wave over the bloody scenes.

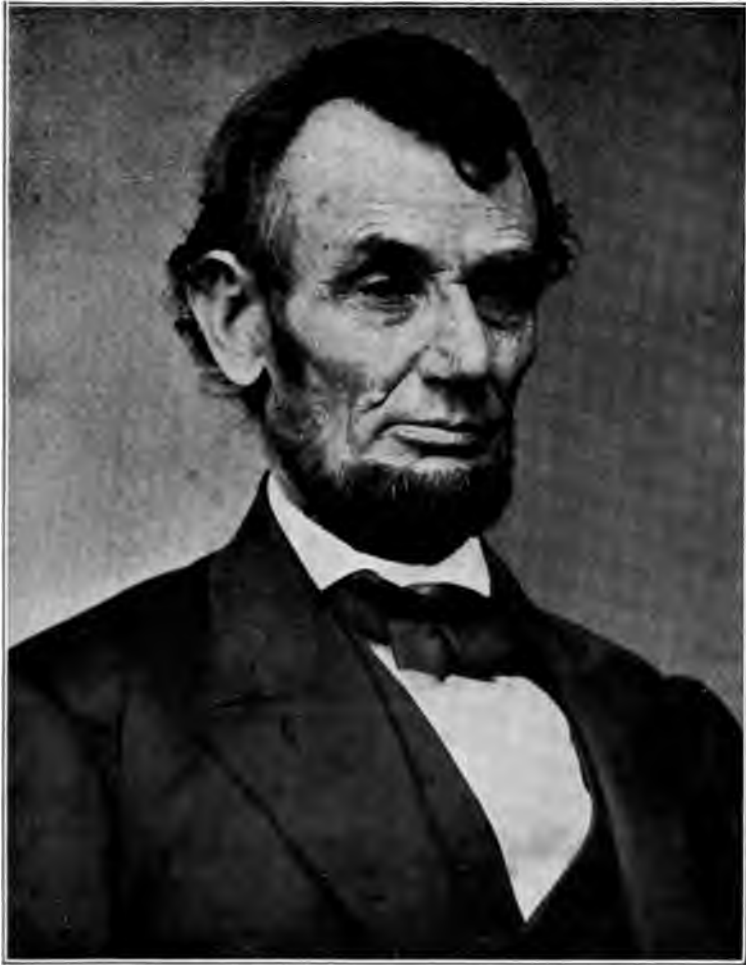
The Patriotism of the Keystone State.

In nothing can a State show her loyalty more than in her votes for a presidential candidate who has issued his proclamation that he will stand by the Government. Lincoln came to the throne at the most critical hour of the Nation. In a table showing the aggregate votes by States in 1860 and 1864, we note the following figures:

Out of 25 states then casting their votes the three largest have been selected for comparison:

Ohio, 1864, cast	470,745	
Ohio, 1860, cast	442,441,	showing an increase of 28,304
Pennsylvania, 1864, cast	572,697,	
Pennsylvania, 1860, cast	476,442,	showing an increase of 96,255
New York, 1864, cast	730,664,	
New York, 1860, cast	675,156,	showing an increase of 55,508
Thus showing an increase over Ohio of	67,951	
Thus showing an increase over New York of	40,747	
<hr/>		
Total of both States	108,698	
Pennsylvania increase	96,255	
<hr/>		
Pennsylvania increase over both	12,443	

As if the above figures of comparison were not sufficiently astonishing what will be thought of the patriotism indicated in the following superb showing:



Abraham Lincoln.

The total number of votes cast for the war President in 1864	
footed up to the enormous figure of	4,015,773
Total in 1860	3,870,222
<hr/>	
Total majority of the 2nd election over the 1st	145,551
Of this majority our gallant old State cast	96,255
<hr/>	
Leaving the small remnant to the credit of all the rest	49,296

Can there be any stronger reason why she is called the "Keystone?"

As a seal of their integrity 22,000 of her brave men were in the great battle in their native State—Gettysburg. The names of all the comrades of the 153d Regiment who were in this world famed battle will be inscribed on the noble cenotaph now in course of erection on those sacred grounds. For this object the War Department has complied with the request of the Battle Field Commission and has furnished a perfect roll of all participants of our Regiment.

Immortal significance is attached to the words of the lamented Lincoln in his speech at his second inaugural, "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that the mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away;" and by the great sacrifice they (our soldiers) made furnished the subject matter of the most unique memorial address ever delivered over the graves of heroes. The Classics of two thousand years had not been so highly enriched before the addition of the Gettysburg Speech of the martyr Lincoln.

Our regiment enlisted and went to the front at a time when varied conflicts had left the majority of successes on the confederate side. The Proclamation issued by the President left no more doubt in the mind of the south and their sympathizers as to the ultimate success of the slave cause, if their victories at arms continued in ratio as in the past.

The success of the Army of the Potomac was not secured to the entire satisfaction of the Government, and changes of com-

manders occurred in rapid succession. The second battle of Bull Run (on the 30th of August, 1862) was lost but the troops two days afterwards, under Hooker, Reno and Kerney, after a fierce and short engagement, defeated the enemy. On the 7th, (September, 1862) General McLellan was appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac and on the 5th of November, after two months service, was relieved in favor of Burnside. Burnside served two months and twenty three days, and on the 28th of January retired, and General Joseph Hooker was placed in command. The term of Hooker was also short (just five months), when on the 27th of June General George G. Meade was placed in command. Thus four great generals were in command of the Army of the Potomac within the short space from September 7, 1862, to June 27, 1863. It is a fact worthy of note that the 153d Regiment had the distinguished honor of rendering its time of service with the Army of the Potomac under every General who commanded it; E. A. Weaver, of Philadelphia, a gentleman of accredited ability as a student of military affairs, a son of a veteran and a contributor to the reminiscent department of our history, referring to the service of the regiment, makes the following observation: That "in the ten months the regiment was in service, it served under every commander of the army of the Potomac, and in the campaigns at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, its position was unique, and its services at both places of great importance considered from a military standpoint."

The position occupied by our regiment, on this famous and most brilliant battle field of the war, seems truly Providential; being at least one of the most remarkable coincidences that our Northampton Regiment, the brave sons of the Keystone State, under the command of the State's celebrated Chiefs—Meade, Reynolds, Hancock and others, should take so conspicuous a part on their native soil, in turning back the formidable commands of the flower of the southern army, led by the greatest chieftains of their cause. Of no small significance is the fact also that General Doubleday, one of the ablest commanders on the field, should

have aimed the first gun in the defense of Fort Sumpter, and should be the first to stand in the breach on the first day's



Bugler Wm. H. Beaver, Co. I. Call to Arms.

ferocious attack by the rebel forces after the death of the lamented Reynolds.

The mortification and depression which had so greatly seized our troops over the defeats of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville was forgotten in the great joy over the glorious victory of Gettys-

burg. This was the proudest act of their entire experience while in the service. The consciousness of having remained a month beyond their term of enlistment, and having fought for their loved ones and homes with such enduring results, and the ennobling emotions, in anticipation of soon meeting those dear ones again around the old fireside, were beyond the power of words to describe.

Our regiment had waited to see what would come of the war, and when the crucial period arrived their response to the nation's call in the perilous hour was with such promptitude as to become astonishing to the citizens of the county, and gained for the Northampton men the warm commendation of the authorities of the State. The enthusiasm of the officers was unbounded. Those were memorable days; greater patriotism and general excitement had never been known in the County. The war was the all absorbing theme of conversation at home, in places of business and in the churches. Newspapers were read with great avidity, and letters, from soldiers who had preceded us in the field were read and re-read with much eagerness. Mothers sat up until late hours of the night to hear the last news from the seat of war.

On account of your fatiguing marches, dark nights of lying in sleet and drifting snow, in loneliness of the woods, or walking your dismal beat within hearing of the vigilant foe, or facing the cold steel of the defiant enemy, or amid the hail of minies or beneath bursting shell whose fragments killed comrades by your side, we chronicle the following words for your comfort:

"The memorial art, in the preservation of scenic and historic objects of the Rebellion, will continue to erect appropriate and imposing sculpture, while with reverence the passing generations will pause long and pensively to read the inscriptions of the monuments our grateful country has erected to the memory of its heroic dead. Those grounds which you trod on those memorable hot days of July, and which were hallowed by the blood of your fallen brothers, are already listed with the classics in monumental literature, and will forever remain consecrated by the ashes

of your comrades who sleep in the soil they stained with their blood, while dying for the preservation of their own and our beloved country."

As many comrades witnessed the fearful scenes of which your historian has so unworthily written, we most cheerfully accord to them a large space for the relation of the story they have to tell.

The Itinerary of the Regiment.

"In Lieu of a Draft" was printed on the knapsacks of the boys of the new Regiment just organized in old Northampton. August 4, 1862. The Order of the War Department was read all over the land: "That a Draft of 300,000 militia be immediately called into service of the United States, to serve for nine months unless sooner discharged. The Secretary of War will assign the quotas to the States and establish regulations for the draft.

If any State shall not by the 15th of August furnish its quota of the additional 300,000 volunteers authorized by law the deficiency of volunteers in that State will also be made up by special draft from the militia. The draft for 300,000 militia called for will be made Sept. 3d.

Washington, D. C., August 4, 1862."

Hence the Call to Arms. Governors of most of the loyal states in the 2d year of the war seeing that the losses in the army where the earliest activities had been going on, and knowing the feeling of the people on the necessity of a more determined effort to crush the haughty South, hastily in formal communications requested the President to issue an appeal to the states for the recruiting of more men for suppression of the Rebellion.

The quota of Pennsylvania was 45,321. The men in various sections of the County had been in training in a private way for a long time. The writer attended numerous gatherings where

drill in arms was conducted. Sermons were preached. The air was permeated with war news. It was quite natural the disciplined men should be among the first to enlist. These meetings greatly stimulated enthusiasm, resulting in the formation of thirteen companies instead of ten. These Companies were not all full, so that on arrival at Harrisburg suitable adjustments were made and resulted in the complement of 100 men to each Company. The Roster, furnished by Comrade N. H. Mack,



Clyde Millar and brother. Brothers in War.

of Bethlehem, will show the assignments and official list complete. The first meeting for organization of the Regiment took place in Easton on the 22d of September, 1862. The days of the 23d and 24th were spent in the City of Easton in completing the formation, and on the 25th we took train for Harrisburg where the regiment arrived at 10 o'clock in the evening, remaining in the cars for the night. On the morning of the 26th

we marched to the camp and had our first experience in the erection of Soldiers' Tents. It may interest the sentimental, and will be remembered by the christians of the regiment that the first evening after our settlement there was a public prayer meeting held in front of Company "F". The meeting consisted of the reading of the 91st Psalm, prayer, singing, and dismissal.

Our stay at Harrisburg offered excellent opportunities for the exercise of camp life, so necessary to health and enjoyment. We soon became inured to the restraint of army discipline, and eagerly sought the equipment necessary for service. We were not long improvising methods and devices for the employment of time. Those familiar with the art of writing domestic letters found ample employment, and were sought by those of the regiment who had not had training in this department of an active life; artists did sketching; poets wrote poems; journalists kept diaries; tailoring, plain sewing, darning, etc., had not yet required attention. Washday was indefinitely deferred. Some had brought with them text books for College preparatory work; some had Institutes of theology; Usually there was an accumulation of enough books to fit out a small library. The desire for pastime was early gratified, having ample room for its exercise. Among the great variety were those who could not quit the habits of home life, and there were many noble instances of the practice of moral principles in the ranks of the men. It was also sad to witness the decline of the religious fervor of some who before coming to the army had been men of fine christian character at home.

Another perplexing item had to be disposed of about the time of our seemingly useless detention in camp. It was the delay of getting the promised bounty. The committee had really no authority to pay the money until the men were mustered into the service. In the settlement of the difficulty the kindly influence of the great-hearted Colonel Glanz interposed, and settlement was promptly made.

At the muster-in and equipment of the men, with uniforms and other outfit (barrel drums and iron swords for the drummers) the full fledged soldier bloomed out for service at the front. Orders for moving had been received and necessary preparations made to march when the first installment of the many countermands was received. We were obliged to spend another week in Camp Curtin. The last sermon some of us had heard on the Sabbath evening before our departure was based upon the text, "I have fought a good fight;" the first sermon we enjoyed in Camp Curtin was on the same text. They were very inspiring discourses, but would have been of more literal application if they had been preached to the boys after the two notable battles in which they participated.

The muster-in of the regiment occurred on October 7th, and our equipment at the arsenal on the 11th, whereupon we boarded the cars where we spent parts of two days and a night impatiently waiting to move, but to our dissatisfaction returned to the old camp for another week. On the 18th of October we left for Baltimore, arriving there in the evening and were served with a substantial meal. Slept in the Railroad Station and on the 19th went to Washington where we arrived at 8 p. m. Crossed Long Bridge and encamped at Camp Seward on the next day. While in Camp Barker, we received information concerning our assignment to the 11th Corps, and removed to Camp near Fort Meigs, where on the 30th the command joined the Corps of General Sigel, reporting to him at Gainesville, Va., where the Corps was lying at the time, on the 4th of November. We left Gainesville on the 9th of November and reached Aldie from where we marched to Chantilly arriving there on the evening of the 18th. Here we spent twenty-two days made blithesome by our new band. The places we next camped at were Fairfax and Stafford Court House. The "starvation" period at Stafford and the "mud march" from Fairfax to Stafford are events that cannot be forgotten. Our next move was on the 18th, when we went about two miles to a position in the woods near Accakeek Creek, some of the men going on

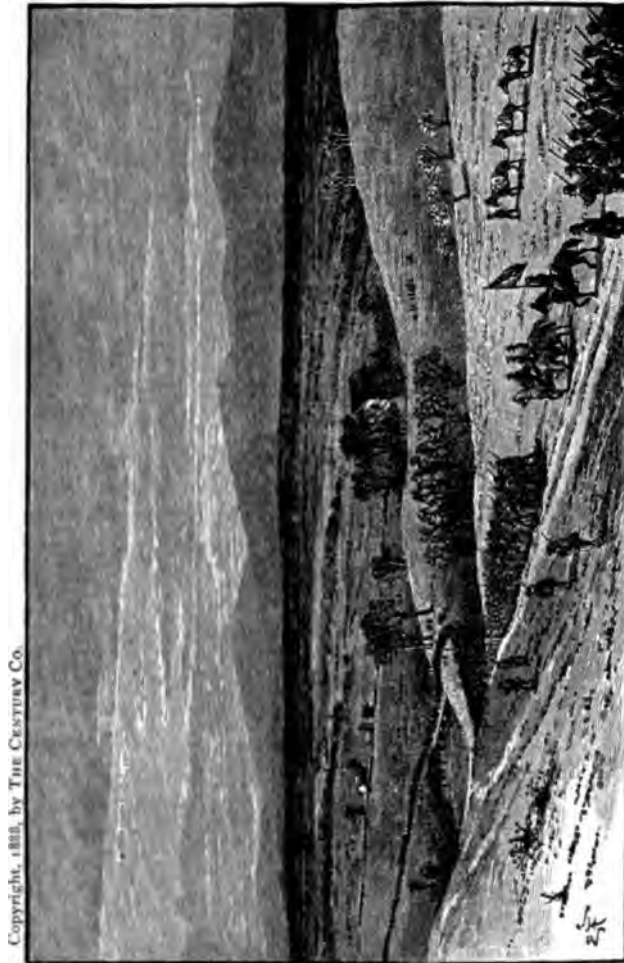


Winter Quarters of the 153d Regt., Pa. Vols., at Brooks Station, as it appeared decorated for the reception of Gov. Andrew G. Curtin.

From a sketch made on the spot April 11, 1863, by Newton H. Mack (of Co. K).

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picket duty. On the 20th marched to Brooks Station and encamped in a woods. Men were guarding the Railroad. The



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The right wing of Hooker's Army crossing the Rappahannock at Kelley's Ford.
From war-time sketch.

Regiment finally settled in its winter quarters at Potomac Creek Bridge. Here we spent the memorable winter of the campaign of 1862-3. The Camp is more familiarly called "Brooks Sta-

tion." Much sickness and numbers of deaths occurred during the four months of our stay here.

With the opening of spring we set out with Hooker for the famous battle field of Chancellorsville. March 27th, the troops, which had been in Camp here for the winter, started for Kelley's Ford which we crossed on the night of the 28th.

The Comrades who have contributed to the history have related sufficient narrative matter to interest the reader, so that there seems no reason for further historic data on itinerary.

An Interesting Item of the Itinerary.

The following incidents of the itinerary of the regiment giving the places where the command halted and the time spent at each place will be of great interest to the comrade by way of comparison with the diary kept by so large a number of the boys.

The days spent were: At Easton, 3; Camp Curtin, 18; Baltimore, 1; Washington and forts, 16; Manassas Junction, 1; Gainesville, 4; Aldie, 9; Chantilly, 22; Stafford Court House, 2; Dumfries, 2; Camp near Brooks Station, 134; these days foot to 212. The time required to fill the 300 days of the term of enlistment begins with the 27th of April and ends with July 24th, when the muster-out occurred.



The Distinguished 153d Regiment.

The position assigned the 153d Regiment at Chancellorsville was the most unique of all the organizations in line. It was a lone kid before a crouching lion. As indicated on a State Map its formation was somewhat in shape of a semi-circle, in which form it presented three fronts of the three strong enveloping lines of Jackson's attack. The only favorable conditions for the formation of either army were afforded by the turnpike and plank roads, and on these the Federal army was mainly posted. These leading thoroughfares were the only means for the movements of artillery and cavalry, excepting the occasional field by the road side. The line of the enemy's attacking forces extended one mile either side of the turnpike on which the Eleventh Corps was aligned, but in their impetuous rush upon our regiment the rebel troops soon lost all organization and mainly poured down the roads like wild beasts before a forest fire. It is of equal importance to note that our regiment was not only the first attacked, but is shown on the military maps as among the last troops to retire from the scene as Hooker's troops recrossed the swelling Rappahannock. It is also remarkably true that we were among the first troops to meet Early in the first day's fight at Gettysburg, and among the last posted on Cemetery Hill, on the retreat of the Confederate army. From the best evidence attainable we take special pride to state that our men were among the first and most courageous troops to attempt a rally of the fleeing crowd before the avalanche on the memorable 2d of May, having been the last regiment to retreat from the line when attacked by Jackson's mighty army which was closing in upon our defenseless men like the arms of a huge cuttle-fish. To the everlasting memory of the quick, vehement command of the brave von-Gilsa our heroic 700 boys would have become boarders at the hotel-de Libby at the metropolis of the Confederacy.

The spread of the Jackson troops so far north (as they came in upon us) was to prevent the retreat of our army towards

the Fords; for it was part of his plan to get possession of these crossings.

The Activities of Friday, May 1st.

Quoting from the diary of the writer the following appears: "Friday, May 1st, 9 a. m., started out of camp in the direction of Fredericksburg. Ordered to fall back and go west of camp along the turnpike. About 5 p. m. or a little later a battle commenced as nearly as I could tell about 8 miles west of Fredericksburg. It commenced with musketry, soon, in half an hour artillery, then tremendous cannonading till dusk. Still firing at 8 p. m.

Saturday 2d, lay on arms all night, slept in woods. Firing commenced early this morning. Heavy cannonading, toward Fredericksburg, and south of us all day, more or less. Attack expected at several places. The 153d did the first firing, at 2 or 4 p. m. The 1st Brigade was the first attacked. A fine day."

A few hours before the attack by Jackson's men, and while our men were resting on arms, in expectation of attack, I was sitting near the trunk of a large tree, under a canvas stretched for protection from the sun, engaged in writing a poem. I here produce the poem by way of confirmation of the more detailed account given by Simmers and Bachschmid in their book published in the year 1863.

The noise of distant cannonading, and the skirmishing along our south line during the entire day, and the activities which had been going on during most of the hours we were in the woods hourly expecting the engagement to come on, had put every man in a pensive mood. It is always a serious time on the eve of a battle, and very properly so. It is of peculiar interest that so many writers have spoken of the mildness and calm of that memorable Saturday morning. The atmosphere was balmy and not a leaf stirred. Supreme quiet reigned in the region where our regiment was in line. The men had just stacked the arms upon which they

had lain the night before. It was drawing toward the hour for the evening meal, and some of us were preparing it.

The writers above mentioned, whose account the poem certifies, say:

"There was nothing to disturb the stillness of the night. The sun rose brilliantly on the 1st of May, and, having sufficiently recovered from hardships of the previous days, the men were in the best of spirits. The congratulatory order of Major-General Hooker, which was received at an early hour, and in which he promised his troops such an easy victory, was calculated to increase this buoyancy of spirits still more. All felt confident of success; the fate of Fredericksburg was considered sealed, no one dreamed of a reverse. At 11 o'clock a. m. the booming of cannon on our right told us that the struggle had commenced. The numerous aids that were seen hurrying to and fro reminded us of the fact that the time of inactivity was passed, and that the time of activity had arrived.

About noon orders were received to strike tents, pack knapsacks, and to be ready to march at any moment. The order was at once complied with, in twenty minutes had formed into line, and was just on the point of leaving when our movement was countermanded—we were to remain until further orders. The bands of the returning regiments were playing 'Yankee Doodle,' while everybody considered the victory already achieved. The prevailing belief was that Hooker's strategical movement had obliged the Confederates to evacuate Fredericksburg, and that the firing heard was that of the fleeing columns. Strange delusion!

Half an hour after this we were again in motion and continued in motion with but few interruptions until nearly midnight. Where the emergency seemed to require our presence there we were. About the middle of the afternoon heavy firing was heard in the rear, while toward evening it had shifted more to our immediate left. The enemy was evidently 'feeling' our position. However, the day and evening passed without our being called upon to participate in the fiery ordeal. This was reserved for us until the following day. It was nearly midnight, when having occupied a position in the woods facing northwest, we were permitted to lie down. At daybreak everybody was 'up and doing.' Our slender meal was soon dispatched. It was a lovely morning. Old Sol seemed to have put on his holiday robe, while peace and the deepest silence reign-

ed around us. A calm usually precedes a storm. It having meanwhile been decided that we should hold our position, large fatigue parties were detailed to clear a small space in front of our lines. And more willing hands never wielded an axe than our boys did on that memorable day. The trees were soon felled and distributed in such manner as to seriously impede the progress of the enemy should they attempt to attack us. The balance of the forenoon was spent in comparative inactivity. The numerous scouts and aides that were continually leaving our lines, invariably reported 'all right in the front,' on their return. That all was not right in front the sequel will show. At about 1 o'clock p. m. three shots were fired immediately in our front. These were the enemy's scouts, sent out to sound our position. The report of the discharged pieces had hardly died away, when, by some fatality the enemy's fire was answered by a tremendous volley from our lines. This deplorable mistake furnished the enemy precisely the information they had wished to obtain. It disclosed to them our true position and informed them of our strength.

A party of skirmishers, composed of men from the different regiments of the brigade, under command of Captain Owen Rice, were at once thrown forward, and such other precautionary measures taken as the exigency seemed to demand. The men rested on their arms, nor was any one permitted to quit his post. For an hour or two, everything remained quiet.

At about half past four o'clock a party of the 45th New York Volunteers came running in, reporting that the enemy was massing in front. Every one was now on the *qui vive*. That mischief was brewing became momentarily more apparent. Firing at front which at first was only heard at long intervals, became now more frequent and was evidently nearing. That our skirmishers were being driven back could be doubted no longer. In a few minutes more they were in full sight, still retreating, though obstinately contesting every foot of ground."

The above quotation sufficiently corresponds with the writer's own observations in every essential respect and has justified its use in narrative. The value of these two accounts will be greatly increased when it is borne in mind that the incidents here related were written upon the ground of their occurrence. The writers of the quotations and the historian of this history had no ac-

quaintance either in the army or afterwards. The following is the poem just as then composed by the writer :

Written Just Before the Battle by W. R. Kiefer.

Both lovely and calm is the morning,
That now finds us silently here ;
Though sleepless we lay till the dawning,
To watch lest the foe should appear.
Though in danger with enemies around us,
'Midst conflicts that just took an end,
We calmly returned to this ambush
And pickets to stations did send.
Commanded by brave-hearted leaders,
We stopped not to doubt of success ;
But soldier-like march out to meet those
Who sought our ranks to suppress.
I look upon all that surrounds me—
I see that more danger is nigh :
That thousands of armed men await us,
And scores of us shortly will die.
The sorrows that now swell each bosom,
Are not to be visibly seen ;
But one thing doth truly assure me,
That all are so calm and serene.
By waiting the future oft tells us
Of solemn events yet unseen ;
But O, how inquiringly anxious
To know who shall fall in the scene.
Though grave may be each one's expression,
And seemingly pious be found,
With great lamentation for error
Will many a bosom abound.
Not riches nor friends can relieve them,
When death shall their bodies embrace,
Much less can the worldling deprive them
If Jesus should grant them His grace.

Chancellorsville Battle.

Through captured letters and general newspaper reports the Confederates learned early that it was Hooker's plan on the approach of spring and the season of passable roads to disturb Lee's twenty-five miles of entrenchments on the south bank of the Rappahannock river. The vigilant Stuart, who, learning of the massing of our troops on the crossing of Kelley's Ford, rode in great haste to the vicinity of Fredericksburg on the night of Thursday, April 30th, and on Friday morning about 9 o'clock our Regiment started eastward towards the Chancellorsville House. Some time after noon we were ordered back again and posted some distance back of where we had first halted. Here our men immediately began the clearing of the wood, and continued slashing trees and building barricade early Saturday morning. I distinctly heard firing late on the afternoon of Friday. The cannonading continued until dusk and still continued until 8 o'clock. Our men slept on arms on the night of the 1st. Firing continued. While we were occupying this position there was constant firing south of us with little cessation all day Saturday and our men were in constant expectation of getting into engagement. So much for the diary. Here is the actual history of the noise of battle at the time. Birney says: "At 2 p. m. April 30th, I received orders from the major-general commanding the Corps (3d Corps) to march my division to the United States Ford, and cross it by 7.30 a. m. next day, taking care to move through the ravines, concealing my troops from the enemy. I reached Hamet's on the Warrenton turnpike, at about 11.30 p. m., and bivouaced. The march was resumed on May 1st, at 5.30 a. m., crossing the bridges at the United States Ford at 7.30 a. m., and reaching a point near Chancellorsville at about 11 a. m." "At 1 p. m." (Friday) Birney continues, "under orders from Major-General Sickles I sent Graham's brigade and Turnbull's battery to Dowdall's Tavern to take position." (Here occurred the little episode between Howard and Birney growing out of a misunderstanding of relief coming to Howard).

To connect the story we continue the report of Birney: "At

5 p. m. the enemy attacking Slocum's front, I took position behind the Chancellorsville House, with Ward's and Hayman's brigades, and sent to the (Dowdall) tavern for Graham to return. When Graham's brigade reported, a position was assigned to it in support of one of General Slocum's batteries, and it was subjected to a heavy and well directed artillery fire without the power to return. With Ward's and Hayman's brigades I marched up the plank road toward Dowdall's Tavern, and meeting Generals Wil-

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Dowdall's Tavern. Howard's Headquarters, at Chancellorsville.
From a war-time Photograph.

liams and Knipe, of Slocum's command, and finding the right of their line weak, bivouaced my two brigades in its rear."

Here occurred the incident of Birney trying a few shots at Jackson's army passing within a mile of the front in his westerly course to gain our rear. This was 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, showing that the movement of Jackson's army got an early start for the detour of fifteen miles. Birney says: "At 12 m. of May 2d, I received orders from Major-General Sickles to follow the enemy, pierce the column and gain possession of the road over which it was passing. In keeping with this order the following troops hurried off to overtake the 'retreating' rebels:

Colonel Bedan's sharp-shooters, Hayman's brigade, Graham's brigade, and Ward's brigade, Turnbull's battery, General Whipple's division, and a brigade of the 12th corps, Barlow's brigade (taken from the 11th corps) the 20th Indiana and the 5th Michigan. One hundred and eighty prisoners were captured." Birney, like the rest of the commanders, believed the enemy retreating, as is indicated by the following language: "At about 6.30 p. m. I received orders from Captain Alexander Moore, of Major-General Hooker's staff, to advance rapidly, which I did, taking the road, and placing Randolph's battery, which I had ordered up, in position, poured a well directed fire on the 'retreating' column of the enemy."

According to the reports of the rebels themselves they were quite disturbed in their march near the Furnace. Every by-path and wood road was occupied with Jackson's fighting train. It made a long procession. The head of it came up to our rear as early as three o'clock in the afternoon, but much of it, especially the rear guard, did not get up until the hour of attack, about 5.30 p. m. Some alarm of the possible flank movement of the Confederate forces had spread among the various organizations, the controversy over this question having been fierce and long since the war, but any one acquainted with the nature of the ground, (which it is impossible to fully describe) will at once conclude that the ground on which the first brigade (Gilsa's) was posted must have accounted for the surprise and defeat of our Regiment. It is safe to say that for solid interlacing of vines, undergrowth, interminable mass of thicket, no battlefield in all the war equalled it. Hundreds of reports made by officers and privates speak in the most extravagant language of that wild forestry. Numbers of rebels who wrote about the advance of the soldiers mentioned the great disorder of the troops as they tried to move in line. It was one of the causes of an earlier halt in their pursuit of our retreating columns, as they were intermingled and scattered so widely that the organizations could no longer be recognized. The Confederates were also wholly exhausted for want of food and sleep. Many of them had had neither for two days.

The Location of the Eleventh Corps.

For reasons already given, namely: Glanz taken prisoner and Lieutenant Dachrodt wounded, no reports from these officers were rendered, and that fact has made it necessary for me to look up the actions of the various organizations with whom we were affiliated. Captain Benjamin Morgan of the 75th Regiment, Ohio, gives the following brief report:

"About noon on the 2d instant, the Seventy-fifth was ordered to the right to support the First Brigade. At 4.15 p. m. a volley was fired on our right flank by the *One Hundred and Fifty-third* Pennsylvania. From



The Horse in War. The Scouts.

information received, found it was occasioned by the appearance of rebel cavalry.

About 5.20 p. m. heavy firing commenced on our right. Colonel Reilly immediately wheeled the Seventy-fifth to the right, and ordered column to be deployed; but before the same could be properly accomplished, a portion of the First Brigade broke through our ranks, considerably retarding the movement. The regiment was, however, formed in good order, and, after firing 3 rounds, men falling fast, and heavily pressed by overwhelming numbers, the order was given by Colonel Reilly to about-face, which was twice repeated by me before the regiment faced to the rear. They then retired in good order, ready to form on the first support, and were rallied by you personally about 6.15 p. m., and reformed."

Several reports show the whereabouts of the 11th Corps on Saturday night and on Sunday and also on Monday at 5 p. m. when they occupied rifle pits on the left of Hancock where lines

of rifle pits had been constructed during the day. J. H. Lockwood, commanding the Seventh Virginia (Union), reports that his command was, on Sunday, located as follows: "On the 3d instant, at about 7 a. m., we were ordered to form in line of battle, which we did in an open field fronting the wood that lay between us and the enemy, our Regiment, under command of Colonel Joseph Snider, occupying a position to the left of the Fourth Ohio and on the extreme left of the brigade." He speaks of being posted on the left of the road leading from Chancellorsville to the United States Ford, and that during the day they were moved by the left flank and took position at right angles from the one they were then occupying, their right resting and adjoining the *right* of the *Eleventh Corps*. The Report of Colonel Charles J. Powers, of the One Hundred and Eighth New York, says, that the Brigade he commanded on the 3d "formed second line in support of rifle pits on the left of the position assumed by the army, our left resting on the *pits occupied* by the *Eleventh Army Corps*."

Chancellorsville Engagement.

The engagements on the 1, 2, and 3d of May, 1863, are immortalized events in the annals of modern warfare, and yet few battle fields of the Rebellion have been more thoroughly neglected. Devastation has laid its desolating hand on every spot where once contending armies waged the bitter contest. No human agencies have been at work ameliorating the distorted conditions left by surging troops on those memorable days of carnage. The calamity that befell our army on that fateful ground offered no compensation to a backward glance over those bloody scenes of conflict. No patriotic impulse has stirred the Nation to commemorate in marble or bronze the portentous deeds of that trying day. The enemy highly elated over the half-won victory, on that dark day, have left the field to the weird echoes of their fiendish shouts, and have since placed but a few simple markers of their unholy doings.

We lost Chancellorsville; they lost their national cause, having invoked upon themselves the well deserved censure of all loyal citizens of our great Republic to the end of the ages. Time will never erase the scars of the wounds inflicted by the belligerent South upon the defenders of our beloved Country. We can forgive, but never forget. The bitter lessons will be salutary upon the children of many generations, and for the descendants of the Southern soldiers, who incurred the reprehension of the best Government the sun ever shone upon, we will ever entertain true charity; while for their sake we will condone the overt act of their patriot fathers. No coming, or flight of years will ever obliterate the well-known fact that if the majority of the Confederate soldiers had known at the time that the war was carried on by the South for the perpetuation of slavery, they would have laid down their arms. The great masses of southern soldiers were totally ignorant of what they were fighting for. They could not understand that the Yankee soldier had come to deliver them from the curse which had hung over them for many generations, and that they had come to be among the last of all civilized people who had abolished the inhuman rite of trading in human beings. Their day of "Jubilee" had come.

On the Chancellorsville Battlefield.

This engagement is one of the most difficult of description of any of the war. It was not a decisive battle. The rebels themselves acknowledged that they were almost annihilated. They needed rest much more than we did.

All maps accessible showing the disposition of the Federal troops on the eve of the battle on the right of the line on the morning of the 2nd of May place our Regiment in the most defenseless, forlorn situation in which a body of men could be placed. Though among the last of the men in the brigade to obey an order to fall back after repeated volleys offered the advancing troops of Jackson's overwhelming forces as they broke in upon them on the rear and on the right and left flank, their deliverance

by a timely retreat was one of the most marvelously fortuitous (though at the time considered the most calamitous) event of that great battle field. The alignment of the troops had reference to an attack from the south as all records clearly exhibit. With a front of two miles in length it was not supposable that if the enemy intended engagement of our entire line of defenses at one time they could crush the two wings and center of our army with one simultaneous attack. In such an event, of an attack of our entire front at once, the position occupied by our regiment could not have been more fortunate, as an opportunity to show their marksmanship and bravery. This opinion of the men would certainly receive support when subsequently, under more favorable circumstances, at the great battle of Gettysburg, they assisted in saving the crest and day, on the ever memorable Cemetery Hill. But for their timely escape from annihilation before 30,000 braves of the Confederate line at the indefensible post of the former battle, their victorious achievement at the latter would not have occurred. Who can say that our Regiment was not spared at the one to help save the day of the other.

As to the confusion on that disastrous occasion it was largely increased on account of a panic brought on by the non-combatants—a considerable army composed of attendants, servants, the ambulance corps, with vehicles, animals, etc.—all looking for places of safety from the flying missiles. The space over which the company to which I belonged retreated was wooded for some distance and then came a clearing. I am fully satisfied that we were flanked on the left as well, for we had not receded far when I saw large numbers of rebels on our left who were rapidly firing on our retreating men. The shot and shell from the southwestern direction on our rear were doing very effective work on our troops and among the tree tops. I noticed in several instances that heavy boughs fell around us. The fright of the animals was as great as that of the men. I passed our little medicine jack with his heavy load. Poor little fellow was wounded and unable to run. Some one of the company captured, must

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have some recollections of the fellow; he was also captured as I have since been informed.

Hooker's Feint.

The main features of the scheme are as follows: The feint having been anticipated by General Lee, as is shown by the following information given him by General J. E. B. Stuart as early as March 12th, intimated that Hooker at Aquai Landing was contemplating some move. Stuart said:

"The impression of the people in King George is that the enemy are preparing to move off, sending troops secretly from Aquai at night. The information from Falmouth is that the enemy will as soon as the roads permit cross at the United States Ford, Falmouth, and some points below, the attempt at Falmouth to be a feint."

General Doubleday, who commanded a division of the forces sent down below Fredericksburg to make the feint, gives the following account:

"On the 28th, the Sixth Corps, under Sedgwick, and the First Corps, under Reynolds, were moved down the river, three or four miles below Fredericksburg, and bivouaced there in a pouring rain. As it was possible that the two corps might be attacked when they reached the other side, the Third Corps, under Sickles, was posted in the rear as a reserve.

The next day two bridges were laid at Franklin's old crossing for the Sixth Corps, and two more a mile below for the First Corps. Men in rifle pits on the other side impeded the placing of the pontoons for a while, but detachments sent over in boats stormed their entrenchments, and drove them out. Brooks' division of the Sixth Corps and Wadsworth's division of the First Corps then crossed and threw up *tete-de-ponts*. The enemy made no other opposition than a vigorous shelling by their guns on the heights, which did but little damage. A considerable number of these missiles were aimed at my division and at that of J. C. Robinson, which were held in reserve on the north side of the river; but as our men were pretty well sheltered, there were but few casualties.

It soon became evident that the enemy would not attack the bridge

heads, they being well guarded by artillery on the north bank, so Sickles' Corps was detached on the 30th and ordered to Chancellorsville.

Sedgwick used the remainder of his men to great advantage by marching them back and forth among the hills in such a way as to lead Lee to suppose that a very large force confronted him. As, however, Sedgwick did not advance, and more accurate reports were furnished by Stuart in relation to what had taken place up the river, Lee saw, on the night of the 30th, that the movement in front of Fredericksburg, was a feint, and his real antagonist was at Chancellorsville. He had previously ordered Jackson's corps up from Moss creek, and now advanced with the main body of his army to meet Hooker, leaving Early's division of Jackson's corps and Barkdale's brigade of McLaw's division of Longstreet's corps to hold the heights of Fredericksburg against Sedgwick. Jackson, who was always prompt, started at midnight, and at 8 a. m. the next day stood by the side of Anderson at Tabernacle Church. McLaw's division had already arrived, having preceded him by a few hours."

But referring again to Doubleday's account, who says:

"Hooker soon found himself hampered in every direction by dense and almost impenetrable thickets, which had a tendency to break up every organization that tried to pass through them into mere crowds of men without order or alignment. Under these circumstances concert of action became exceedingly difficult, and when attempts were made to communicate orders off of the road, aides wandered hopelessly through the woods, struggling in the thick undergrowth, without being able to find any one. The enemy, of course, was also impeded in their movements, but they had the advantage of being better acquainted with the country, and in case they were beaten they had a line at Tabernacle Church already entrenched to fall back upon. The ravines also, which crossed the upper roads at right angles, offered excellent defensive positions for them."





Major-General Joseph Hooker.

The Fortified Rappahannock.

All the region from the upper Fords of the Rappahannock to the Franklin Crossing below Fredericksburg, a distance of about 27 miles, was fortified by Lee, and was known as the south bank of the River (Rappahannock), while the Federal army known as the Army of the Potomac, occupied the country on the north side. Lee called the position of the Federals "The Stafford Hills" and looked upon them as strong and impregnable.

During the long winter of 1862-3 the two opposing armies were making the necessary preparations for the opening of a campaign in the spring.

For the comrade who reads these accounts it is necessary that he have a knowledge of the geography of the country, and that he carefully study the military maps which show the disposition of the various departments of the army on the respective days of the battle occurring.

Several rivers, varying in size, run east of the Blue Ridge south of the Potomac, in a southeasterly direction, and empty into the Chesapeake bay. These streams have become noted in the history of the military operations of the Army of the Potomac. The narrower part of the land between the Potomac and the Rappahannock is less than ten miles wide (at Fredericksburg). At points below the city the land is still narrower. The Rappahannock rises along the Blue Ridge and has a tributary known as the Rapidan, which also has its source at the base of the same mountain. The fork of these rivers is a little east of Chancellorsville, and about 9 miles in a westerly direction from Fredericksburg. Next, south, and with the same (southeasterly) course is the Matapony, which rises near Spottsylvania Court House, forming a junction with the Pamunky, of similar course, at West Point, together running into the York river, which broadens out into the Chesapeake. The next stream of greater importance is the James river, on which the City of Richmond is situated. The distance from Richmond to Washington is about 100 miles and Fredericksburg is midway between them. The distance from

Chancellorsville to Fredericksburg is ten miles. The name Chancellorsville is very misleading to one not acquainted. There is no village. One rather pretentious building occupies the spot where several roads cross. This house was burned at the time of the battle, was rebuilt, but has been sufficiently reduced to a condition scarcely fit for more than a good bonfire.

About three and a half miles from Fredericksburg on the Plank Road toward the Battlefield is the old, vacated shell-riddled meeting house where the battle of Salem Church was fought. Between two and three miles in a southwesterly course is Tabernacle Church. From this church the road makes a bend southward and comes out at the Chancellorsville House, where it unites with the plank road from which it had diverged. A third road runs from the Chancellorsville House towards the fords, a branch of which leads to United States Ford, over which our troops returned after the battle May 1-5.

Hooker's General Orders, No. 49.

Immediately after the battle of Chancellorsville General Hooker issued the following order:—

"The Major-General commanding tenders to this army his congratulations on its achievements of the last seven days. If it has not accomplished all that was expected, the reasons are well known to the army. It is sufficient to say they were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resource. In withdrawing from the south bank of the Rappahannock before delivering a general battle to our adversaries, the army has given renewed evidence of its confidence in itself and its fidelity to the principles it represents. In fighting to a disadvantage, we would have been recreant to our trust, to ourselves, our cause, and our country. Profoundly loyal, and conscious of its strength, the Army of the Potomac will give or decline battle whenever its interest or honor may demand. It will also be the guardian of its own history and its own fame.

By our celerity and secrecy of movement, our advance and passage of

the rivers were undisputed, and on our withdrawal not a rebel ventured to follow.

The events of the last week may swell with pride the heart of every officer and soldier of this army. We have added new luster to its former renown. We have made long marches, crossed rivers, surprised the enemy in its entrenchments, and whenever we have fought have inflicted heavier blows than we have received. We have taken from the enemy 5000 prisoners; captured and brought off seven pieces of artillery, fifteen colors; placed *hors de combat* 18,000 of its chosen troops; destroyed its depots filled with vast amounts of stores; deranged its communications; captured prisoners within the fortifications of its capital, and filled its country with fear and consternation.

We have no other regret than that caused by the loss of our brave companions, and in this we are consoled by the conviction that they have fallen in the holiest cause ever submitted to the arbitrament of battle.

By command of Major-General Hooker.

S. WILLIAMS, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*"

What Hooker Found in the Desert.

It will further greatly facilitate the study of the Chancellorsville battle by gaining first a detailed account of the position and number of rebels occupying the woods in all that region. There had been previous skirmishing with fragments of the army of the enemy in the neighborhood of The Crossings of the Rappahannock, reference, detailed, having already been made to this in the report of General Lee. That there would be some demonstrations in this region on the opening of the spring was to be presumed, and the very vigilant scouring of those forests by the rebel scouts was an indication that movements of some sort were on foot in this direction about the time Hooker was making his great preparations for the advance.

The troops confronting Hooker on his arrival in the forest country April 29th, were those that were on regular duty guarding the Fords and approaches all along the Rappahannock down to

Fredericksburg. Stonewall Jackson held the line from Port Royal to Hamilton's Crossing below Fredericksburg. The front line from Hamilton's Crossing to Bank's Ford (two miles north of Salem Church) was guarded by General McLaws. All Fords northward from Bank's were fortified by a division commanded by General Anderson. All parts of that desert country were patrolled and watched by the cavalry in command of General J. E. B. Stuart. This entire line established by General Lee, to prevent the Federal army from crossing, was a long one for him to hold, and could not be strong at any point. By the vigilance of his cavalry Lee is said to have been apprised as early as the 28th of April (one day after our Army left Brooks Station) that Hooker was about crossing the river at Kelley's Ford, and on this information, being brought to him by Stuart with whom Lee at once advised, Stuart at once started out for Brandy station (on the road from Kelley's Ford to Gordonville) a point he thought Hooker's army would pass in order to gain Lee's rear and communications with Richmond. Finding his mistake Stuart at once made a circuit in the direction of Chancellorsville with the intention of impeding Hooker's progress, and thus prevent him from attacking Lee's scattered forces then guarding the roads in that vicinity. The Fords of Ely and United States were at the time guarded by Mahone's and Posey's brigades (as we have elsewhere stated). When these Ferry guards learned that Hooker was on the roads with a large force they hurriedly fell back towards Chancellorsville. Meantime Lee was being informed (at Fredericksburg, his head-quarters) that the Federal army had effected a crossing and at once sent up more troops to meet Hooker. Wright's brigade from Fredericksburg arrived. Anderson seeing the situation had already anticipated Hooker's approach and had retired to a good position near the Tabernacle Church, and began entrenching.

Meantime Sickles' Corps (3d) had been ordered down from Hartwood Church (some distance north of the United States Ford), marched toward Fredericksburg on the north side of the river and encamped near Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg,

but on the 30th was ordered back to take position as a reserve near Chancellorsville. His army was composed of about 20,000 men. On the evening of the 30th (according to good authority) Lee, still in Fredericksburg, was ignorant of Hooker's plan. Meantime Sedgwick's feint, opposite Lee's headquarters, kept both Jackson and Lee busy guessing Sedgwick's intentions. The astute Lee, to meet the possibility of Sedgwick's ruse, and at the same time acting on the intelligence just brought him by Stuart, that Hooker was at Chancellorsville in heavy force, sent up troops to meet Hooker. Jackson was at the time at Moss Creek, below Hamilton's Crossing, and was ordered to go by forced march to Chancellorsville, where his men arrived at 10 a. m. Friday morning, May 1st. Having set his troops in motion, Jackson rode swiftly and arrived in the neighborhood of the entrenchments of Anderson at 8 a. m. McLaws having gotten an earlier start, arrived at about the same time as Jackson. Jackson at once began the study of the situation, stopped all work on the entrenchments which had been hastily thrown up during the night of the 30th, and at once planned for aggressive work. About the time of Jackson's arrival, the Union cavalry under Pleasanton were engaging Anderson's pickets.

Hooker had now 64,000 men in the vicinity of Chancellorsville, and all the troops of Lee, except Early's division of Jackson's Corps, and a brigade of McLaw's division of Longstreet's Corps which were left to hold Fredericksburg against Sedgwick, were now confronting Hooker. Hooker had ordered an attack for Friday morning 11 o'clock. (My Diary makes a record of our Regiment going out towards Chancellorsville about 9 a. m. and soon returning to former position). Doubleday says that Hooker started out to meet Lee in 4 columns; that Slocum, followed by Howard, took the Plank Road on the right; Sykes' division of Meade's Corps, followed by Hancock's division of Couch's Corps, went by the Turnpike in the center; the remainder of Meade's Corps,—Griffin's division—followed by that of Humphrey's, took the River Road. French's division of Couch's Corps turned off towards Todd's Tavern. Each column was

headed by a detachment of Pleasanton's Cavalry. One brigade of Sickles' Corps was sent to Dowdall's Tavern (known as Melzi



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Hooker's Headquarters at Chancellorsville, Saturday Morning, May 2d, '63. The picture faces South.
From a war-time sketch.

Chancellor's house) and another brigade (of Sickles') was left at the United States Ford to guard against Fitzhugh Lee's Cavalry.

This was the situation around Chancellorsville on the morning of May 1. The chiefs of both armies were now coming face to face. As the 153d Regiment was posted on the extreme right, and all troops were obliged to move in very close columns and through the only road on the line on which the Corps was posted through that dense woods, the right of the Eleventh Corps deploying would not get very far down toward Chancellorsville. Our regiment was not only the last one on the right of the Corps, but was formed at right angles and in that position was exposed to the heavy mass of the enemy approaching from the west.

There seem often unknown reasons for failure in military operations while no mortal man can prove that there has not been interposition of Divine Providence. That this was so in the indecisive battle of Chancellorsville one can readily accept. In such cases it is often of great importance to reserve all judgment as to the issue until another or other engagements have occurred.

Hooker's plan, magnificent as it was, and without parallel, embraced too much when it contemplated the destruction of the entire army of Northern Virginia. He did not sufficiently count on the powerful stimulus that moved the Confederate Army at that stage of the war. He had not been sufficiently impressed with the awful impulse that was leading them to desperation because they felt that they had far more to lose than we had to gain at that perilous hour. The defeats of the Federal Army had been, to a considerable extent depressing to the loyal people of the Union, but not sufficiently so to fully arouse them to the danger of losing their cause. Such was the preponderance of national power on account of the larger military and of the great resources of the North, that no fears were entertained by Hooker that the North would not be able to put down the Rebellion. It was evidently in the mind of Hooker that with an army twice the size of Lee's he ought to be victorious, for on no other account could his sanguinary address to his troops just before the battle be explained.

It cannot be gainsaid that the extreme right of the line of

Hooker, where the 153d was posted at the time of Jackson's attack, was weak and most defenseless in respect of a surprise by a large force, having had but the merest apology of a barricade made of a few slashed trees, and the ground where the Gilsa brigade was posted was wholly impassable for cavalry and artillery, it must also be remembered that the density of the thicket prevented the seeing of an enemy one rod ahead of the line. It is also significant that so far as the number of men and their efficiency were concerned this part of the line held by the 153d Regiment was as strong defensively as much of the main line from Chancellorsville to the angle formed by the 153d in the woods. The main difficulty arose from the uncertainty of Jackson's detour. If an attack of that nature had been known (not as a possibility) positively, Hooker would no doubt have made disposition to meet it. The post would not have been left without heavy breastworks and redoubts on flank, and the support of another corps.

The fact that early on Saturday morning Hooker and Sickles rode along the entire line for inspection, and that the commanding General suggested some important changes on the line of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, and recommended increase of reserves in some places, and closed with the oft-quoted words, "please advance your pickets for purposes of observation, as far as may be safe, in order to obtain timely information on the approach of the enemy," absolutely settled nothing. All that his advice covered, Gen. Howard says, was immediately done. The testimony is that detachments from Gilsa's brigade went far out for observation. Their first relief and return to the line was not fully accomplished before the enemy was upon them in force. Their contact with videttes had been the intimation that the enemy was feeling the locality and possible strength of the Federal army. From a number of reports from various Confederate officers since the war the whole wooded territory between Chancellorsville and the Furnace one and a half miles south of the plank road, and all intervening forest country in front of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, on Friday swarmed

with fragments of infantry organizations, couriers, artillery cavalry, videttes, and the usual attendants of an army, and that all movements and skirmishings had reference to the finding and attack of the Federal army. All day Friday Jackson was busy organizing, directing, disposing his forces under the various commanders, and completing his plans for the famous detour. Lee's opinion that Hooker's position, from the nature of the country, and the strong fortifications he had built, was impregnable, was the primary cause of Jackson's march around to the rear of Hooker. In the scheme of Jackson there was also laid the plan of gaining the roads north of Chancellorsville by way of cutting off Hooker from means of retreat across the Rappahannock. This course was very evident in the act of Stuart's cavalry forces maneuvering in the region of the fords, at the same time that Jackson was driving the broken columns of the right of Hooker's army. General Howard has informed the writer that General Fitzhugh Lee told him since the war that Jackson's lines would not have extended beyond von Gilsa's right had not he from his (Fitzhugh Lee's) reconnoitering ascertained the exact location of Gilsa and that as soon as he did so he informed Jackson and guided him to the extreme right, and that by this timely information the enemy over-lapped Gilsa's right and the 153d by at least a quarter of a mile. This accounts for the appearance of Confederates firing upon our fleeing troops from the north.

While Jackson lay suffering pain from his wounds on Saturday night, he gave Hill, his successor, a last order which undoubtedly had reference to the theory that much of his detour plan embraced cutting off Hooker from the Rappahannock crossings. He said to Hill: "Press them; cut them off from the United States ford, Hill; press them." It is plainly shown also that it was part of Jackson's plan to draw in all his forces and drive Hooker to a centralized point at or near the fields of the White house.

The Enemy's Side of the Story.

To assist the reader in grasping the key to the true situation on the Chancellorsville battleground, and what the Federal army had to confront, I produce the report of General Lee:

"Headquarters, Guiney's Station, Va., May 5, 1863.

At the close of the battle of Chancellorsville, on Sunday, the enemy was reported advancing from Fredricksburg in our rear. General McLaws was sent back to arrest his progress, and repulsed him handsomely that afternoon at Tabernacle Church. Learning that this force consisted of two corps under General Sedgwick, I determined to attack it. Leaving a sufficient force to hold General Hooker in check, who had not recrossed the Rappahannock, as was reported, but occupied a strong position in front of United States Ford, I marched back yesterday with General Anderson, and, uniting with McLaws and Early in the afternoon, succeeded by the blessing of heaven, in driving General Sedgwick over the river. We have reoccupied Fredericksburg, and no enemy remains south of the Rappahannock in its vicinity.

His Excellency President Davis.

R. E. LEE, *General.*"

"Headquarters, Army of Northern Virginia, Sept. 23, 1863.

General S. Cooper, Adjutant General:

General: I have the honor to transmit herewith my report of the operations of this army from the time the enemy crossed the Rappahannock, on April 28, last, to his retreat over the river on the night of May 5, embracing the battles of Chancellorsville, Salem Church, etc. I also forward the reports of the several commanding officers of corps, divisions, brigades and regiments, and the returns of the medical and ordnance departments, together with a map. etc.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*"

The following are extracts of General Lee's complete report, dated September 21, 1863:

"After the battle of Fredericksburg, (December, 1862,) the army remained encamped on the south side of the Rappahannock until the latter

part of April....two brigades were....stationed near the United States Mine (or Bark Mill) Ford, and a third guarded Bank's Ford . . . the cavalry was distributed on both flanks, Fitzhugh Lee's brigade picketing the Rappahannock above the mouth of the Rapidan, and W. H. F. Lee's near Port Royal . . . Hampton's brigade had been sent into the interior to recruit. General Longstreet, with two divisions of his corps, was detached for service south of the James river . . . With the exception of the engagement between Fitzhugh Lee's brigade and the enemy's cavalry near Kelley's Ford March 17, nothing of interest transpired during this period of inactivity.

On April 14, intelligence was received that the enemy's cavalry was concentrating on the Upper Rappahannock. Their efforts to establish themselves on the south side of the river were successfully resisted. About (April) the 21st, small bodies of infantry appeared at Kelley's Ford and the Rappahannock bridge, and almost at the same time a demonstration was made opposite Port Royal (below Fredericksburg) where a party of infantry crossed the river about the 23rd. These movements were evidently intended to conceal the design of the enemy, but, taken in connection with the reports of scouts, indicated that the Federal Army, now commanded by Major-General Hooker, was about to resume active operations.*

At 5.30 a. m. on April 28, the enemy crossed the Rappahannock in boats near Fredericksburg, and, driving off the pickets on the river, proceeded to lay pontoon bridges a short distance below the mouth of Deep Run. Later in the afternoon another bridge was constructed about a mile below the first . . . our dispositions were accordingly made . . . no demonstration was made opposite any other part of our lines at Fredericksburg, and the strength of the force that had crossed and its apparent indisposition to attack indicated that the principal effort would be made in some other quarter. This impression was confirmed by intelligence received from General Stuart that a large body of infantry and artillery was passing up the river (these were our corps which left Brook's Station on the 27th of April on the march to Kelley's Ford) . . during the forenoon of the 29th, that officer (Stuart) reported that the enemy had crossed in force, near Kelley's Ford on the preceding evening. Later in the day he announced that a heavy column was moving from Kelley's

*Editor's notes in parentheses.

to Germanna Ford on the Rapidan, and another toward Ely's Ford (those troops crossing at the Germanna Ford were the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, and those crossing the Ely's Ford the Fifth Corps under Meade). The routes they were pursuing after they crossed the Rapidan converge near Chancellorsville, where several roads lead to the rear of our position at Fredericksburg.

On the night of the 29th, General Anderson was directed to proceed toward Chancellorsville, and dispose Wright's brigade and the troops from the Bark Mill Ford (Mahone and Posey's) to cover these roads. Arriving at Chancellorsville about midnight, he found the commands of Generals Mahone and Posey already there, having been withdrawn from the Bark Mill Ford, with the exception of a small guard. Learning that the enemy had crossed the Rapidan, and were approaching in strong force, General Anderson retired early on the morning of the 30th, to the intersection of the Mine and Plank roads, near Tabernacle Church, (a mile or more south-east of Chancellorsville) and began to entrench himself. The enemy's cavalry (Pleasanton's) skirmished with his rear guard as he left Chancellorsville. The enemy in our front near Fredericksburg continued inactive, and it was now apparent that the main attack would be made on flank and rear. It was therefore determined to leave sufficient troops to hold our lines (at Fredericksburg) and with the main body of the army to give battle to the approaching column . . . and at midnight on the 30th, General McLaws moved with the rest of his command toward Chancellorsville. General Jackson followed at dawn next morning with the remaining divisions of his corps. He reached the position occupied by General Anderson at 8 a. m. and immediately began preparations to advance."

Skirmishings.

These preparations with all day skirmishings of the cavalry and infantry along the entire southern front of our line on the plank road to ascertain our position and strength, made the impression upon us (privates) as we lay in the woods on the extreme right, that a constant battle was going on somewhere. Meantime during the night Wilcox's brigade had been ordered back to guard Bank's Ford.

The Wounding of Jackson.

A very singular incident, and one fraught with momentous consequences, occurred at the time of the wounding of General Jackson. It was at this very time that the rebel General Stuart was busy on our rear to cut us off the road to Ely's Ford. Also at the same time General Hill was wounded. Both Jackson and Hill being disabled at about the same time, it necessitated calling for General Stuart, who was at that very hour engaged in his mischievous work distributing his cavalry forces on our rear to prevent our retreat. It was with great difficulty that Stuart found his way through the darkness and dense wilderness to come to the scene where Jackson had been injured and to assume command. We quote from Lee's Report:

"Upon General Stuart's arrival, soon afterwards, the command was turned over to him by General Hill. He immediately proceeded to reconnoiter the ground and make himself acquainted with the disposition of the troops. The darkness of the night and the difficulty of moving through the woods and undergrowth rendered it advisable to defer operations until morning, and the troops rested on their arms in line of battle."

Jackson and Hill had not been good friends, but there in the darkness the Great Stonewall Jackson "buried the hatchet," made no mention of old scores and asked Hill to assume command of his demoralized and broken corps. Captain Taylor, now a resident of the Taylor Hill mansion, near Fredericksburg, informed the writer (on a visit at his home) that at the time Jackson was wounded he (Taylor) was a guide on Hill's personal staff while the rebel troops occupied the wilderness, and that he with others who were natives of that section rendered service of pointing out the byways and paths of that wooded country. Taylor told the writer that he was present at the time when Jackson's first divisions arrived in the rear of the 11th Corps on Saturday afternoon, and that the advance was made almost immediately on the arrival of Jackson's first division. He also stated that General Hill was bending over the wounded Jackson

trying to assist him when Hill himself received the wound which disabled him also.

The writer distinctly recollects having heard on Sunday of the wounding of Jackson and that it was done by accident by his own men. This intelligence came to us on the following day after its occurrence.

Account by Captain Owen Rice.

Captain Owen Rice, giving an account of the activities of the armies on Friday and Saturday, says: "Recalled from the lines above Port Royal, Jackson at 8 a. m. had effected a junction with Anderson and McLaws, now fronting our center and left. An advance of less than three miles east of Chancellorsville, therefore found the enemy. But no sooner had the more open country solved the difficulties of deployment, and rendered available all divisions in hand; no sooner had the enemy's lines unmasked and a strong fighting position been attained, than as sudden a return to the wilderness was commanded, the brimming enthusiasm of the men cast down, every coigne of vantage resigned, the reserve artillery, at Bank's Ford, distanced by twelve miles of difficult roads, Sedgwick as far removed from support, or supporting relations, and, without serious loss or harassing resistance, the columns returned to the position last held, with the diverging roads, and open space around the Chancellor house as the defensive center.

The position as skillfully developed by the engineers in the semi-confusion of the recall, lay within the wilderness a vast tract of forest with occasional and not far-reaching clearings adjoining the highways and habitations, with thickets, and tangled meshes of native shrubbery, fallen trees, interlaced by creeping vines, whose rebel tenacity was sedulously asserted, thorny shrubs, briars, and festive Christmas holly, blinding pines, and lancinating scrub-oaks clustered around the standing timber far along the Orange and Culpepper Roads to the West of

Dowdall's, northward for miles to the Rappahannock, and southward for leagues to the skirts of Spottsylvania, with irregular undulating elevations along the streams. The left securely resting on the Rappahannock, and facing eastward was held by Meade, the Second Corps prolonging the line southward to the Turnpike with Hancock's division well thrust forward on an eminence overlooking Mott Run; and then curving westward, the line, in front of Fair View, held by Slocum's (12th) Corps, faced southward, on a bold elevation, flanked to the west by the less elevated but not more commanding Hazel Hill. To the west, with an interval of at least two divisions' fronts, in echelon to Slocum and in front of the Plank Road, the Eleventh Corps prolonged the south front to a point at which the road forked into the Orange Road to southwest, and the Culpepper Road to the northwest."

Causes of Hooker's Defeat.

In Harper's "History of the Great Rebellion" appears an account of Hooker's defeat, of which we can say as Horace Greely did of startling articles presented to him, "Important if true." I adduce the following extracts from the Harper History as a sample of the legion of "expert testimony" witnesses in the case. The writers who never saw a battle have often been the most rhetorical and have labored hardest to show the novel reader how impossibilities ought to have been mastered. We are compelled to have far less respect for the man who persistently blames certain officers for the blunder of that battle, than we have for the men on whom the odium has been cast. The writer cannot be convinced that any of the Generals were designing men or willfully negligent on that momentous occasion. The narrator says:

"There was not, in fact, any moment between Thursday afternoon and Tuesday morning when success was not wholly within the grasp of the Union army."

This statement expresses an opinion; that is all. The correspondent continues: "The movement by which Chancellorsville was reached, and the Confederate position rendered worthless, was brilliantly conceived and admirably executed. The initial error by which alone all else was rendered possible, was that halt at Chancellorsville. Had the march been continued for an hour longer, or even been resumed on the following morning, the army would have got clear of the wilderness without meeting any great opposing force, and then would have been in position where its great superiority of numbers would have told.

The rout of Howard's Corps was possible only from the grossest neglect of all military precautions. Jackson after a toilsome march of ten hours, halted for three hours in open ground, not two miles from the Union lines. A single picket, sent a mile up a broad road, would have discovered the whole movement in ample time for Howard to have strengthened his position or to have withdrawn from it without loss. The blame of this surprise cannot, however, fairly be laid upon Hooker. He had a right to presume that whoever was in command there would have picketed his lines so as to prevent the possibility of being surprised in broad daylight. But even here as it was, the disaster to the Eleventh Corps should have had no serious effect upon the general result. That was fully remedied when the pursuit was checked. On Sunday morning Hooker was in a better position than he had been the evening before. He had lost three thousand men and had been strengthened by 17,000, and now has 78,000 to oppose to 47,000. The Confederate army could reunite only by winning a battle or by a day's march. The only thing which could have lost the battle of the day was the abandonment of the position at Hazel Grove, for from this alone was it possible to enfilade Slocum's line. But surely it is within the limits of military forethought that a general who has occupied a position for two days and three nights should have discovered the very key to that position, when it lay within a mile of his own headquarters. The disabling of Hooker could not, indeed, have been

foreseen; but such an accident might happen to any commander upon any field; and there should have been somewhere some man with authority to have, within the space of three hours, brought into action some of the more than thirty thousand men within sound, and almost within sight, of the battle then raging. How the hours from Sunday noon till night were wasted has been shown. Hooker indeed, reiterates that he could not assail the Confederate lines through the dense forests. But Lee broke through those very woods on Sunday, and was minded to attempt it again on Wednesday, when he found that the enemy had disappeared. The golden opportunity was lost, never to be recovered, and the Confederate army of Northern Virginia gained a new lease of life."

The comment the writer has to make on the above quotation is brief for the reason that what elsewhere appears on this subject will refute some of the strong statements of the Harper authority, while the other will be confirmed. It should be very gratifying to the reader to be allowed to hear what the men have to say who conducted the conflict. Among the many excellent articles in a work entitled the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," published in 1894, the Century Magazine people have given very clever accounts by the generals who participated in the battles. The following extracts are by Howard:

Extract: O. O. Howard.

"The country around Chancellorsville for the most part is wilderness, with but here and there an opening. If we consult the recent maps (no good ones existed before the battle), we notice that the two famous rivers, the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, join at a point due north of Chancellorsville, thence the Rappahannock runs easterly for two miles, till suddenly at the United States Ford it turns and flows south for a mile and a half, and then, turning again, completes a horse shoe bend. Here, on the south shore, was General Hooker's battle-line on the morning of the 2d of May, 1863. Here his five army corps, those of Meade, Slocum, Couch, Sickles, and Howard, were deployed. The face was

toward the south, and the ranks mainly occupied a ridge nearly parallel with the Rapidan. . . .

Our opponents, under General Robert E. Lee, the evening before, were about two miles distant toward Fredericksburg, and thus between us and Sedgwick. Lee had immediately with him the divisions of McLaws, Anderson, Rodes, Colston, and A. P. Hill, besides some cavalry under Stuart. He held for his line of battle, a comparative short front between the Rappahannock and the Catherine Furnace, not exceeding two miles and a half in extent. His right wing, not far from the river, was behind Mott Run, which flows due east, and his left was deployed along the Catherine Furnace road.

Could Hooker, on the first day of May, have known Lee's exact location he never could have had a better opportunity for taking the offensive. But he did not know, and after the few troops advancing toward Fredericksburg had met the approaching enemy he ordered all back to the 'old position,' the Chancellorsville line. . . . On the preceding Thursday . . . the right wing . . . Meade's, Slocum's and mine . . . by 4 o'clock in the afternoon had reached the vicinity of Chancellorsville, where Slocum, who was the senior commander present, established his headquarters. I, approaching from Germanna Ford, halted my divisions at Dowdall's Tavern and encamped there. Then I rode along the Plank road through the almost continuous forest to the Chancellorsville House. There I reported to Slocum. He said that the orders were for me to cover the right of the general line, posting my command near Dowdall's Tavern. He pointed to a place on the map marked 'Mill' near there on a branch of the Hunting Run, and said, 'Establish your right there.' General Slocum promised, with the 12th Corps, to occupy the place between his headquarters and Dowdall's clearing, but, finding the distance too great, one of his division commanders sent me word that I must cover the last three-quarters of a mile of the Plank road. This was done by a brigade of General Steinwehr, the commander of my left division, though with regret on our part, because it required all the Corps' reserves to fill up that gap. The so-called Dowdall's Tavern was at that time the home of Melzi Chancellor. . . . I placed my headquarters at his house. In front of me, facing south along a curving ridge, the right of Steinwehr's division was located. He had but two brigades, Barlow on the Plank road and Buschbeck on his right. With them Steinwehr covered a mile,

leaving but two regiments for reserve. These he put some two hundred yards to his rear, near the little Wilderness Church.

Next to Steinwehr, toward our right, came General Carl Schurz's division. First was Captain Dilger's battery . . . his guns pointed to the southwest and west, along the Orange Plank Road. Next was Krzyzanowski's brigade, about half on the front and half in reserve. Schurz's right brigade was that of Schimmelphenning, disposed in the same manner, a part deployed and the remainder kept a few hundred yards back for a reserve. Schurz's front line of infantry extended along the old turnpike and faced to the southwest. The right division of the Corps was commanded by General Charles Devens. Devens and I together had carefully reconnoitered both Orange Plank Road and the old Turnpike for at least three miles toward the west. . . . He established his division—the Second Brigade, under McLean, next to Schurz's first, and then pushing on the pike for half a mile he deployed the other, Gilsa's at right angles facing west, connecting his two parts by a thin skirmish line. Colonel Gilsa's brigade was afterward drawn back, still facing west, at right angles to the line, so as to make a more solid connection, and so that, constituting, as it did, the main right flank, the reserve of the Corps could be brought up more promptly to its support, by extending its right to the north, should an enemy by any possible contingency get so far around. A section of Dickmann's battery which looked to the west along the old pike was located at the angle.

The reserve batteries, twelve guns, were put upon a ridge abreast of the little church and pointed toward the northwest, with a view to sweep all approaches to the north of Gilsa, firing up a gradually ascending slope. This ridge, where I stood during the battle, was central, and besides, enabled the artillerymen to enfilade either roadway, or meet an attack from south, west, or north. Here epaulments for the batteries were constructed, and cross-entrenchments for battery supports were dug, extending from the little church across all the open ground that stretched away from the tavern to the right of Deven's line.

To my great comfort, General Sickles' Corps came up on Friday, May 1st, and took from our left Steinwehr's three-quarters of a mile of the Plank road. Thus he relieved from the front line Barlow's brigade, giving me, besides the several division reserves, General Barlow with 1500 men as a general reserve for the Corps. These were massed near the

cross-entrenchments and held avowedly to support the batteries and protect General Devens' exposed right flank.

As to pickets, each division had a good line of them. My aide, Major Charles H. Howard, assisted in connecting them between divisions, and during the 2nd of May, that fearless and faithful staff-officer, Major E. Whittlesey, rode the entire circuit of their front to stimulate them to special activity. Those of Devens were 'thrown out at a distance from a half-mile to a mile and stretching well around, covering our right flank;' and the picket-posts in front on the pike were over two miles beyond the main line.

Meanwhile the Confederate General Rodes had been reaching his place in the wilderness. At 4 p. m. his men were in position; the line of battle of his own brigade touched the pike west of us with its right, and stretched away to the north; beyond his brigade came Iverson's in the same line. On the right of the pike was Dole's brigade, and to his right Colquitt's. One hundred yards to the rear was Trimble's (Colston commanding) with Ramseur on the right following Colquitt . . . followed by the division of A. P. Hill. The advance Confederate division had more men in it than there were in the Eleventh Corps now in position. Counting the ranks of this formidable column, beginning with the enveloping skirmish line, we find seven, besides the 3 ranks of file-closers. Many of them were brought into such a position by the entanglements of the forest, and gave our men the idea that battalions were formed in close columns doubled on the center. With as little noise as possible, a little after 5 p. m., the steady advance of the enemy began. Its first lively effects, like a cloud of dust driven before a coming shower, appeared in the startled rabbits, squirrels, quail, etc."



Why Lee Did Not Follow Up Our Retirement Across the River.

Our forces having drawn toward the United States Ford, the place which Hooker had previously selected for the crossing in case of defeat, very naturally had strong earthworks thrown up for final defense.

Doubleday says :

"Our front gradually melted away and passed to the new line in the rear through Humphrey's division of the Fifth Corps, which was posted about half a mile north of the Chancellorsville House in the edge of the thicket, to cover the retreat. At last only indomitable Hancock (Pennsylvania's gallant son) remained, fighting McLaws with his front line, and keeping back Stuart and Anderson with his rear line.

The enemy, Jackson's Corps, showed little disposition to follow up this success. The fact is, these veterans were about fought out, and became almost inert. They did not, at the last, even press Hancock, who was still strong in artillery, and withdrew his main body in good order.

Stuart's command had lost 7500 in his attack, and it could hardly have resisted a fresh force if it had been thrown in. General William Hays, of the Second Corps, who was taken prisoner, says they (the rebels) were worn out, and Rodes admits in his report that Jackson's veterans clung to their entrenchments, and that Ramseur and others who passed them, urged them to go forward in vain.

The new line thus taken up by the Union Army was a semi-ellipse with the left resting on the Rappahannock and the right on the Rapidan. Its center was at Bullock's House, about three-fourths of a mile north of Chancellorsville. The approaches were well guarded with artillery, and the line partially entrenched. The enemy did not assail it. They made a reconnoissance in the afternoon, but Weed's artillery at the apex of the line was too strongly posted to be forced, and Lee soon found other employment for his troops, for Sedgwick was approaching to attack his rear."

Lee in his Report, dated September 21, 1863, says of this situation :

"The enemy was driven from all its fortified positions, with heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, and retreated toward the Rappahannock.

By 10 a. m. we were in full possession of the field. The troops, having become somewhat scattered by the difficulties of the ground and the ardor of the contest, were immediately reformed preparatory to renewing the attack. The enemy had withdrawn to a strong position nearer to the Rappahannock, which he had previously fortified. His superiority of numbers, the unfavorable nature of the ground, which was densely wooded, and the condition of our troops after the arduous and sanguinary conflict in which they had been engaged, rendered great caution necessary. Our preparations were just completed when further operations were arrested by intelligence received from Fredericksburg."

As soon as the operations in the enemy's rear toward Fredericksburg, where Sedgwick was pressing them, were over, and Fredericksburg had been evacuated by the Union troops, and Lee learned that our position was well fortified around the United States Ford, it was deemed inexpedient for him to assail our forces with less than the whole rebel army, which, as Lee says, could not be concentrated until they were relieved from the danger which threatened them in the direction toward Fredericksburg. Accordingly on the 4th (Monday) Anderson was directed to join McLaws to impede Sedgwick's approach, the three divisions of Jackson meantime remaining in our front about Chancellorsville. On the morning of the 5th the discovery was made that Sedgwick had recrossed the river below Bank's Ford, had taken up his pontoons, so that Anderson and McLaws were hurried back to Chancellorsville. They reached their destination during the afternoon of the 5th. They tell it that preparations were made to assail us on the morning of the 6th, and that on advancing their skirmishers they found that under cover of the storm and the darkness of the night our armies had retreated over the river.

The Three Days Battle of Gettysburg.

Gettysburg has long contributed its epic story and added its stars to the galaxy of distinguished warriors, and will for many years to come be a fruitful theme in history for the school boy and the statesman. Modestly for ourselves, but more for the glory of our Commonwealth, we wish to add the record of our part in the achievements of that world-famed battle.

On that ever memorable forced march from Emmitsburg on the 1st day of July, 1863, we soon became aware that in our northward move the time and place of collision with Lee's army was imminently near, but his destination was uncertain. However, the reconnoissance of Pleasanton's cavalry had made capture of a recent order by Lee affording valuable information to Meade concerning Lee's proposed invasion of Pennsylvania. Meantime Stuart in command of the Confederate cavalry was making his famous raid and his great detour and separation from the infantry gave Lee some alarm. Meade's plan was twofold. He kept in mind the protection of Baltimore and Washington, and at the same time sought the whereabouts of the Confederate army with the purpose of giving battle.

Early July 1st, two brigades of our cavalry, under command of General Buford, arrived in Gettysburg, much to the joy of the excited citizens, who had been visited the day before by some rebel soldiers. They had come in from the western direction, appearing in the neighborhood of the Lutheran Seminary. The object of their coming to town was to look for supplies, especially shoes. After examining the town and its surroundings through their field glasses they returned to Cashtown, about seven miles distant, leaving their pickets within a few miles of the town.

Having in the meantime learned from some citizens, that the Army of the Potomac was moving in the direction, Lee at once ordered the concentration of his troops who were scattered in various places. On the evening of June 30th, they were encamped as follows: A. P. Hill on the Chambersburg turnpike, with two of his divisions near Cashtown, and the Third division (Anderson's)

For the subsistence of his vast army after entering northern soil he relied upon the forage of the country, and for that reason as well as that of the concealment of his troops, his forces moved in somewhat detached form. He was ignorant of the location and movements of Hooker up to within a few days of the last of June. Lee had touched over one hundred towns, villages and places of encampment in reaching the fertile fields of the Keystone State. His great army had come into the "Land flowing with milk and honey." How rich a boon for those half-starved, emaciated soldiers of whose condition their great General Longstreet, in his "History of the Army of Northern Virginia," spoke in the following words: "General Lee was actually so crippled by his victory (Chancellorsville), that he was a full month restoring his army to condition to take the field." There is scarcely a report of the many made by General Lee, which does not make mention of the direful misfortune which might overtake his army if cut off from its base of supplies, and with great urgency commands all forage not needed to be conveyed to Richmond with all surplus baggage and equipage. He was now getting slowly into northern environments. The atmosphere was not as exhilarating as he had hoped to find. The "genial gods" had not completed their work for his early reception, and a raging storm was now threatening his safety. Several incidents combined to give him a chill. Thoughts of home (Richmond) the defenseless citadel he had stripped to swell his marauding army, caused feelings of growing apprehension for the safety of the lives, the treasures, the archives of the Capitol of the tottering Confederacy. The sympathy and fleets he vainly hoped for, which were secretly conditioned on his successful establishment of his army on Northern soil, did not now seem so near coming his way. He was not unaware that the Federal Capitol was relying on the Army of the Potomac for its protection and in repeated appeals to his Confederate dignitaries urged the organization of an army at Culpepper with a double purpose of calling off Hooker from the defenses of the Federal Capitol, and from an attack of Richmond. Winchester and Martinsburg were at the time being held by Hooker as outposts, and neither of them of great defensive

value. Hooker, after a most successful parallel march, between the enemy and the cities of Baltimore and Washington, faithfully protected these important places and harassed the enemy's line of communication with Richmond, a possible event about which Lee was ever the most sensitive. For this purpose, however, Hooker had dispatched Slocum in support of French (at Harper's Ferry on the 26th) and now desiring to take more aggressive measures respecting Lee's movements, applied to the authorities at Washington for permission to take up the garrison at Harper's Ferry and with the combined troops of French and Slocum, attack Lee's rear, meantime preserving their own line of retreat. Hooker's request was denied and he accordingly resented this bold refusal and offered his resignation, which was accepted. On the same day (June 28th) George G. Meade was appointed to command the Army of the Potomac.

On the same date (June 28th) in a communication of even date, Jefferson Davis, President at Richmond, refers to a letter from Lee, in which the following words occur:

"I wish to have every man that can be spared, and desire that Cooke's Brigade may be sent forward . . . if it is not needed at Richmond. I think there will be no necessity for keeping a large number of troops at that place, especially if the plan of assembling an army at Culpepper Court House, under Beauregard, be adopted."

In answer to this and in keeping with the many other alarming letters respecting affairs at Vicksburg, and other points at the South, and of the safety of Richmond, Lee says:

"Wise's Brigade is as you left it, engaged in the defense of Richmond, and serving in the country east of the city. The enemy have been reported in large force at White House, with indications of an advance on Richmond. Your advance increases our want of cavalry on the north and east of the city. General Elzey is positive that the enemy intends to attack here. Do not understand me as balancing accounts in the matter of brigades; I only repeat that I have not many to send you, and enough to form an army to threaten, if not capture, Washington, as soon as it is uncovered by Hooker's army."

There can be no doubt that these are among the strongest reasons for Lee's pause in his northward movement. Lee had an eye on the two cities—Philadelphia and Washington—but for very timely information that Hooker had crossed the Potomac, and was concentrating in a way to cause him alarm, Lee might have had courage enough to continue his advance. It is reported that this reverse intelligence was furnished him by some stray countryman, and upon learning that some late dispositions of the Federal army would endanger his rear and communications with Richmond, had changed his mind. While his further stay in the country amid blooming clover, ripening harvests, delightful climate could continue to offer inducements to remain North, it dawned on him that he might soon be sadly in need of ammunition from what he could learn of certain maneuvers of the enemy; and that such useful articles as shot for heavy ordnance could not be easily found in those peaceful regions. His promptness in facing about was undoubtedly the culmination of some fears which the wise generalship of the astute Hooker helped to create in his mind. So far in the gigantic scheme of the infamous invasion, its frustration is due to the brilliant "Fighting Joe Hooker," whose name and presence had ever been an inspiration to the famous Eleventh Corps, and of the Army of the Potomac. His resignation was his own suggestion, but the promptness of its acceptance has left room for inference that the act was not a matter of reluctance on the part of the chief at the department, who could always exceed President Lincoln in the art of severing men's connection with the service.

The second part of the inquiry referred to has respect to how Meade learned the intentions of concentration for battle at Gettysburg. On investigation it appears that Hooker's scheme of attacking Lee's rear in the Cumberland valley, had been put into execution. To prevent such attack Lee decided to threaten Baltimore, and with this in view ordered his troops to assemble at Gettysburg, not knowing at the time that the new commander Meade was intent on taking a defensive attitude, which became evident when so many of his organizations were ordered to

Frederick. Hooker (June 27th) informs Halleck, General-in-Chief at Washington that on that date his army was posted as follows: Three corps at Middletown, ten miles away, one corps at Knoxville, two at his headquarters at Frederick, and the rest of his infantry nearby. On the 27th, the day of his resignation, Hooker in plain language, boldly again demands the evacuation of the garrison of Harper's Ferry, with a view of utilizing for other aggressive work the troops stationed there. Addressing Halleck, he says:

"I have received your telegram in regard to Harper's Ferry. I find 10,000 men here, in condition to take the field. Here they are of no earthly account. They cannot defend a ford of the river, and, as far as Harper's Ferry is concerned, there is nothing of it. As for the fortifications, the work of the troops, they remain when the troops are withdrawn. No enemy will ever take possession of them for them. This is my opinion. All the public property could have been secured tonight and the troops marched to where they could have been of some service. Now they are but a bait for the rebels, should they return. I beg that this may be presented to the Secretary of War and His Excellency the President."

On the same day Hooker addresses another letter to Halleck as follows:

"Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

"My original instructions require me to cover Harper's Ferry and Washington. I have now imposed upon me, in addition, an enemy in my front of more than my number. I beg to be understood, respectfully, but firmly, that I am unable to comply with this condition with the means at my disposal, and earnestly request that I may at once be relieved from the position I occupy.

JOSEPH HOOKER, *Major General.*"

The appointment of General Meade is dated on the 28th, and this able commander at once entered upon his new duties with zeal and great and urgent dispatch. Meantime Lee had begun the initial work of the concentration of his troops at Gettysburg, which was destined to be the scenes of the renowned Battlefield. Meade retained Butterfield as his chief of staff and at once had

every facility offered to gain a full knowledge of the former plans of Hooker, some of the best of them being used by Meade. His earliest movement in getting the reins of the great campaign was to so distribute his forces as to head off the advance troops of Lee in the direction of the Susquehanna river, looking to the protection of his native city, Philadelphia, as a remote necessity. So far as Ewell, and his chief cavalry, General Jenkins, were concerned, it does not appear that Philadelphia was as much their destination as the City of Harrisburg, and possibly adjacent towns. The only evil they committed at these places was their appearance at Wrightsville, inciting thereby a great stampede and the burning of the bridge across the Susquehanna at that place. This point was some thirteen miles below the Capitol of the State, but near enough to also become greatly alarmed.

The effects of the rebel dash to this extreme point of the invasion were more widely felt in the Union States than any enter-



A Cavalry Charge.

prise in which Lee had been engaged in his hostile designs. However he could have engaged in no more sanguine work for the downfall of his cause.

The cavalry are the eyes of an army. The ever vigilant Buford saw in the movements of Lee's forces that a Jackson ruse of some sort was about to be undertaken by the Confederates. Meade was certain that Lee would attempt one of two plans: either advance north or attack our Capitol (Washington) and Baltimore. Meade meanwhile formed a line of defense. His extreme left, the First Corps, was at Marsh Creek, and on the Emmitsburg road, while the 6th Corps (Slocum's), forming the extreme right, was at Manchester, thirty-five miles eastward. The Eleventh Corps

(to which the 153d belonged) was now at Emmitsburg, ten miles below Gettysburg. The Twelfth Corps was at Two Taverns, several miles south of Gettysburg. It was at Taneytown where Meade had his Headquarters at the date of his appointment to the command of the army in place of Hooker. The Second and Third Corps were also with Meade, the latter being under orders to go to Gettysburg at once on the first day of the battle, and the Fifth Corps was encamped at Hanover, about six miles eastward. The main part of our cavalry was also in that locality. Meade spent the last two days disposing his Corps to move northward in pursuit of Lee.

The concentration of Confederate troops was now speedily ordered by General Lee, who was at Chambersburg, twenty-five miles away. This was on the 30th of June. His series of columns had at one time extended from Fredericksburg to Winchester—one hundred miles. Meade's line was about 50 miles.

Buford having gotten on the ground early on the 1st, decided to resist the advance troops of Hill, and for that purpose had advanced his videttes far to the northwest of the town. In the fierce attack by the infantry of the enemy Buford dismounted his men and engaged the enemy with much spirit, his skirmishers and batteries doing effective work on Hill's troops. Buford was greatly emboldened in his heroic struggle by the knowledge of large forces of the First, Eleventh and Third Corps that had been ordered up from Emmitsburg. The Third Corps, under Reynold's, at Marsh Creek, having gotten an earlier start was the first on the ground to support Buford's cavalry. Reynolds, having been placed in command of the left wing of the army, on the 30th, was chief over three Corps, Doubleday being placed over the First Corps. Reynolds proceeded immediately to the scene of the battle, leaving the details of calling in pickets, and starting the Corps on the way. He arrived an hour before Howard. He had invited Howard to Marsh Run on the evening of the 30th, when all orders from Meade were read.

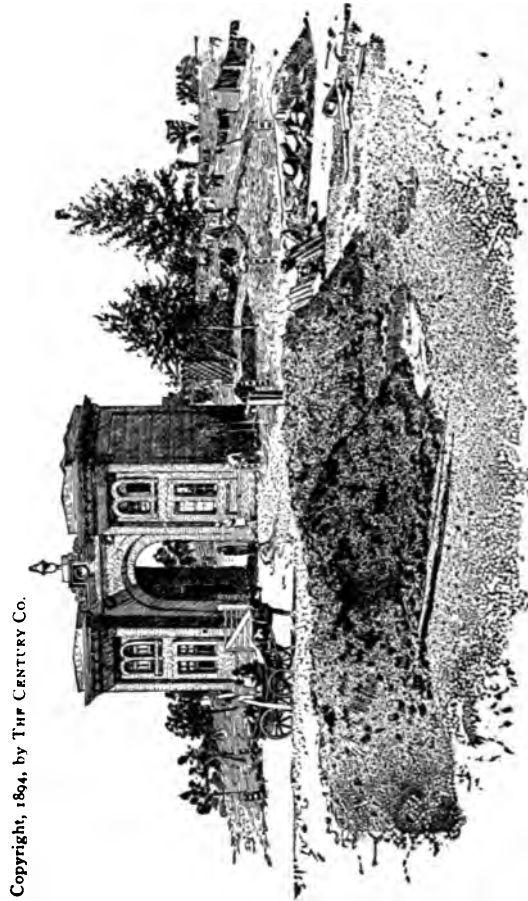
Buford had been engaged about one hour with the infantry of Hill's Corps (Heath's Division) before the arrival of the Federal

First Corps. Getting now very anxious about his support Buford ascended the stairs of the belfry of the Lutheran Theological Seminary to look in the direction of Emmitsburg, from whence he expected infantry troops to come to his support. In a short time he saw the advancing column of the First Corps nearing the town. Reynolds, having gone on ahead of the Corps, soon entered the town and saw Buford in the steeple and immediately joined him in a thorough examination of the ground which this elevated position commanded, covering a vast expanse of the undulating country in all directions.

The battle of Gettysburg was on. The Sixth Corps (Meade's) was at once ordered up. The Eleventh Corps was urged forward from Emmitsburg by forced march (memorable with all the boys). The distance was between 10 and 11 miles and was covered in four hours and a half. Howard hurriedly rode through the fields and over fences and when within a mile of the town of Gettysburg sent Captain Hall of his Staff to Reynolds for instructions. The troops had marched 20 miles the day before.

The following is the record I made that day: "Marching orders. Started at 8 a. m. Marched swiftly to Gettysburg: through town, and immediately into battle. Reinforcements coming on. Fought all day. General Reynolds killed. Rain part of the day." An interesting item or two appears in the records of the diary of the three preceding days: "Sunday, 28th. Left Burkittsville at 5 a. m., marched to Middletown, to camp. In an hour, or more, aroused and by 9 in the evening arrived at Frederick. A fine day, passed through splendid country, abundant wheat and corn crops. General Meade is said to be at the head of the army." Monday, 29th, left the neighborhood of Frederick early, marched to Emmitsburg or close by, till (by) sundown. Passed through Adamsville. Encamped. A fine day." On the 30th appears the following: "Moved a mile beyond here. Lay in camp all day. Rain part of day. Dress parade." The exact hour of our arrival at Gettysburg is still in dispute. The three divisions made a long train, and all did not pass over one road—

the Emmitsburg pike. Only Barlow's followed the 1st Corps. Halt of the brigade and regiment with which we were associated, was made in the town. Our drum Corps and Band (occupying



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The line of defense at the Cemetery Gate House.
From photograph.

the front of the regiment), were dismissed at a gate of entrance to a field on the extreme north suburb of the town. On the way passing to the rear, I looked at the men as they passed me and



General Reynolds.

saw several of my acquaintances, all of them wearing a sad countenance. I at once retired to the entrance gate of the cemetery on Cemetery Hill.

Tidings of the beginning of the battle were forwarded, by fleetest horses and every means of communication, to every department of the absent armies on both sides. Within the next twelve hours the greater portion of the hostile forces were on the ground, and the remainder coming on.

The location could not have been selected for a battle to greater advantage. The most gigantic struggle of the war was begun, the issue of which was awaited by every citizen of the nation with bated breath. Darkness like a pall hung over every home. The successive rebel victories at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and the recent reinforcements by the two divisions of Longstreet from the South, and the swelling of Lee's army by conscript, had nearly doubled his forces. Tidings of these army incidents had greatly enhanced the fears of the North.

With the permission of the reader we will now proceed with the narration of the positions assigned our regiment in the progress of the battle, and refer to the accounts of the excitement of the Capitol and of our Commonwealth, both of which were sufficiently alarmed and stirred to activity to furnish sufficient interesting and important recital in separate chapters of our history, as will elsewhere appear.

In confirmation of the leading and initial movements which took place just before and on the eve of the battle, I produce quotations from the full and final report of General O. O. Howard the commander of the Eleventh Corps as follows:

"On the evening of June 30, the First Corps, with the exception of one brigade and the supply train at Emmitsburg was located in the vicinity of Marsh Run, on the direct road from Emmitsburg to Gettysburg, and nearly midway between these towns. The Eleventh Corps was at Emmitsburg. Just at sunset I received a request from General Reynolds, commanding the First Corps, to meet him at his headquarters. He then

showed me the order from your headquarters placing him in command of the First, Eleventh and Third Corps; also the circulars of the commanding general dated June 30, together with a confidential communication. The purport of these papers was that a general engagement was imminent, the issues involved were immense, and all commanders urged to extraordinary exertions. General Reynolds and I consulted together, comparing notes and information, until a late hour, I then returned to Emmitsburg.... At 3.30 a. m. July 1st orders were received from headquarters to move the Eleventh Corps to within supporting distance of the First Corps, which was to move to Gettysburg. I immediately sent an aide-de-camp to General Reynolds to receive his orders. At 8 a. m. orders were received from Reynolds directing the Corps to march to Gettysburg. The column was at once set in motion, my first division, under General Barlow, (Devens, who had been wounded at Chancellorsville, had not returned to the army,) following the First Corps by the direct route; my Third, General Schurz, and my Second, General Steinwehr, in the order named taking the route by Horner's mill . . . the distance by the direct route was between ten and eleven miles, and by the other thirteen miles. As soon as the Corps was set in motion I pushed with my staff by the direct road and when within a mile of Gettysburg received word from General Reynolds, pointing out the place where I was to encamp; but on approaching the town heavy artillery was heard. . . . I went to the top of a high building in Gettysburg, facing westward. . . . I had studied the position for a few moments when a report reached me that General Reynolds was wounded* . . . soon another messenger brought the sad tidings of his death. This was about 11.30 a. m.

*NOTE.—Howard relates the following to the writer in a recent conversation with him: When within a short distance of Gettysburg he turned to the left to the high ground by a peach orchard and saw that Wadsworth was engaged. He then rode to Cemetery Hill, where Meysenburg, a member of his staff, agreed with him that this was the only position to assume. The name of the young cavalry officer who brought the tidings of Reynolds' wounding to Howard while he was standing on the Fahnestock observatory was George Quin; the other officer who galloped up and informed Howard of the death of the lamented Reynolds was Captain Daniel Hall, of Howard's staff. This aide had been despatched by Howard at 10.30 a. m. to Reynolds to learn where the Eleventh Corps was wanted, and on learning of Reynolds' death quickly returned and found Howard on the observatory.

On hearing of the death of General Reynolds I assumed command of the left wing, instructing General Schurz to take command of the Eleventh Corps. After an examination of the general features of the country, I came to the conclusion that the only tenable position for my limited force was the ridge to the southeast of Gettysburg, now so well known as Cemetery Ridge. The highest crest at the Cemetery commanded every eminence within easy range (here comes an important statement referring to our command). I at once established my headquarters near the cemetery, and on the highest point north of the Baltimore pike. Here General Schurz joined me before 12 m., when I instructed him to make the following disposition of the Eleventh Corps:

Learning from General Doubleday, commander of the First Corps, that his right was hard pressed, and receiving continued assurance that his left was safe, and pushing the enemy back, I ordered the *First* and *Third* divisions of the *Eleventh* Corps to *seize* and hold a *prominent* height on the right of the Cashtown road and on the prolongation of the Seminary Ridge."

"About 12.30 p. m." the General's report continues, . . . "the enemy was massing between the York and Harrisburg roads," that "quite a large number of prisoners had already been taken by the First Corps," that we "were engaging Hill's Corps" and that Longstreet would be up in a short time. "*About this time*" (12.30, the time given by my Diary) the head of column of the *the Eleventh Corps entered and passed through the town* moving forward toward the position ordered, (presumably the spot where our Monument stands).

The *arrival* of the *Eleventh Corps* was quite opportune. Reports were true enough that Ewell,* our old enemy, was coming from the north and was massing heavily between the York and Harrisburg roads. About this time news came that Longstreet was coming to reinforce Hill on our left or front. Here soon the entire force of Lee would be on hand to encounter the two corps out of seven of our troops. Howard, with great military alertness, perceived that both our right and left on the ground

*In command of Jackson's old corps.

which we had up to that time been compelled to assume, would render a repulse of the enemy impossible. This often is the case in the initial state of an onset. In view of such a disaster Howard halted Schurz and sent out strong skirmish lines, if possible to seize the position first indicated and in support of the First Corps. Word was forwarded to Sickles and Slocum to make all possible haste, and Sickles was requested to inform Meade of the affairs. Howard, however, sent word direct to Meade about 2 p. m. The position of the First Corps was at this time forming a right angle with the Eleventh Corps. It was nearly 3 p. m. when the rebel troops with strong artillery support came into view in front of the Eleventh Corps facing north. It was a full half hour after this before Sickles could be found by the messenger sent by Howard. Up to this time Howard had been engaged preparing for the defense of the very important point on Cemetery Hill, for which purpose he had detained a few brigades, having anticipated that this strategic position would be selected by either side. All credit as to who made the selection, must be given to Howard. The retirement of the flanked and vastly outnumbered troops who had made such a brave defense on the high grounds on the north of the town, during several hours on the first day to Cemetery Ridge, showed in all the future actions during the coming days of the battle, that the selection of this pivotal Hill was undisputed evidence of the generalship of the skillful General Howard.

From the writer's point of view it is not without significance that the Eleventh Corps which was the first organization to confront the great flank attack of Stonewall Jackson in the opening of the real battle at Chancellorsville, should be among the first on hand at the beginning of the renowned Gettysburg engagement, and be again at the very spot where the same old Jackson Corps was about to assail our army. And it is the more remarkable that this coincidence should occur immediately in front of the position on Cemetery Hill which was looked upon by Lee as being of the greatest importance and as the first to assault; and from the same point of observation, that the disciplined,

experienced, loyal, and conscientious Commander, who by a lamentable, mishap had been so unfortunately posted at the former battle (at Chancellorsville) should now occupy the pivotal and very important strategic position of Cemetery Hill; and find in his immediate front, and but 1600 feet from his entrenchments on the slope of the Hill the large division of Rodes, who in the formation of Jackson's army at the Chancellorsville attack was first in line of attack of the Eleventh Corps, and that this Cemetery Hill, held by the intrepid Howard during the two days of the fiercest artillery storm of the war, should be the

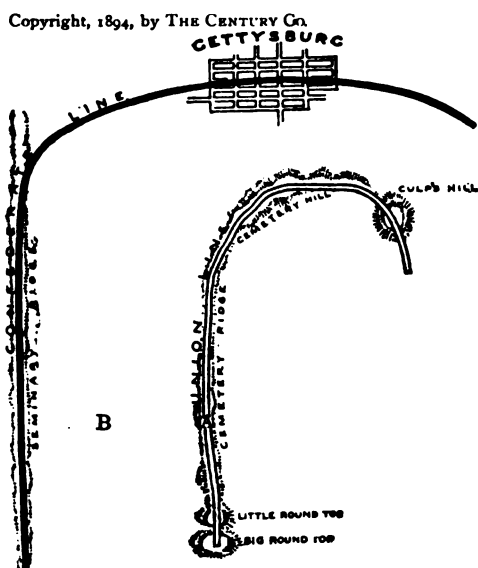


Diagram of the Gettysburg Battlefield.

first main target before the rebel guns. It counted for something for our historic *Eleventh Corps* to occupy and hold the very formidable position, the loss of which all critics agree would have meant in all probability the ultimate defeat of the Federal cause. For our Corps and the First Corps to retire to Cemetery Ridge was a greater achievement than the gallant defense they had made for hours on the Ridges beyond the town. This timely

occupation of the Cemetery Hill by the 153d permanently secured it against a well timed deployment of the rebel forces for its capture in the initial stages of the battle.

A disinterested writer, Colonel Wm. F. Fox, in his able work, "New York at Gettysburg," says:—

"During all this time the *Eleventh Corps* was *battling manfully* on the right of the Union line. When Early's division arrived on the Heidelberg road it found Rodes' Division already moving forward to the attack."

Continuing this writer says:

"Seeing the necessity of holding the ground until an infantry force could arrive, Devins ordered the Ninth New York Cavalry to support the skirmish line, and forming the rest of the line as dismounted carbiniers, he delayed Rodes and Early until *relieved* by the *arrival* of the *Eleventh Corps*. Early, having pushed Devins' skirmishers back, moved forward *against* the *Eleventh Corps* with three or four of his brigades, Gordon's, Hay's and Hoke's. He was joined on his right by Dole's Georgia brigade, which held the left of Rodes' advance, but which extending beyond Doubleday's line, *struck* the *Eleventh Corps*. A battalion of sharpshooters . . . the Fifth Alabama, was also on this portion of the field. Confronting these four Confederate brigades were Devins' cavalry brigade and five infantry brigades of the *Eleventh Corps*,—*von Gilsa's*, Ames', von Amsberg's, Krzyzanowski's, and Coster's."

Here we quote a paragraph of great value to the 153d:

"General Barlow, who held the *right* of the *Eleventh Corps*, and also the *extreme right* of the line of battle, and advanced his division soon after it arrived on the field, taking *possession* of a small hill situated between the Carlisle and Heidelberg roads, Rock Creek flows along the base of this knoll on its northeasterly side. *Barlow placed von Gilsa's brigade* (to which the 153d belonged) in some woods along Rock Creek, at the farther base of the knoll. (These woods have since been cut off). Gilsa had but three regiments with which to hold the knoll. The 41st N. Y. having been detached, leaving with him the Fifty-fourth N. Y., the Sixty-eighth N. Y., which had been transferred to von Gilsa's brigade on the 9th of June. The Fifty-fourth N. Y. is the regiment that was posted on our right on the brigade line in the Chancellorsville affair. The former

of these two had 251 men and the latter only 200, the two numbering less than our regiment."

After the retirement of the 153d from the field they occupied the first day, the position they were assigned to on the evening of that day has been quite difficult to locate. Some references to our regiment by other officers give slight assistance in the search of our exact position. In the report of Colonel von Einsiedel, of the Forty First N. Y., the following occurs.

"On July 2, at 4 p. m., six companies took position on the stone fence, with the front to Gettysburg. One company took position on the right of the square, and two companies were detached to the front as skir-



Spangler's Spring.

From which the Union and Rebel soldiers drank on a dark night.

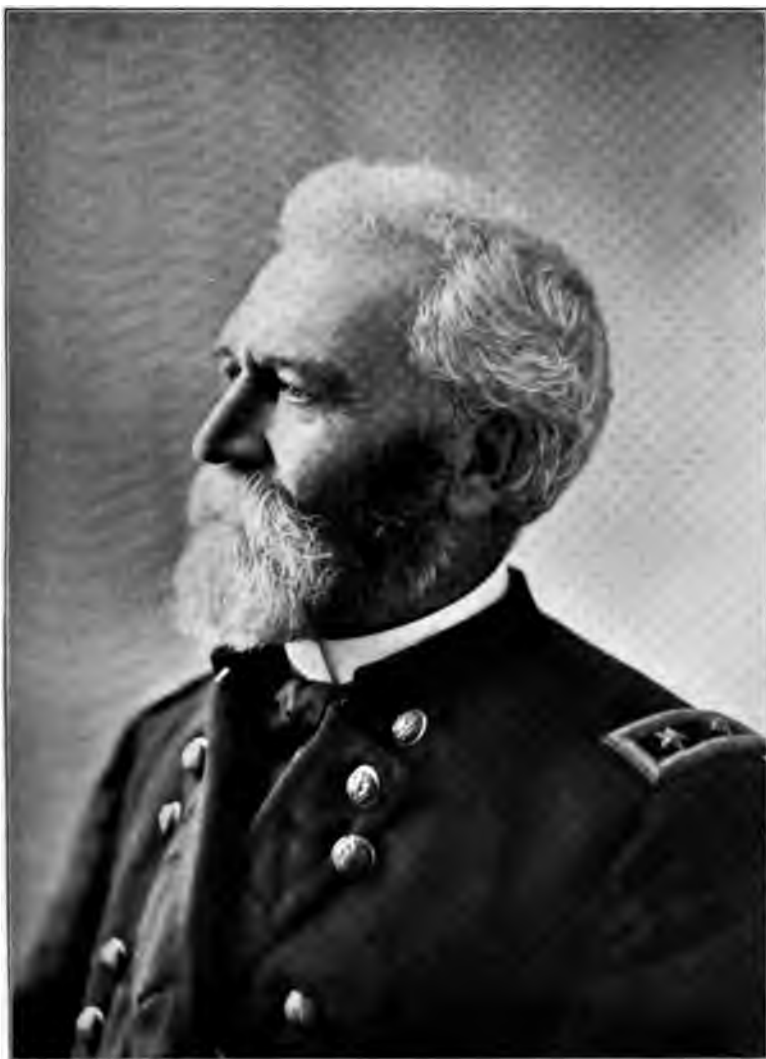
mishers. At 2 p. m. the regiment was assembled; moved, by order of Col. Leopold von Gilsa, commanding the First Brigade, to the front of the two batteries which were posted on a little hill, on the right of the Baltimore and Gettysburg road, near the cemetery. The regiment had instructions to *support* the *One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment*,

Pennsylvania Volunteers in case of an attack from the front (Gettysburg). In this position they remained under the heaviest cannonade until 5 p. m., when it received orders to take a position about half a mile north from the above position, with the same front with the right wing of the army; but the Rebel infantry being about to push back a division of the Twelfth Corps, posted in the woods on our right wing, and threatening to attack us in the rear, we received the order to move 1000 steps backward and to keep the same front as before. The regiment was posted as follows: Five companies of the right wing connecting on the left with the right wing of the Seventh Virginia Volunteers, which had connection with the Fourteenth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers; four companies under command of Captain Henry Arens, of Company K, connecting on their left with the *One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment*, Pennsylvania Volunteers, Sixty-eighth and Fifty-fourth Regiments, New York Volunteers, and move on toward the batteries."

Gettysburg—The First Day.

We will briefly review the engagements of the three principal positions—Cemetery and Culps Hill, the Death Angle near the clump of trees on the Ridge, and the Round Tops—in all the maneuvers of the three days of the Battle these were the principal points of attack. Each of them was central to somewhat advanced and important positions where assaults and defeats alternating between the contending armies had much to do with the issue of the general battle of those momentous three days.

It must be regarded by any one acquainted with parts taken by the various troops that the Eleventh Corps held a very important place in the engagements of those days, and that this same Corps which opened the drama of the real battle on the disastrous occasion of Chancellorsville, should be on hand the first day of the Gettysburg battle, and stand in the forefront of the spot considered by General Lee as of first importance to assault. Second, that the very commander, the disciplined, loyal, and conscientious General, who by a lamentable, unfortunate



General Howard

mishap had been so unfavorably posted at the former battle should now occupy the pivotal and most important strategic position—Cemetery Hill. And third, that in his immediate front and but 1600 feet from his entrenchments (a distance similar to that in the horrid southern wilderness) in front of that hill, the same large division of Rodes, of Jackson's army, which confronted him at Chancellorsville, should appear before the same old Eleventh Corps. This strange convergence of armies could hardly have escaped the notice of the commanders on both sides, and just such a position of the contending men must have had an inspiring effect on all engaged.

As the Eleventh Corps arrived on the 1st day, after its most fatiguing march from Emmitsburg, it was immediately put under fire. The position assigned it was wholly incidental. Schurz, having just been placed in command by Howard (who by seniority assumed command at the death of Reynolds), intended to push forward skirmishers and seize Oak Ridge and connect with the right of the First Corps in prolongation of the line northly, on the Ridge, thus offering a strong position. Before Schurz could get his troops on the ridge Rodes' division of Ewell's Corps appeared on the scene with artillery in position to enfilade the line of the First Corps. This unforeseen move of the enemy necessitated Schurz taking position in rear and he deployed his two divisions, Schimmelphenning's and Barlow's on the field and low ground between Oak Ridge and Rock Creek. Meantime Ewell's troops were forming in line from the right of the First Corps along the Ridge extending to Rock Creek, eastward. In the formation of our two divisions, to confront Ewell's advance from the north, Barlow and Schimmelphenning faced north. Thus forming at right angles to Doubleday whose men were then facing west. The first troops that arrived were Schimmelphenning's; two brigades under Colonel von Amsberg and Krzyzanowski. These formed in double lines holding the left while Barlow's division occupied the extreme right extending to Rock Creek, von Gilsa's Brigade reaching to the Creek above named. The rebel force to confront at this time were the troops under Hill

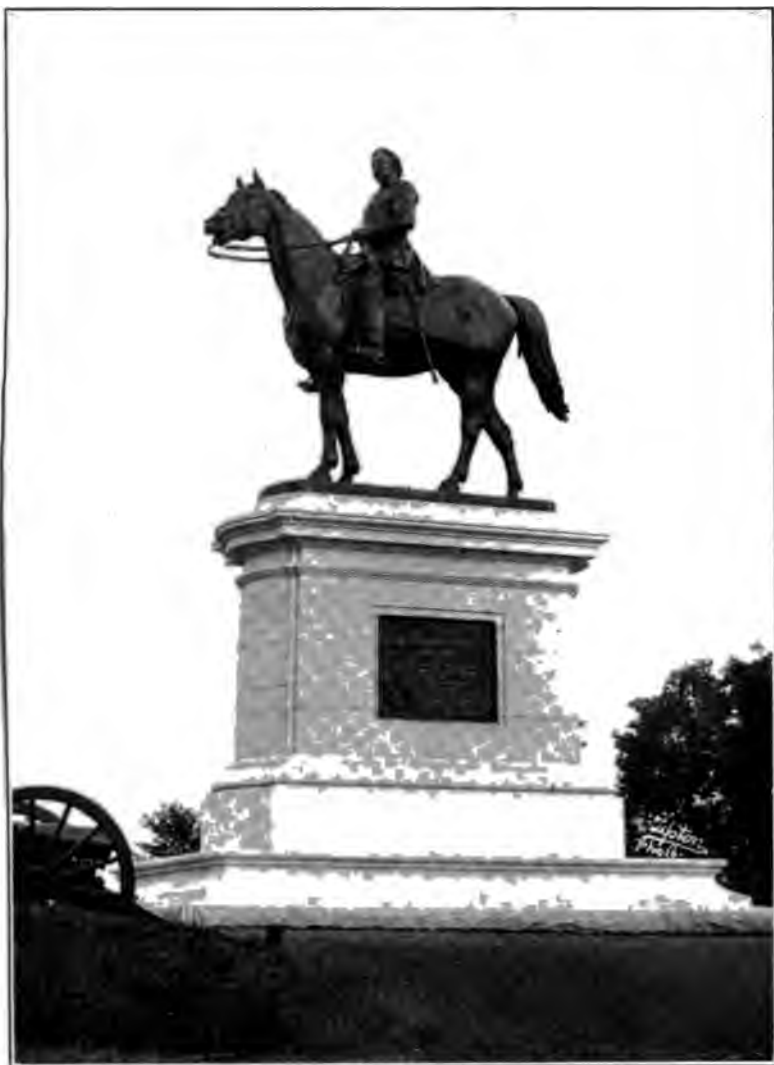
and Ewell. The troops on the Federal side were those of the First Corps (Doubleday) and the Eleventh Corps (Schurz).

The forces thus engaged on that day were: On the Union side infantry, cavalry and artillery, 18,400; the Confederate side, total 27,300.

Gettysburg had been greatly stirred for several days before the battle over the appearance of rebel cavalry in the vicinity, and gradually the town was preparing for the invasion.* The battles began at 9 a. m., July 1, 1863, but had been preceded by skirmishing within several miles on the northwest of the town. Recent raiding of Stuart on the east and north-east of Gettysburg, where he had encountered our cavalry under Kilpatrick, and his disappointment at not finding Ewell any longer at York caused him to turn north-west and coming to Carlisle, he found the place occupied by Federal troops. After an unsuccessful attempt at taking the town he turned towards Gettysburg having meantime learned that Lee was concentrating there and that our troops had met him, that a battle was already begun. He did not reach the battle field, however, until the next day the 2d.

The Eleventh Corps having arrived on the field at about 12.30 was an hour passing through the town, having come by two roads from Emmitsburg. There having been a lull in the morning's engagement by the cavalry under Buford, it was about 2 p. m. before the Eleventh Corps got into action. Howard was in the tower of the Observatory about 11 a. m. when he learned of the death of Reynolds. The engagement by our infantry under Reynolds had commenced at 10.45 a. m. and the General's death (Reynolds) occurred at 11.15 a. m., just 30 minutes after the opening of the battle with his troops. Doubleday was immediately placed in command of the 1st Corps (Reynolds') and Howard placed Schurz in command of his (Eleventh) Corps. Howard

*The goods of the several stores had been boxed for shipment—cars having been kept in readiness. The majority of the citizens had vacated their homes.



General Slocum.

was commander of all the troops on the ground from 11.15 a. m. to 7.30 p. m. when Slocum, being senior, assumed command of the field though Howard knowing that Slocum was the senior had previously urged him to hurry up from Two Taverns (5 miles away) and take the command of the forces until the arrival of Meade who was at that time at Tanneytown twelve miles away; having just been appointed to succeed Hooker was very busy.

The first day's fighting beginning at 9. a. m. continued until 7 p. m. From 9 to 10.30 Buford was hotly engaged with dismounted cavalry and battery. Wadsworth earlier in the day had sharp skirmishing with the skirmish lines of Hill. Telegrams from Gettysburg had informed Reynolds at Marsh Creek as early as 7 o'clock that the enemy was approaching the town of Gettysburg whereupon he immediately hurried off to the scenes leaving orders for Doubleday to bring up the First Corps as soon as possible. Meanwhile Wadsworth having started with his division from Marsh Creek (6 miles below Gettysburg) immediately in command of Reynolds, when within one mile of the town Reynolds, having received the information that the enemy was approaching from Cashtown, suddenly turned the troops across the fields and struck the Cashtown road about three-fourths of a mile west of the town arriving there about 10 a. m. Wadsworth states the following:

"The right became sharply engaged before the line was formed, and at this time (about 10.15 a. m.) our gallant leader fell mortally wounded. The right encountered a heavy force, were outnumbered, outflanked, and after a resolute contest, bravely conducted by Brigadier General Cutler, fell back in good order to Seminary Ridge, near the town, and a portion of the command still nearer the town. As they fell, followed by the enemy, the 14th N. Y. State militia, Colonel Fowler; Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel Dawes, and Ninety-fifth N. Y. Volunteers, Colonel Biddle, gallantly charged on the advance of the enemy, and captured a large number of the enemy, including two entire regiments with their flags. . . . Major-General Doubleday, commanding the Corps (1st) at that time, arrived on the ground about the time, or very soon after, General Reynolds fell, with the Second and Third Divisions.



The enemy advanced in heavy force on our right, and placed a battery in position to enfilade the line, and I was obliged to order the right to fall back to Seminary Ridge, forming the line northwesterly, and diagonal to the Cashtown road. The two brigades of the Second Division were sent to our right, and gallantly held the enemy in check for an hour, capturing a large number of prisoners. I received orders direct from Major-General Howard to hold Seminary Ridge as long as possible."

Here is the clearest evidence that Howard was in command.

Our corps being in position threw its force at once into the combat. Its part taken is best given by the able disinterested historian, Colonel Wm. F. Fox, in the following graphic words:

"During all this time the Eleventh Corps was battling manfully on the right of the Union line. When Early's Division arrived on the Heidelberg road, it found Rodes' Division already moving forward to the attack. Seeing the necessity of holding the ground until an infantry force could arrive, Devin (cavalry) ordered the Ninth New York Cavalry to support the skirmish line, and forming the rest of the brigade as dismounted carbineers, delayed Rodes and Early until relieved.

The engagement on this the first day lasted about seven hours. The confusion incident to a day's battle, making up the intervals of actual conflict. The fighting of the first day, judging by the ground gone over and the positions exchanged, would indicate that at evening the victory was on the side of the Confederates. It was the flush of vantage gained from the retirement of the Federal forces from the positions on the north and northwest of the town to the town itself which gave the enemy great encouragement, and not until Lee had tried his well-laid plans of assaulting the extremes of our line on Cemetery Ridge did he despair of success."

To give a satisfactory account of the operation of the 153d Regiment would require a detailed narrative of the engagements of the two Corps on each day. That this would make our history too general for the purpose the organization had in view in its authorization, must be at once obvious to all concerned in the publication. Yet such is the meagre data which the historian can find in the great mass of reports of the Corps as a collective body when singled out as appertaining to the single

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Maj.-Gen. Carl Schurz. From a photograph.

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Brevet Maj.-Gen. Adelbert Ames. From a photograph.

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Maj.-Gen. Franz Sigel. From a photograph.

regiment, that the bulk of matter available for use in relation to our regiment is so diminutive that its story would occupy very little space. This is likely to be true of any organization and will embarrass any candid historian. The only satisfactory way open to the writer therefore is for him to give a synopsis of the entire actions of the forces engaged in the battle covering the three days of the conflict of Gettysburg. This I think, after very careful study of the aims and desires of the comrades will be the best course for me to pursue. The actual fighting of our infantry, on the ground north of the town on the first day, occupied less than two hours; and while our boys displayed as much bravery as any troops on that field, it cannot be denied by any critic that they were again posted to great disadvantage, having been very unequally matched against a much superior foe.

A more detailed account reveals that at noon General Buford in charge of the cavalry, and who had engaged the enemy on the north-west of the Seminary during the early hours of the morning, sent word to Howard that the enemy was massing in heavy force between the York and Harrisburg roads some three or four miles north of the town. This information came to the commanding General about the same time that the Eleventh Corps entered the town by its forced march from Emmitsburg. Meantime the troops under General Doubleday had been heavily engaged with the enemy on the left but soon the right of Doubleday was seriously threatened. This situation as observed by Howard through his field glass was the more enhanced by the fact that reinforcements of the enemy were coming from two directions. Accordingly, Howard ordered that the Eleventh Corps which had by this time been placed in command of Schurz should at once, on its arrival, be posted on the right of the line of the First Corps and facing the direction from which Ewell's army was expected as reported to Howard by Buford. In this move the Eleventh Corps was to afford relief to the First Corps. Reconnoiter in the direction of Ewell's advance confirmed the report of his approach. General Meade as before stated was at

Taneytown making all due preparations for the impending battle which he had by this time decided would take place at Gettysburg. He had meantime discouraged the bringing on a general engagement. Howard sent him word of the situation, and also dispatched a courier to General Sickles and Slocum urging them up at all speed, advising them that a battle had begun. At the hour of 2 p. m. Howard went over to the field in person, making a general examination of the topography of the land and returned to his place of observation. From Howard's high position on Cemetery Hill he discovered a battery, between the Harrisburg and Mummasburg roads, and from there a fire was being directed upon the Eleventh Corps which had by this time taken position on the higher ground above the Almshouse. It was now nearly 3 p. m. The First Corps on the left was now being also hotly pressed and the reinforcements did not arrive in time and the enemy now closing in on the right flank of the east of the line, and meantime heavy columns pushing back Doubleday's left, the situation became very alarming.

The contest was fierce from first to last, but the force of the enemy being nearly twice that of the Union troops positive orders were sent for our men to retire to Cemetery Hill.

As the troops had about all come upon the ground by the time the second day's battle was on, it will be of interest to know the various Corps and relative strength of each which were to take part in that great engagement. According to the returns of the date, June 30, the following figures will show the strength: Total officers—6,629; men, 97,627; total, 117,930. Of this number, those equipped for service 5,284 officers, and 71,922 men, a total of 77,208. The total reports at a later date show 54,631 officers and men.

Defenses on Cemetery Hill.

Mention is frequently made in the various reports of supporting batteries. It is important that we have a clear idea of the location of the various guns, and of the particular points of the enemy they were to be directed to. At first the cannon were so arranged as to command the town and the roads from the north-west. Wainwright's guns were those belonging to the First Corps and were posted north of the Baltimore Pike in front of the cemetery gate. The Stuart's battery (B, Fourth United States, four light 12-pounders) across the road, so as to command the approaches from the town; then Weidrich's (I, First New York Artillery, four 3-inch), Cooper's (B, First Pennsylvania Artillery, four 3-inch), and Reynolds' (L, First New York Artillery, five 3-inch), in all thirteen 3-inch guns, along the north front. Some of these guns were so disposed that they could be turned upon the battle of the first day. Fifth Maine, six 12-pounders, Stephens' Battery, was posted about fifty yards in front of this line, on an elevation from which could be had an oblique fire upon the hills in front of our line, and a flank fire of any close flank column. The guns were protected with slight earthworks from sharpshooters. The contour of these works was yet in a good state of preservation when I saw the grounds in 1892, but have since been leveled and beautified, and graceful lunettes thrown up for the guns now in position.

The batteries belonging to the Eleventh Corps were those of Osborn; Bancroft's G, Fourth United States, Artillery, six 12-pounders; Dilger's I, First Ohio, six 12-pounders; Wheeler's, Thirteenth New York, three 3-inch, excepting a few pieces which had been transferred to other batteries. These guns were placed in the cemetery grounds, to the north of the Baltimore Pike. Speaking of the retirement of the batteries from the field of the first day, General Hunt says: "The batteries passed immediately through the town, and were placed with those of the Eleventh Corps, in position on Cemetery Hill, so as to command the town and the approaches from the north-west." By those of the 11th Corps, he meant the three batteries posted on Cemetery Hill early the first day.

That the reader may get some idea of the vast artillery force in this campaign the following figures are given: Number of guns, 320; men, 8,000; horses, 7,000; officers killed, 7; men killed, 98; officers wounded, 33; men wounded, 532; total missing, 67; horses killed, 81.

The enormity of the material used is shown to be: 32,781 rounds, an average of over 100 shots per gun. Many rounds were lost by explosions. The supply brought up with the army was 270 rounds for each gun. At the close of the three days the Artillery Reserve had on hand enough ammunition to fight another battle. Before the arrival of the Eleventh Corps Howard and Schurz, standing on the point which the former had selected as his place of observation near the cemetery entrance, decided what disposition should be made of the troops of the Eleventh Corps on their arrival (which was about 12.30 a. m.). Evidently Schurz had already been informed of his appointment as commander of the Eleventh Corps. On account of Howard having come into command of the left wing (the Second, Third and Eleventh Corps), both commanders were of the opinion that Cemetery Hill was the final position on which the two Corps, then engaged north of the town, must fall back in the event that reinforcements did not arrive in time to support the two Corps which were hotly engaged with the vastly superior number of the enemy.

Nearly two months after the battle, General Carl Schurz made his report. His division (Third) had arrived from Emmitsburg by way of Horner Mills. While on the route at about 10.30 a. m., he received word from Howard to hurry up his troops as the First Corps was engaged with the enemy at Gettysburg. Turning over the command of the division to General Schimmelpfenning, he hastened to the town and found Howard on Cemetery Hill, where together they overlooked the field of battle. Schurz states in his lucid report that he immediately received word from Wadsworth, who was at the hour commanding the First Division of the First Corps, that he was making some advance on the enemy, but that he thought they



General Leopold von Gilsa.



were moving around towards the right, whereupon Howard suggested that Schurz lead his Corps (Eleventh) to the ground immediately on the right of the First Corps as soon as it made its appearance on the field. It was not long before the commanding general through his aid ascertained that Ewell's forces were coming down the Heidelberg road, and cannon were being placed by Ewell in favorable locations to shell the elevated ground or ridge which had been pointed out as the objective of Schurz's troops. On the arrival of the Third Division (Shimmelpennin) it was ordered to push briskly through the town and take position and deploy on the right of the First Corps in two lines. As soon as the First Division, under Barlow, arrived it was also rushed through the town and posted on the right of the Third Division, its First Brigade (Gilsa's) to connect with the Third Division west of the road known as Mummasburg, and the Second Brigade to post *en échelon* on the right and behind the First, but on the east side of the said road. This was about 2 p. m. In this position the Brigade pushed out strong skirmishers. Among these advance troops the 153d men were engaged. The order was that they should go out as far as possible. Here the flanking of the First Corps by some rebel batteries above them on the hillside made it necessary for our troops to change position. It was soon discovered that the right of the First Corps, on the left of our regiment was very heavily pressed and a hard fight was in progress. Soon Schurz discovered that his right was being pushed. All signs showed that the enemy by this time were heavily reinforced, and threatening his right. Our Brigade, (First) having been instructed to take an advanced position, soon became engaged seriously. Our right flank became dangerously exposed to a heavy force coming in from the north-east direction. Schurz dispatched an aide with all haste to Howard asking for a Brigade to come to his relief on the north-east side of the town near the Railroad Station to meet any force which might work around on that side. Barlow having meantime gotten so far out, became entirely detached from the other parts of the line. By this time

the rebel batteries from two directions opened on Barlow's division, included in which were the men of the 153d. It had now all the appearance of a complete flank and that the division was either to be enveloped by the strong numbers that suddenly rose from the woods, or, the enemy had adopted the scheme of throwing heavy forces around our left and right to cut us off from the town. This disaster was near accomplishment, but for the simultaneous falling back of the First Corps on the extreme left (towards the town on the west side and the sudden falling back of our advanced brigade). As by a common impulse the commanders along the entire line saw the superior advantage of retirement to the predestinated, formidable Cemetery Hill.

The falling back of this portion of the army to the east side of the town and taking of their new and superior position was a movement of the highest expediency, and did more to shape the destiny of the general battle than any change of base which occurred during the three days of the conflict. A victory on the first day could not have been a complete one as judged by the best military standards. There were no forces on hand to take care of so great a conquest, to hold so large a force from concentrating on a part of the field much more disadvantageous to us at that stage of the general engagement. The very force of circumstances by which so small a part of our great army became thus early entrenched on the unassailable Cemetery Hill, and the military accident of the non-arrival of either the Commander-in-Chief or of several of the Corps, in time to support the struggling two Corps during the first day, yet some distance from the field, is, in itself, strong ground for belief that unknown to any one, on that tragic day, an unseen hand was shaping the events which bore victory to the cause of human freedom.

The brigade with which the 153d Regiment was associated having been led out so far from the main line on the ridge, and having been enfiladed by well directed batteries of the rebels it was with great exertion that these, almost surrounded men, were saved from complete capture. General Barlow was here badly wounded and had to be carried from the field. The re-

port of his wounding and the death of Reynolds earlier in the day came to the writer on Cemetery Hill some time during that day. General Ames became the commander of the First Division, and remained with us during the following days we occupied our new position. The First Brigade (our brigade) now "finding its right flank uncovered, was forced back also, not, however, without contesting every inch of ground." Schurz closes with the following account:

"At that moment it was reported to me that the right wing of the First Corps had been pressed back, and one of Major-General Doubleday's aides brought me a request for a few regiments for his assistance, which it was, under the circumstances, impossible for me to do. I received also a report from the Third Division, stating that it was flanked on the left."

At the same time Schurz received an order from Howard to withdraw to the south side of the town, and to occupy the position on, and near, Cemetery Hill previously chosen. The retirement through and east of the town was attended with some confusion because our men were not acquainted with the streets. Many of the troops had narrow escapes and some were captured. The rebels got into the town and established defenses by barricading the streets. They held possession here until the 4th day, when their retreat commenced.

The location of the regiment whose history I am tracing, is exceedingly difficult on account of the very sudden and frequent changes which the service at that critical hour demanded. The commander of the Corps has made special mention of the position taken by the Corps on its arrival in the locality of Cemetery Hill at the close of the first day. With these words he closes his report:

"It was 5 o'clock when the Eleventh Corps occupied the position on Cemetery Hill; the Second Division behind the stone walls inclosing the cemetery on the west side; the Third Division immediately opposite the town; and the First Division (ours) on the right. The group of houses nearest the cemetery were occupied by our skirmishers. The enemy did not undertake to attack that position, and the Corps remained in it undisturbed until the enemy resumed the attack on July 2."

Brigadier General Adelbert Ames, commanding the Second Brigade, at the time Barlow was wounded, given the command, also, of the First Brigade, states in his report :

"An order was received from General Schurz, or one of his staff, to occupy the outskirts of the town, but soon after the order came to fall back through it....the hill in rear of the town was occupied after passing through the town, and in this position the division remained during the following two days, the 2d and 3d. On the evening of the 2d an attempt was made to carry the position we held, but the enemy was repulsed with loss. Colonel Carroll with a brigade from the Second Corps rendered timely assistance. The batteries behaved admirably."

The highest compliment that could be paid to a command was given by Howard in the following words :

"On the 1st day of July, with the First Corps and Buford's Division of cavalry, you held double your numbers in check from 12 m. until night, and thus opened the way for the victory that followed. On the 2d you held an important position during the cannonade, and repulsed the enemy when already within your batteries, and breaking through your lines. On the 3d, the same post was strongly held under the *severest cannonade of the war*. Our batteries, aided by our infantry, contributed a full share to the repulse of the enemy's last attempt to drive the army from its position. The *Eleventh Corps*, as a Corps, has done well—well in marching, well in fighting; the sacrifices it has made shall not be forgotten."



That Memorable Second Day.

Every day has its predecessor, and in war the actions of one day are best comprehended by the events which preceded it the day before. The curtains of night had shaded the bloody scenes of the previous day's horrors. Nine officers and 79 men were among the killed and wounded from the fearful conflict of the first day. The ground over which our brave men fought and on which some of our noblest ones had died, was now in the hands of the enemy whose lines ran through the town. The



Marker of the 153d Regt. Foot of Cemetery Hill.

night of the 1st was a sleepless one for friend and foe. From survivors of our wounded who lay upon the field accounts have been gathered as to the care of the wounded during that night which was some source of comfort to those comrades who had dear ones somewhere over the field upon which they had fallen. The wounded received as much attention as is usual and possible during the turmoil of a battle.

In the narrative of these events published during the fall of

1863, by two members of the regiment, William Simmers and Paul Bachschmidt, there appears the following account:

"The wounded being cared for and the brigade reorganized, we were ordered to occupy a position on the right of the cemetery, with instructions to support the batteries planted there and to hold the place at all hazards. It was now 6 o'clock; the firing had ceased, and the exciting scenes of the day were followed by a comparatively quiet night.

The position occupied by us that morning was, as already stated, at the *right, or east, of the cemetery, facing the town*. Immediately in our front was Battery I of the First New York Artillery, while in our rear was Battery B, of the First Pennsylvania, and a battery of the First Regular Artillery. Thus posted we patiently awaited the opening of the ball. About 6 o'clock heavy firing on our left informed us that the contest had commenced, half an hour later our whole line was engaged. Once begun the cannonade was continued at long range during the greater part of the



Eleventh Corps Artillery.

day. Stretched at full length behind a low stone fence, the enemy's fire did us very little damage, and up to the time of their final charge we were permitted to remain comparatively idle spectators of the terrible scenes enacted around us.

The hour of four arrived, and with it increased the fury of the enemy's fire. Shells were no longer thrown into our lines at long intervals—they were now showered upon us as 'thick as hail.' Hundreds of cannon were belching forth their deadly missiles, while the very ground beneath us seemed to shake. The enemy's shot and shells which, hitherto had injured us but little, were now doing terrible execution in our ranks. Everywhere men were seen writhing in the agony of death, while the wounded were shrieking for help which no one could render them.

The enemy's fire was briskly answered by our batteries. Time and

again did they attempt to mass their columns for the final assault, when as often they were dispersed. The intentions of the enemy to outflank us becoming momentarily more apparent, a change of front became necessary, and was accomplished with but trifling losses on our side. Nor was the movement made a minute too soon, for hardly had we occupied our new position than the enemy was seen advancing upon it in solid phalanx.

When the order to advance was given, and the contending armies met, the shock and the scene that followed were such as to defy description. It was no longer a battle. It was a hand-to-hand conflict, carried on with the valor and vindictiveness of desperation. The arms of ordinary warfare were no longer used. Clubs, knives, stones, fists,—anything calculated to inflict pain or death was now resorted to. Now advancing, then retreating, this sort of conflict continued for fully three-quarters of an hour. At one time defeat seemed inevitable. Closely pressed by the enemy we were compelled to retire on our first line of defense, but even here the enemy followed us, while the more daring were already within our lines, and were now resolutely advancing towards our pieces. The foremost had already reached a piece, when throwing himself over the muzzle of the cannon, he called out to the bystanding gunners, 'I take command of this gun!' 'Du sollst sie haben,' was the curt reply of the sturdy German, who, at that very moment, was in the act of firing. A second later, and the soul of the daring rebel had taken its flight. . . . Here our reverses ended. Determined to conquer or die in the attempt, our men now threw themselves upon the enemy with a resolution and fury that soon compelled him to retire. The batteries were saved. The day ours; Chancellorsville redeemed."

This brief account, supposedly witnessed by the men who wrote it is probably the best which can be produced, so far as it concerned the part taken in it by our regiment.



Cemetery Hill the Great Center.

The opinions of the officers who had charge of the batteries are of more value than many others on the field. One says: "Captain Wiedrick was assigned on his arrival on the field, to a position on the hill immediately in front of the cemetery entrance and overlooking the town. On the morning of the 2d, I applied to General Hunt, chief of artillery, Army of the Potomac, for a greater amount of artillery than we then had, as our position was finely adapted to its use, and I did not consider that we had sufficient to assist our small infantry force, in holding the position if the enemy should attack us in heavy force. In response to the call 32 guns were added to the cannon placed on this important hill. . . . As soon as the enemy developed the position he would probably occupy with his batteries, I placed mine in position commanding them. . . . By this assignment of artillery, I commanded with a reputable number of guns every point on which the enemy could place artillery commanding Cemetery Hill. I also occupied every point of the hill available for artillery, and during the engagement every gun, at different times, was used with good effect, and the fire of no one gun interfered with another. . . . On our entire front the enemy held a fine crest five miles long for the protection of artillery, at a distance of 1,000 to 1,400 yards from us; but at the time the heavy attack was made on the extreme left of our line, the firing was very severe, and especially upon the hill. They engaged the greater portion of our whole line, and from both the right and left of the town much of the fire was concentrated on our position, but we soon gained a decided advantage over them, and long before the infantry struggle on the left was decided, we had silenced most of their guns. . . . Between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening, a rebel brigade charged from the town, upon the hill and upon Captain Wiedrick's battery. The charge was very impetuous, and the infantry at first gave way, and the battery was held for a moment by the enemy, when the cannoneers rallied with the infantry, and seizing upon any weapons they could

reach, threw themselves upon the enemy, and assisted to drive them back."

It was also due to the cannon, which the 153d assisted so bravely to defend and save, that did the deadly execution of the advancing lines of Pickett in his famous charge on the afternoon of the 3d. This is what Major Osborn has to say further about that affair:

"And a few moments later the infantry of the enemy broke over the crest from where their artillery had been playing, and made their grand charge across the plain upon our lines. The left of the charging column rested on a line perpendicular to our front, then stretching away to the right beyond our view, thus offering an excellent front for our artillery fire. We used, according to distance, all descriptions of projectiles. The whole force of our artillery was brought to bear upon this column, and the havoc produced upon their ranks was truly surprising.

The advance was most splendid, and for a considerable distance, the only *hindrance offered* it was by the *artillery*, which broke their lines fearfully, as every moment showed that their advance under this concentrated artillery fire was most difficult; and though they made desperate efforts to advance in good order, were unable to do so, and I am convinced that the *fire from the hill* was one of the *main auxiliaries* in breaking the force of this grand charge. But while the enemy was advancing, and after having been repulsed, I insisted that the artillery fire should be turned intensely upon the infantry, and no notice whatever was to be taken of the artillery."

While it would afford the historian great satisfaction to give at least a synopsis of the engagements respectively over the vast field during the three days battle, it becomes a perplexing question as to whether such a course would be desired by the comrades.

The main features of the conflicts in which our regiment took part would make a more extended narrative if there had been more reports from the respective officers. I trust, however, that when the comrade reads these brief accounts which have been gotten with difficulty, he will be charitable to the writer, and

content himself with the numerous narratives which have been furnished by the several members. Some of these reminiscent letters were longer than our space would warrant in the publication and have had to be reluctantly cut down; the most interesting features have been, however, preserved and presented in the language of their authors, which will make the articles all the more natural and interesting. We sadly deplore the recent death of several of the comrades who had furnished accounts of their experience in the army with us.

To present more of the outlines, at least, of the positions and part taken by our regiment, in the absence of exact information concerning the individual comrade, the writer has sought out the positions held by the division or brigade to which the regiment belonged. Where such credit has been accorded the organization of which they were apart, I could but infer that our brave boys, embraced in the number, were equally worthy of the honors bestowed upon the regiment, as individual members.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

It is true that some regiments engaged at Gettysburg have been more fortunate in receiving the honors bestowed, but that is a matter for which we can easily account, as each of these so well reported, by some surviving officer who furnished a written account of the actions of his command. In many instances these reports were not made until months after the battle. Why these delays occurred does not always appear, while some of them are without date except that of the year. It is possible that the long period which passed between the battle and the making of the record, was more favorable to accuracy, than would have characterized the report if it had been made the next day after the events. Many regiments that did noble service have suffered the want of honorable mention because the reports were lost. In the publication of State Reports the editors have in some instances labored under great embarrassment, hav-

ing been obliged to make up their history wholly from the reports of the organizations with which they had been associated. This is so nearly the case with our regiment that for the historian to give proper credit to his command, he has been obliged to resort to the less dignified method of showing what our neighbors did in order to record individual deeds shared by our own men by their side.

It is not infrequently the case that bodies of men associated in a larger organization in an important engagement, receive more praise than they would if they had been separately engaged. It is equally true that in many instances the honor of a Corps has depended more on a single regiment of its body, than on the Corps itself. It is also a very generally accepted fact that on account of the misconduct of a portion of a corps, the whole body shares the odium of such behavior.

There is nothing so depressing to an army, and to its commanders as well, as the unauthorized and garbled statements by the newsmongers who undertake to conduct the battles for the country. Our Generals were all great and true men. The displacement of commanders after an undecisive battle was not always conducive to the best results. There is scarcely an important commander, who, according to the Government Reports has not felt obliged to complain of improper treatment whether the complaints were well grounded or not. Mainly these unpleasant occurrences grew out of criticisms by parties seeking to hide their mistakes; neither was it an uncommon thing in the reports of associate organizations to create inference that the results accomplished were due entirely to the actions of the men responsible for the creation of such inference. Simply to say nothing of the good work of a company or regiment by its side in a very hard conflict in which the enemy was repulsed, has the semblance that the organization thus engaged and reported is deserving of the whole honor. It could have cost an honest officer very little painstaking while in the act of making his report of the part taken by his command to

have made mention of such other bodies of men as were by his side.

As to the newsmonger's audacity, and great desperation for the want of exciting news, we have in the following paragraph a very wholesome rebuke:

"Headquarters Army of the Potomac, June 19, 1863.

Major-General Halleck:

I have just been furnished with an extract from the New York Herald of yesterday concerning the late movements of this army. So long as the newspapers continue to give publicity to our movements, we must not expect to gain any advantage over our adversaries. Is there no way of stopping it? I can suppress the circulation of this paper within my lines, but I cannot prevent their reaching it to the enemy. We could well afford to give millions of money for like information of the enemy.

JOSEPH HOOKER, *Major-General.*"

The Government was continually harrassed with injurious and unofficial reports respecting the conduct of the service in the field. The country was eager for news and almost any sort of intelligence from the seat of war was better than no news. The sarcasm of which General Hooker was capable seems at times to have served a very valuable purpose. An instance of it occurred as in the following laconic telegram to the Secretary of War on the 16th of June, 1863:

"Honorable E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

If General Cadwalader has gone to Pennsylvania, please request him to send information of the rebel movements to the south of there. Also please have the newspapers announce that I am moving on to the James River line. I will mask my real movements in these parts.

JOSEPH HOOKER, *Major-General.*"

"Washington, June 16, 1863.

Major-General Hooker, Fairfax:

General Cadwalader has not gone to Pennsylvania, but is here waiting for orders. You shall be kept posted upon all information received here as to the enemy's movements, but must exercise your own judgment as to



General Hancock.

its credibility. The very demon of lying seems to be about these times, and generals will have to be broken for ignorance before they will take the trouble to find out the truth of reports.

EDWIN M. STANTON."

Fortunately there were plenty of men in those times, who, as occasion arose, could give direction to the forces which were by an overruling Providence to carry the war to a successful issue. There were hours during the momentous struggle of the three days battle when appalling uncertainty rested like a dark cloud upon the entire field. The military conditions of the first day were anything but encouraging to the Federal commanders, and on the evening of the day the dispositions of their troops were made under great difficulties; the commanding General (Meade) having not yet arrived, but having sent General Hancock to represent him on the field, had apparently slightly disturbed the harmony of the chief commanders who had just ended the operations of this the first day. Howard was the Senior on the field, and undoubtedly assumed the position of chief commander with the full confidence that his rank entitled him to be the Commanding General in the absence of General Meade. Hancock's arrival at 3 p. m., with the authority from Meade to take his (Meade's) place until he could get there, was likely to end in a dispute between Hancock and Howard, but the noble impulses of their superior manhood in the awful environments of the fearful situation, moved them to a division of the work before them. Howard said:

"All right, Hancock. This is no time for talking. You take the left of the pike and I will arrange these troops on the right."

Slocum arrived at about six in the evening; meantime Hancock had returned to Meade 13 miles away, and Slocum being Howard's senior was requested by the latter to take supreme command. At 5 p. m. Howard sent the following message to Meade:

"General: General Reynolds attacked the enemy as soon as he arrived, with the one division, about 10.45 a. m. He moved to the front of the town, driving in the enemy's advance for about half a mile, when he met

with a strong force of A. P. Hill's corps. I pushed on as fast as I could, by a parallel road; placed my corps in position on his right. General Reynolds was killed at 11.15 a. m. I assumed command of the two corps, and sent word to Slocum and Sickles to move up. I have fought the enemy from that time till this. The First Corps fell back, when out-flanked on its left, to a stronger position, when the Eleventh Corps was ordered back, also to a stronger position. General Hancock arrived at 4 p. m., and communicated his instructions. I am still holding on at this time. Slocum is near, but will not come up to assume command. Respectfully,

General Meade.

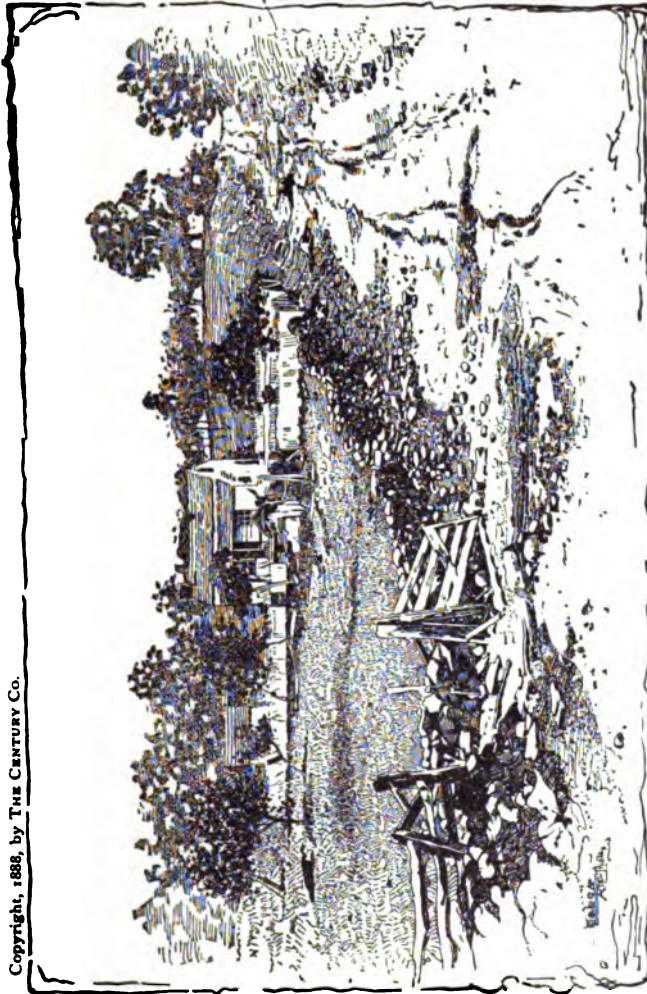
O. O. HOWARD, *Major-General.*"

The slightest glance over the various reports as rendered by the officers at this time cannot fail to impress the reader with the sad fact that the relations of several men charged here with the responsibility of affairs at this critical hour, were somewhat strained to put it mildly. Some reasons existed. Slocum did not hurry up his forces with the view of personally assuming command, and must have known that in the battle thus far conducted Howard being senior at the time, was in command of the field. Yet for sufficient reasons he must have recognized the fact that a division of responsibility was at the time shared by Howard and Hancock, for he says:

"On the morning of July 1, the corps (12th) was moved to Two Taverns (about four miles distant from Gettysburg) and remained at that place until information was received that the First and Eleventh Corps were engaged at Gettysburg, when the march was at once resumed, and agreeably to suggestion from General Howard, the First Division was put in position, on the right of our line, near Rock Creek. The Second Division was moved forward as rapidly as possible, and placed, pursuant to orders from General Hancock, on the extreme left of the line. The corps remained in this position until the following morning, when, by direction of the commanding General, (Meade, who had arrived at 3 a. m.,) the Second was moved to the right of our center."

The second day opened bright and fair. The quiet but portentous hours of the night just passed, who that was there can

forget? At dawn the noise of battle is heard in all directions where cannon were placed.



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General Meade's Headquarters on the Tannerytown Road. From a war-time photograph.

While rest was enjoyed by many weary men over all the ground which must become the scene of the conflict of the suc-

ceeding days, the officers were sleepless. A council of war was held early in the evening, and the contents of a circular which General Meade had issued to the generals on that morning were fully and seriously discussed. It was plain to all that the commanding General was not in favor of holding Gettysburg as the permanent field of operations, and that the General's opinion was honest but clearly enough based on insufficient knowledge of the exigencies which had arisen, compelling the army to take the offensive at Gettysburg. The majority of the conference urged the expediency of remaining where they were while some of their number had become convinced that the commanding General's plan would be the best—to concentrate on Clay Pipe Creek. Meade had been charged to intercept Lee and head off his invasion of Harrisburg and Philadelphia, and having learned that the rebel army was returning from its object of attack of those northern cities, he concluded to take more time for preparation and concentration and as a possible base of rebel attack had selected the location of Clay Pipe Creek. In fact Meade did not at first approve of the Gettysburg site for the battle, which fact a number of his ablest Generals shared. That the contents of Meade's order, or circular, to his subordinates had reached Reynolds before his untimely death is not known, neither could it have shaped the lamented General's plans to meet the sudden attack of the enemy if he had been apprised of Meade's wish. As an experienced General said on the occasion: "This proves how often the plans of a general are frustrated by unlooked-for contingencies."

The details of the service our regiment rendered on the 2d and 3d days are difficult of description, but that they were among the troops who in very exposed positions lay behind the stone-walls, on the skirmish lines and before and behind the cannon in defense of the batteries planted on the most formidable and important part of the crest of Cemetery Hill, is clearly shown by the reports of the operations of the Brigade to which they belonged.


The writer was on the ground during the days of the fierce

cannonading, assisting the ambulance corps in the removal of the wounded which had been carried from the field to the Lodge of the cemetery gate. Among these I have a distinct recollection of finding two of my acquaintances, Samuel Lantz and Philip Ensley. I found John Koken near a fence where I dressed his wounds and as soon as there was room for him had him carried to the improvised hospital in the barn. The arched brick building forming the entrance to the citizens' cemetery was used at the time of the skirmishing on the front of the earthworks where the batteries were located. The house and its cellar was literally crowded with wounded men. Numbers of them died and were temporarily buried, while the wounded were conveyed by wagons to the barn hospital. In the work of removal of these men I returned each day under fire and these visits to this high ground gave me a chance to make observations. I could only ascertain the whereabouts of my regiment by the few whom I had charge of, and judging from the locality where these wounded comrades were found—immediately in the vicinity of the cemetery. I distinctly remember hearing that some troops were coming to the support of ours which were supporting the battery. Late reports as published give the name of the troops as those of Colonel Carroll sent over by Hancock. Lieut. Moore (lately deceased) stated to the writer that one of the hottest places he and his detachment of skirmishers were placed in was immediately in front of the batteries on the hill. One of the strongest lines defended by our boys was that of the outer one of the several which were held in defense of our guns on the elevated ground. Individual comrades have repeatedly told of this fact; and as our regiment was struck by the advance of the rebel charge at dusk on the 2d and retired to higher defenses, and also joined the infantry in the driving of the enemy down the hill after repulse, it is quite evident that our men were in the thickest of the fight of that day. Our regimental marker is therefore located on the outer skirmish line occupied by our detachments. Lieutenant Moore's reference to lying flat on the ground behind a stone fence facing rebel skirmishers agrees

with the numerous references which commanders have made respecting the days and nights of skirmishing. And of the rebel sharp-shooters which did much more fatal work in the killing of men and officers than the batteries.

There were thousands of these special marksmen scattered in every conceivable spot from which they could pick off our gunners and commanders. Our men frequently reported the deadly work this sly detachment of the enemy wrought throughout the battle. The fact that our men lay behind the stone fences for thirty-six hours, and that some of our boys were captured after having passed through the town is the clearest evidence that the defense (of the batteries) which they performed, was much of the time on the lower grounds in front of the cannon on the hill; and the fact that the writer saw members of his Company (F) immediately behind the arched building at the entrance of the cemetery is also conclusive evidence that the 153d Regiment was posted at one time with reference to defending the batteries on higher ground. One of the witnesses says it was after dark when the regiment returned to the cemetery, or in his own language, "moved back to the hill." Among these witnesses were Lieutenant Moore, John Rader, and John Heiney. One of them continues his testimony that "As the rebels fell back from the battery our men followed them down to a fence and sent pickets out towards the town." Lieutenant Moore gave the writer a long narrative of his experience caring for a wounded Confederate while out on the skirmish line. The suffering man received the kind treatment with much thankfulness and was greatly affected, even to tears. His actions were those of a vanquished foe hoping for mercy, but overcome with joy that such kindness should be extended to one who had forfeited all right to expect it. Other testimony says: "The regiment remained on the cemetery ground during the rest of the battle." I cannot with exactness state the day, but think it was the 2d, when I saw our men lying behind the fences, but it was while I was nursing the wounded in the brick building that shot from the enemy's guns struck the building and were im-

bedded in the wall. While passing to the rear of the building to draw water from a well adjoining, the minie balls which flew thickly ministered much to my fears of being hit. Their "zip" was a swift reminder of danger and prompted a return to the building with more than ordinary celerity. I usually took with me a number of canteens as the large number of suffering men required very much water with which to satisfy their abnormal thirst, and to cleanse and alleviate their ghastly wounds. It was in the Eleventh Corps Hospital in the rear of the First Corps while in attendance, that I saw the death of Orderly Sergeant John Seiple. He was taken with lockjaw from the effect of a severe wound in the thigh. The meetings of citizens who had come to minister to their friends and relatives, were the saddest sights we were called upon to witness. Over 1500 wounded lay scattered over that camp of prostrated human beings. My attention was called to some special cases which were very affecting. One poor fellow's groans and loud cries for help were so distressing that it was enough to unnerve the stoutest heart. Hundreds were lying with but feeble, or in most cases with no shelter, exposed to a cold incessant rain, against the sides of the barn, and in an orchard adjoining the sheds. Their moans were heard in every direction, and with a lantern I moved about from one to another during the long hours of the night. I reported and searched in vain for blankets to cover the suffering and dying. Among the mortally wounded in the wards of the barn was a handsome youth, a native of New England. His wound was in the region of the chest, and at every effort of coughing the suppuration was so offensive that to every one near him it was unendurable. I visited him as often as my urgent work upon others would allow, and words cannot express the distressing pleas he made for my assistance. The barn floor was constructed with a partition making it a double threshing floor, with bays on either side. The maimed were placed with heads next the bays and the middle partition leaving a passageway at the feet of the patients. I had the care of about fifty men in the ward assigned me. Soldiers of both armies were treated with equal kindness. While



all was done that it was possible to do on the first day or two, no words can portray the pitiable condition, the more distressing because of the insufficient means immediately at hand, to relieve the large number of helpless men. The amputation work under an open shed presented the most ghastly sights that could be witnessed.

The Operations of the Third Day.

The battle of the third opened at 4 o'clock in the morning. The 3d day like the 2d also had its fiery predecessor. The work before our army on the opening of the day had been laid out by the terrible assaults of the evening before. Both sides were active during the night before making dispositions for the final conflict of the fatal 3d day. It appears that Lee was certainly organizing his forlorn hope, and about to execute the last act of his great desperation. The extremes of our line had resisted his full-armed assaults, and he had returned staggering to his former positions. His humiliation was increased by the great disappointment over the miscarriage of his plans to have a grand attack simultaneously of Ewell on our extreme right, and Longstreet's attack on our extreme left.

On the morning of the 3d the word was passed along that Ewell's forces (Jackson's old Corps) had closed in upon Culp's Hill, and they were the troops that had created such a disturbance during the night before. They had witnessed the defeat of the boastful Ewell who had declared that he "would break our lines on our right or perish in the attempt." Neither occurred, though the assault of his great army against the line of the decimated Twelfth Corps had so nearly enveloped Culp's hill that it seemed miraculous that the first part of his threat was not fulfilled; though the state of affairs at the close of the day were disheartening and did not offer positive assurances of success for the next day. I think both Seminary and Cemetery ridges had clouds of dismay hanging over them; those on the Confederate side being the heavier and of darker hue. The fiery ordeal through

which Lee's best troops had passed on the 2d day and evening, had not been reassuring as to possible meeting with any better results in a renewal of an attack upon our lines. The night of the 2d had been spent by the officers in spirited discussion as to the taking of offensive or defensive position on the morning of the 3d. The hour was fast approaching when some well defined plan must be in readiness for execution. Many thousands of men were lying behind stone fences and entrenchments on the long well-established skirmish line to hold the formidable crest from Culp's Hill to Devil's Den, a distance of between two and three miles. The positions assigned (in some measure supplemental to those Howard and Slocum had already established) by Meade on his arrival, were the Fifth south of the Twelfth, the Sixth, on its arrival at 3 p. m. on the Tanneytown road in the rear of Round Top. Other dispositions by the approval of Meade (having found them here on his arrival at 3 a. m.) were, on the extreme right, Slocum (12th Corps), and one division of the First Corps on Culp's Hill, the Eleventh Corps on the round of Cemetery Hill, with two divisions of the First Corps next; then Second Corps; then the Third and the Fifth Corps on the extreme left; the Sixth Corps, as before stated, in reserve back of Round Top. The formation as thus outlined had reference to offensive operations, but before Meade could decide on the hour of opening the attack on Lee, the rebel guns were already actively engaging the extremes of our line, a heavy skirmish encounter having been begun as early as 9 a. m. near the Peach Orchard about a mile from Round Top. It was the object of Lee to make a strong demonstration on each end of the Union line so as to weaken the center by the removal of its troops to support the extreme points—Culp's Hill and Round Top, and then advance a powerful infantry force on the center with the object of cutting our army in two.

I mention these operations on the extremes of our long field that the men of the 153d, who were the meanwhile (during the three days) defending the batteries on Cemetery Hill, and had no means of becoming acquainted with the fighting then going on over the entire field, may have a better idea of it. The leading commanders, who claim that the center and Round Tops were the

key to the situation, and that the mighty repulses there enacted were the crowning work that saved the day of Gettysburg, should be allowed full credit for the honesty of their military opinions, but in the review of reviews of the repeated assaults of the mighty army of the South, in the final judgment of the unbiased military critics the name of Cemetery Hill will be none the less luminous in the galaxy of events which crowned the victory on that world-famed battle field.

While our men were sacrificing their dear lives in the trenches of the contending armies, and were confronting a great and a noble army of the enemy, they had very little knowledge of the confusion and uncertainty of the overtaxed and worried commanders on whom so much of the success they were all hoping for depended. The two armies stood about one mile apart, and the mighty hosts of skirmishers who lay between in the trenches for days and nights with but short reliefs and occasional variety by change of position, were holding in their grip the destiny of the Nation with undaunted heroism. The Nation can never repay those men who there laid their lives upon the altar of their country. Without those suffering defenders of our homes there would be no meaning to that immortal speech on that blood-stained Hill, November 19, 1863—four months after burial here of the thousands whom we left upon that sacred soil. Well did Lincoln say as the survivors with weeping listened to the words:

"In a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

What a testimonial to your unflinching valor and long hours of privation and suffering in those ditches but a stone's cast from the resting place of the companions who fell by your side. Well may the living from all over this land make their pilgrimage to stand pensively at their graves.

The main work before the Union troops on Cemetery Hill on

the morning of the last day was the dispossession of the forces of Johnson's division of Ewell's Corps which had encroached upon General Geary's entrenchments during the night while he (Geary) had vacated them the evening before to go to the assistance of the hard pressed lines near the Round Top. Our artillery early in the morning, having taken favorable position during the night, began a terrific shelling of Johnson's troops, who had (fortunately for our guns) no artillery on Culp's Hill. The reasons for his being without the service of his batteries was that the only place he could scale during the darkness was so steep and rocky that he could not get them up. Just across from where our regiment lay there took place one of the fiercest contests of the day, and lasted between 4 and 5 hours. The troops engaged were the old Stonewall Brigade, and that of Kane of Geary's division supported by a portion of Slocum's troops and resulted in re-establishing the defenses on Culp's Hill and causing Johnson to retire to Rock Creek, where he took account of stock and prepared to remove to his original position by dropping back to the "hill north and west" of the town. Here he "remained until the following day, in the hope that we would give battle on ground of our own selection." So far as the men of the 153d have given information of the time they spent behind the stone fences and entrenchments during the heavy cannonade of the third day, their experience must have been of the most terrible character. Johnson, the rebel general, closes his report of his repulse by saying that on his retirement he left about one-half of his troops on the line doing skirmish duty. Dungan, a commander of a regiment, states:

"Late in the evening of the 2d instant, it advanced in the attack on this position, and bravely maintained its ground till within about ten paces of the enemy's works, when, from its reduced numbers in ranks, together with the strength of the enemy and his strong position, I ordered it back about 200 yards. It went into action with about 210 men and officers, and came out with a loss of 76 killed, wounded, and missing. On the 3d till about 10 o'clock at night, the regiment held its relative position, about 300 paces in front of the enemy, when it retired with the brigade this side of Gettysburg."

These quotations and statements of the rebel actions before Cemetery Hill, indicate clearly the kind of work our regiment had to do in its exposed position on the skirmish line and around the batteries, while 17,000 of the freshest and bravest men of Longstreet's army were making the last great charge known as "Picket's Charge,"—the final act in the entertainment of the solemn situation.

Lying within hearing, if not in sight, of the strong position attempted on the last day by the Confederates, our men were not called into action but remained in the same skirmish duties which had been assigned them the day before, and that they may now be apprised of what General Lee failed to reveal to them of the plans of the day, it will make it all the more interesting to our boys to have it appear that so great a man as Lee paid so much attention to them as to want all the information of their numbers and what they were doing in the plain before him and what sort of fortification was behind them on the rising ground for which he had no name, but which is known and will for all time be known as Cemetery Hill. This high crest was for all the hours of the campaign the object of Lee's serious contemplation; the establishment of the Union forces on this highest part of the ridge (which the 153d assisted to support) had become no less important than any other point over that vast battle field. Speaking of the outcome of the conflict of the 1st day Lee continues:

"Our own loss was heavy, including a number of officers, among whom were Major-General Heath, slightly wounded, and Brigadier-General Scales, who was severely wounded. The enemy retired to a *range of hills south of Gettysburg*, where it displayed a *strong force of infantry and artillery* . . . the *strong position* which the enemy had assumed could not be attacked without danger of exposing the four divisions present, already weakened and exhausted by a *long and bloody struggle*, to overwhelming numbers of fresh troops. General Ewell was, therefore, instructed to carry the *hill occupied by the enemy*, if he found it practicable, but to avoid a general engagement, until the arrival of the other divisions of the army, which were ordered to hasten forward. He decided to await the arrival of Johnson's division, which had marched from



The Jennie Wade Home. Her Photograph and Monument.

Carlisle by the road west of the mountains, to guard the trains of his corps, and consequently did not reach Gettysburg until a late hour. In the meantime the *enemy occupied the point* which General Ewell *designed to seize*, but in what force could not be ascertained, owing to the darkness."

As history will require of us to be very candid, and a deep sense of truthfulness impels us to the presentation of this great campaign in strict compliance with facts as found in the reports of both sides of the conflict, it follows that some remarkable and perfectly unexplainable circumstances occurred during those days of the fiercest hostilities which shut us up to but one rational conclusion, namely: that an overruling Providence gave the victory to the Union arms. This statement, on the part of your historian, is based on the several undeniable deliverances of the Federal army.

In conclusion allow me to produce the following instances on which the enemy had actually pierced and partly taken possession of our most formidable positions. On the first day our two Corps on the north and west were driven back and through the town, leaving the ground strewn with our dead and wounded and the town possessed and fortified by the enemy for the three days of the conflict; on the evening of the 2d day a portion of a battery well posted and strongly supported by infantry on Cemetery Hill, and very important entrenchments on Culp's Hill, had temporarily fallen into the hands of the enemy; on our extreme left the Peach Orchard, Devil's Den and Round Top had shared a similar fate; the enemy on our extreme right at 3 a. m. of the morning of the 3d, were holding an enveloping line starting near the Baltimore road and swinging round to the north and east, running westward through the barricaded town and stretching for miles on the rising ground on Seminary Ridge, ending in the dense woods swarming with Longstreet's on the southwest, on ground from which Sickles' brave troops had been driven the day before. On the fatal afternoon of the 3d all preparations having been made by the desperate enemy for the final assault, the great charge with all its horrors closed the drama of the bloody scenes

of Gettysburg. Let us briefly describe this terrible struggle: Behind the stone walls and sheltering earthworks composed of boulders, fence rails, trees and native rocks, our waiting troops beheld beneath them, a gray moving mass of 17,000 men just as over 200 cannon on the opposing ridges had slackened their thundering roar, and when the enemy's advancing columns had reached within a few hundred feet of our line of infantry, suddenly, and as if from a new eruption of a volcano, a long and vivid flash broke forth from our entrenched line, making a veritable wall of fire. Space will not permit further details. General Hancock, Pennsylvania's hero, before whose Corps the main assault was made, gave a very full account, and from it we give a closing extract:

"The colors of the different regiments were now advanced, waving in defiance of the long line of battle flags presented by the enemy. The men pressed firmly after them, under the energetic commands and examples of their officers, and after a few moments of desperate fighting the enemy's troops were repulsed, threw down their arms, and sought safety in flight or by throwing themselves on the ground, to escape our fire. The battle flags were ours and the victory ours."

We were honored with the association of many noble, celebrated organizations constituting the personnel of the Eleventh Corps, and have been highly favored as a regiment, by the glowing accounts of deeds our associated regiments performed by our side. But for these (as we have elsewhere given credit) the historian would have less to say for his own regiment.

In an address of James G. Carmichael, of the 147th N. Y., of the Eleventh Corps, speaking of the men who were on picket before their regiment on the disastrous 2d of May at Chancellorsville, says:

"They had charge of the picket line the night before Jackson's charge occurred, and until the afternoon of the next day . . . the pickets that relieved ours in the afternoon of May 2d, were captured, and we barely had time to regain our command before the whirlwind of battle was upon us in the open field, with woods in front to protect our enemies, and our men exposed on all sides to merciless cross-fire. This regiment (was

the 153d and) had been reduced by losses from 1000 men to (less than) 800 when they came upon the field of the 1st day at Gettysburg. Here their loss was very great, and they were our neighbors."

Observations by the Historian—Cemetery Ridge.

There is no portion of the great Battle of Gettysburg with which the writer is so well acquainted, as the high ground on the south and southeast of the town. He was here a great portion of the time during the 2d and 3d days and watched with great interest to see the ascending smoke from the rebel cannon in the region of the Seminary. He slept near by the spot where General Howard had his headquarters. He stood on the very spot where the General with his Adjutant, General Meysenberg, stood when he surveyed the surrounding country westward on the first day. It was to this spot, the Cemetery Lodge, (a cut of which is shown) that General Howard rode after learning that on account of the death of Reynolds he was in command of the field. After giving orders to every department concerned he retired to this high point. Of this event he says:

"This took but a few minutes, and then I rode slowly with my escort to the high ground near the cemetery gate, where I established my headquarters. The cemetery had been already examined."

He also stood here when the following orders were given:

"(To Schurz) The First Corps is over there, (pointing westward) hold that ridge parallel with this; Buford's cavalry, the most of it, is on the left. Prisoners show that a large force of Lee is already there. Place all reserve batteries of your command on this hill (Cemetery Hill) leaving Steinwehr's division to support them. Send to the right of the First Corps north of Gettysburg the other two divisions (Barlow's and Schimmelphenning's) to give support to Doubleday. The headquarters for the day will be here."

It was in the magnificent plan of the Commanding General to hold this Hill and as the sequel of the battle shows, it was the posting of Howard's old Eleventh Corps on the ground where

both the artillery and infantry could do most effective work that saved that portion of the crest known in all history as Cemetery Ridge. Howard says:

"I immediately determined to hold the front line as long as possible; and when compelled to retreat from Seminary line, as I felt I would be, to dispute the ground obstinately; but to have all the time a strong position at the cemetery, and one that I could hold until at least Slocum and Sickles, with their eighteen thousand reinforcements, could reach the battlefield; and possibly until the arrival of Meade and the whole army."

Following Lee's Retreat from Gettysburg.

A brief synopsis is all that your historian feels justified to present. It would require reporting details of a month's campaign, for it occupied nearly the whole of May to clear the State of the Rebel army. The annoyances Lee received on his long, weary march with his disorganized, disabled, demoralized, and greatly discouraged troops, is without parallel in the annals of the war.

Meade did not ascertain until the 5th, that the enemy was withdrawing, for up to that time Lee had continued a bold front for some time after his trains of wounded and ammunitions had gone out the Cashtown and Fairfield roads. Immediately on becoming certain that Lee was retreating, Meade dispatched the Sixth Corps on the respective roads over which the enemy were hastily passing. Sedgwick (6th Corps) ascertained that Fairfield could be held by the retreating army with a small force, deemed it best to return and report that fact to Meade, whereupon Meade sent a flanking force against Lee in the direction of Middletown, Md., in the valley between the Bull Run and Blue Ridge Mountains, and below Emmitsburg. French's army was then at Frederick, a few miles east of Bull Run Mountain, and his orders were to immediately cross over and occupy Harper's Ferry and the Turner's pass. But French, the alert soldier he was, had already sent over detachments to guard at Falling Waters and to Williamsport to destroy the bridges. General Buford, the Stuart



LIST OF DRUMMER BOYS

1. Winfield S. Snyder, Co. G. 2. John Schmidt (Singer), Co. C. 3. Lewis H. Abel, Co. A.
 4. George A. Eckert, Co. D. 5. Newton H. Mack, Co. K. 6. [REDACTED], Co. B. 7.
 Darius Thomas, Co. E. 8. William E. [REDACTED] 9. [REDACTED] 10. Curtis V.
 Strickland, Co. D. 11. Robert H. Wilk

of the Federal cavalry, quickly hurried his men to Williamsport, an important crossing of the Potomac, and also to Hagerstown. Meantime Meade's main army had reached Middletown, and after procuring the necessary supplies and had gotten his trains up, moved through the mountains and continued harassing the enemy until he reached the Rapidan. Meade's army finally encamped near the Rappahannock.

The point reached by the Eleventh Corps was Boonsborough and Funkstown, when the 153d Regiment was dismissed by reason of the expiration of its term. The regiment had reached Hagerstown. Here von Gilsa delivered his farewell address to the 153d Regiment. On the morning of the 14th the regiment started for home, passing through Funkstown, Boonsborough and Middletown, arriving at Frederick City in the evening. The next day it took train for Baltimore, where it arrived at about 7 o'clock in the evening, and after enjoying the hospitality of Baltimore, returned by rail to Harrisburg, where the boys roamed the old familiar town on arrival at noon of the 16th.

The muster-out required a week, and early in the morning of the 25th, having been discharged the day before, the regiment left for home, arriving at Easton at 10 o'clock a. m.

Welcome Home.

The Welcome extended the soldiers of the One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment excelled any reception ever given an army in the City of Easton. The 25th day of July was a day of thrilling interest, yet to some a sad one. Thousands of the citizens of the surrounding country thronged the streets to witness the procession of returning soldiers and greet the dear ones who had escaped the perils of war. The scenes of many of the meetings were enough to melt the most stolid heart. Aged parents, sisters and brothers, and shy, but joyful sweethearts, mingled in the happy crowd. The homes along the streets were decorated with bunting and everywhere were demonstrations of gladness. The wounded in carriages presented a most pathetic sight. The

bands and drum corps never played so well. The military escort was superb.

The collation at the Fair Grounds was the best the land afforded. The address of welcome was historic, and the narration of the deeds of the returned soldiers was a fine memorial of the patriotism of the brave men. The allusion to those who had fallen in battle was most touching, and cast a shadow of sorrow over the throng.

At the close of the exercises Colonel Glanz was presented, in an appropriate speech, by Captain Howard Reeder, with a beautiful sword, which was gratefully acknowledged in a few brief remarks by the beloved commander of the regiment.

The Reception of Company B.

At a county meeting in Bath, in the month of June, a Committee of Reception was appointed. The men upon that honorable Committee were Caleb Yohe, Wm. Wilson and J. B. Sweitzer. These gentlemen were charged with the pleasant duty of arranging the details of the public reception. At that meeting the battle of Gettysburg had not yet been fought, and all the men of the regiment who had survived Chancellorsville were expected home by loving friends. But who can measure the sorrow of the circle to whose homes the anticipated meeting was turned to grief. Language cannot paint it; the gloom hung like a pall over very many stricken families.

The Roll of Honor of the Comrades who died in the Service will be some measure of compensation, though the vast majority of those who then mourned have themselves passed over the last stream to greet the dear ones who never returned from the war.

Colonel von Gilsa's Farewell Address.

**"Officers and soldiers of the One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment,
Pennsylvania Volunteers:**

I cannot permit you to leave for your homes without addressing to you a few parting words. It is with the deepest regret that I see you mustered out of the brigade, for, during your stay here, myself and the regiments of this brigade have become so fondly attached to you, that the gap which your departure from this brigade opens, will be most deeply felt, and hard to fill again.

I must give you this testimony, and I do so with the greatest satisfaction, that you have, on every occasion, done your duty in the fullest sense of the term; with the deepest devotion have you ever remained faithful to the oath you had taken.

I am an old soldier, but never did I know soldiers who, with greater alacrity and more good will, endeavored to fulfill their duties. In the battle of Chancellorsville you have, like veterans, stood your ground against fearful odds, and, although surrounded on three sides, you did not retreat until by me commanded to do so. In the three days' battle at Gettysburg, your behavior has put many an old soldier to the blush, and you are justly entitled to a great share of the glory which my brigade has won for itself, by repulsing the two dreaded Tiger Brigades of Jackson. In the name of your comrades of the First Brigade and myself, I now bid you a cordial farewell. Whenever you look back with pride upon the time of your service, remember your comrades, who now part from you with painful regrets. Think sometimes of your commander, who ever will consider you as a dear member of his numerous family, and who will always recollect with pride that you have given him satisfaction and pleasure.

But remember, also, the braves in your midst, who fell on the field of honor, who have sealed with their death the truth of the oath they had sworn. Remember, likewise, the poor relicts of these fallen ones. Be ever a friend to them in the hour of necessity, and evince your gratitude to the Almighty that he has mercifully shielded you, by taking charge of the widows and orphans of your fallen comrades, by never forsaking them, and lending them a helping hand whenever they need it. In the same manner be a friend to the poor invalids, who, though sound and right at heart, return to their beautiful hearthstones infirm and sick in

body. God will most richly recompense you for the good you do them.

Farewell, comrades, God be with you! Lovingly remember your comrades remaining on the field of battle, and your old brigade commander.

LEOPOLD VON GILSA,

Commanding First Brigade, First Division."

Eleventh Corps D'Armee.

The Regimental Flag.

A regiment should have two flags; one for the State and the regular flag of the Nation. Our color-bearer was John Henning, of Portland. His appointment dated from January, 1863. He was in possession of the flag during the entire service of the regiment and many were the days it floated in the breeze over the tent of the Colonel. The staff was broken in the battle of Chancellorsville. The colors stood over the rifle pits near the Chancellorsville House before midnight of the opening day of the battle, and all day Sunday, and was borne over the pontoons on the night of the 5th, and reached the old camp ground with the body of the regiment on the 6th. Its faithful bearer, whose photo stands by the side of the old ensign, carried it in the battle of the first day at Gettysburg, and on the evening of that memorable day planted "Old Glory" on the ramparts of Cemetery Hill, where it waved during the three eventful days of the battle. The flag was sorely wounded in this battle. It led the triumphant command in its pursuit of the retreating enemy down to Hagerstown. It was for many years in possession of the Colonel and the Lieutenant Colonel and had often been displayed on special occasions when the old regiment tramped the streets. It was always the idolized flag of the loyal soldier and his many friends. When the old colors of the regiments of the State were assigned a safe encasement in the Capitol at Harrisburg the familiar bunting with its insignia of service and maimed staff was given a resting place among the honored standards of the Old Keystone State. Though tattered and faded, and its form is a mere shadow of its former self, its glory has not departed.



Color-Bearer John Henning.

Standing on Cemetery Hill.

Here on this spot, one of the three forming the pivotal center of the famous Cemetery Ridge, the writer stood forty-six years ago. Here nearly a half century ago the thunder of those hundreds of cannon reverberated on these and the distant hills over this historic valley of death. Here the most distinguished geniuses of the age contested the disputed rights and sectional

issues of the greatest Civil, national strife. Here powerful armies engaged in the decisive conflict. Here our fallen comrades were among the thousands who gave their lives for their country, and consecrated these memorial fields and hills with their blood, and covered the world-renowned arena with imperishable glory. To this spot where our dear comrades lie, gathering generations will continue to come to read the inscriptions on the marble and granite marking the resting place of the Nation's dead; the dead whose deeds of heroism will continue to be commemorated to the end of days. Here events occurred whose significance and glory will last as long as these natural rocks and chiselled granite endure. Here for centuries of all time the same stars that shone on the mangled forms of our mortally wounded comrades during those nights of awful suffering will keep sentinel over the ashes of those who, dear to us, sleep here.

In many important respects this was the most salient spot of the several prominent elevations of that vast field. The reasons are abundant. From this spot General Meade made his careful and earliest observations on his arrival on the morning of the second day. General Howard makes the following reference to the event:

"Slocum, Sickles and myself remained together that night (of the first) near the Cemetery Lodge and the good keeper's wife refreshed us with hot coffee. A little after three o'clock in the morning, July 2d, General Meade with his staff came to where we were reclining and soon asked me concerning the situation. I said, 'I am confident we can hold this position.' General Sickles, who was near, added in his clear shrill voice, 'It is a good place to fight from, General.' General Meade replied, 'I am glad to hear you say so, gentlemen, for it is too late to leave it.' Meade and I then rode along the lines behind the soldiers sleeping on their arms. These lines were yet thin, but Meade said, 'The other corps are near at hand.' We rode to the cemetery to the point where the soldiers' monument now stands, and while I explained matters, General Meade surveyed the hill and its environments through his field glass as well as he could in the early dawn. . . . Meade now saw for the first time the Cemetery Ridge very like a fortification; on the north terminated by Rock Creek

and near the right of us could be seen Culp's Hill, a rough, rocky, wooded knoll. Running his eye from Culp's Hill around the curve of the cemetery front and then turning to his left, he noticed the trees of Ziegler's grove. Beyond that was the lower ground ascending southward to an abrupt, rocky spur called Little Round Top. Beyond this he saw in the distance the highest point of all, a more prominent hill covered thickly with a forest, called Big Round Top. This outline which his eye had traversed was like a great fish hook with the concavity toward him, the barb at McAllister's Mill, the bend at the cemetery, and the shank extending southward along the stone wall to Little Round Top. From end to end this line with its sinuosities was five miles long."

It was at this point where General Schurz met Howard on his arrival in advance of the two divisions over the Tanneytown road, and from here they surveyed the entire field on the north of the town and settled the location the Eleventh Corps was to occupy as soon as it should arrive on the ground. This point commanded a range of five miles, east, north, and west. This central position was the most important for either side to select in the initial and also to hold in the final part of the three days' fighting. All military critics agree that the gaining of this crest by Lee would have doomed the Federal cause. From this point as possibly from no other on the vast field our Eleventh Corps could redeem its apparent lost prestige. It seems that the old Eleventh was predestinated to be the pioneer Corps to receive the onslaughts of the two great battles in which it was engaged, and hold back the overwhelming Confederate forces until reinforcements could arrive. This was all that any General could do under the circumstances in which our Corps had the misfortune to be placed on the first day.

A General's Testimonial.

General Slocum referring to the battle of Gettysburg at the dedication of New York's monument said:

"The duty assigned to me to-day was to speak of the operations of Culp's Hill (near the foot of which the 153d had its position in defence of those higher grounds). Every Confederate report shows that on their side it was regarded as of great importance. How near we came losing it is shown in the report of General Ewell. Speaking of operations at the close of the first day, he says: 'The enemy had fallen back to a commanding position known as Cemetery Hill. On entering the town I received a message from the commanding general to attack this hill if I could do so to advantage. I could not bring the artillery to bear on it, and all the troops with me were jaded by twelve hours' marching and fighting. I determined to take possession of a wooded hill to my left on a line with and commanding Cemetery Hill. Before Johnson got up, the enemy was reported moving to outflank our extreme left, and I could see what seemed to be his skirmishers in that direction. I received orders soon after dark to draw my corps to the right in case it could not be used to advantage where it was. I represented to the commanding general that the hill above referred to was unoccupied by the enemy, as reported by Lieutenants Turner and Early, who had gone upon it, and it commanded their position and made it untenable so far as I could judge. He decided to let me remain, and on my return to headquarters, after 12 o'clock at night, I sent orders to Johnson by Lieutenant Turner to take possession of this hill if he had not already done so.

General Johnson stated in reply to this order that he had sent a reconnoitering party to the hill with orders to report as to the position of the enemy with reference to it. This party, at or near the summit, was met by a superior force of the enemy, which succeeded in capturing a portion of the reconnoitering party; the rest of it making its escape.

During this conversation with General Johnson, a man arrived, bringing a dispatch dated at twelve midnight, taken from a Federal courier making his way from General Sykes to General Slocum, in which the former stated that his corps was then halted four miles from Gettysburg, and would resume his march at 4 a. m. Day was breaking and it was now too late for any change of place.'"

In General Lee's report of the operations at the time he says he had commanded General Ewell on the 2d day to attack the right of the Federal position (Culp's and Cemetery Hill) simultaneously with Longstreet's on the extreme left. (The writer was eye-witness to the repulse of the rebels on the low grounds in front of these hills). Between the clouds of smoke from the musketry I could see men march, throwing up their caps and shouting, in the charge. Ewell's attack was not made until one hour after Longstreet opened on the south. The delay of Ewell prevented him realizing how nearly he came capturing the works our engineers were throwing up on the hills.

Letters from General Howard.

"Newton H. Mack, Secretary.

Dear Sir:

I thank you very much for your letter to me. For some reasons I had not seen before this time what Colonel von Gilsa said of the 153d Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. Certainly it is a very nice tribute which he gave to the fidelity and gallantry of the regiment.

The right division at Chancellorsville was commanded by General Charles Devens. The brigade to which you belonged with a portion of a battery, held the extreme right of his line. Of course I expected him and his division to hold on until he could be reinforced by all our reserves. Surely if every regiment had done its duty as well as the 153d Pennsylvania did, according to Colonel von Gilsa's report, it would have taken even Stonewall Jackson much longer than was the case to displace the division and the corps.

I shall be glad to see a copy of the history of the regiment, and congratulate you and the men still living upon the excellence of their record.

Very truly yours,

•
OLIVER O. HOWARD,
Major-General U. S. Army."

To W. R. Kiefer, Historian:

"As you have touched upon Chancellorsville, let me say that Gen. Fitzhugh Lee told me that Jackson's lines would not have extended beyond

von Gilsa's right had he not from his (Fitzhugh Lee's) reconnoitering ascertained the exact location. As soon as he did so he rode back and guided Jackson a half mile northwestward. Jackson immediately returned to his troops and marched his whole command at least a half mile further, so that he must have overlapped von Gilsa's right by at least a quarter of a mile. His lines were over two miles long. They came toward us with an irregular rather than an elliptic front, as Colquitt's command did not participate in the first assault.

I could not answer with reference to which regiment was first struck, nor which first retired. You have probably found the facts with reference to that. The right brigade supported Dickman's two guns, and, as I understand, the 153d Penna. and the 41st New York were to the right of this section of the battery.

Now for Gettysburg. I did notify Gen. Doubleday as soon as it was possible to do so after General Reynolds' death was reported to me. It could not have been more than twenty-five minutes after I received the report on Fahnestock's Observatory, near the Court House, before Doubleday had the information. I was in absolute command of the field from that time, about eleven o'clock, until Hancock came, which was between four and five p. m., according to the same record of time which I had all day. I did not know that Hancock was actually in command as he gave me no order whatever until I received Meade's order, and that was after Gen. Slocum's arrival. I recognized, however, Hancock's authority, because, as he said, Gen. Meade had sent him to represent him (Meade) on the field. I found some time after the battle that Gen. Meade did not know of my arrival at Gettysburg until after he had sent Hancock from him.

You ask, 'Did you select Cemetery Ridge?' My answer is that I spent considerable time in reconnoitering after my arrival on the field, while my command (the 11th Corps) was coming up by two separate roads. I saw clearly then that the Cemetery Ridge should be the place for a defensive stand, and by Cemetery Ridge I mean the whole country from Culp's Hill to Little and Big Round Top. It is plain that I did select the line from all my operations subsequent to Reynolds' death. I put my reserve artillery there and also my headquarters, and Steinwehr's division in support of the artillery, and then I hold the most positive testimony of several officers now living who were with me, that I did make

the selection of the position. The contention against me has been simply that somebody else suggested the position to me. Some say Reynolds, other say a civilian residing in the city, but all this is simply not true.

You say, 'How long were you in command?' Everybody acknowledges that I was in command five hours. After that Hancock and I worked together without conflict.

'How long was Hancock in full command?' Two hours and a half, for it was about 7.30 when Hancock and myself met and talked with Slocum. At my request Slocum had sent up his two divisions long before that.

'How long was Schurz in command of the 11th Corps?' From the time of his arrival on the field until about 7.30 p. m., because I did not formally resume command of my corps until that hour.

'Was Stahl in command?' I do not know. We will have to look to the Rebellion Records for answer to that.

You say, 'Where did the 153d take position?' On Cemetery Ridge, I suppose you mean? On what I call the round of the Cemetery Ridge, as I think, partly to the north of the Baltimore pike and partly to the south of it. Von Gilsa's brigade was located in support of the batteries near the position where the line turned from its northward to its eastward trend. I could not answer you in detail with reference to the cemetery gateway. Doubtless your own recollection is clearer on that subject. It was near and east of that building where Sickles, Slocum and myself waited for General Meade, having our headquarters a little apart from each other.

'Exactly where did the hand-to-hand episode over a battery take place?' A large portion of the brigade was between the turning point and Culp's Hill, and the struggle for the battery was behind the infantry line. Your regimental reports ought to tell you the detail which you desire with reference to that specific conflict.

'Did the regiment have any part in the defense of Culp's Hill?' Lieut. Col. Otto took three regiments with him—I cannot tell which three without further search. Otto reported to General George S. Green on the night of the 2d of July and participated in the defense of Culp's Hill.

Now returning to Chancellorsville, I think you are right when you say that only about 700 of the 153d Penna. were in line; but I must refer for further detail to the Rebellion Records, especially to the regimental reports. I understood that von Gilsa's whole brigade was on the north side of the old turnpike at Chancellorsville, that and the section of the battery to which you have referred.

The above are the best answers I can make to the questions you propound to me, and I give them without giving the time needed to verify my statements.

With reference to Chancellorsville, thus far I have never seen any statement from any General as to what I ought to have done which I did not do, except what has come from the pen of Gen. Schurz. The simple truth is, that had General Hooker realized for one moment that General Lee was sending the great bulk of his Army around his right flank under the cover of the forest, he should have thrown the 5th Corps at once to fill the gap of more than two miles between my Corps and the Rapidan, that is, extended his right by at least one Army Corps. This he doubtless would have done had he not believed that Lee was in full retreat. I sent to General Hooker the day of the attack, by swift horseman, every iota of information which I could get, and, as I understand, his headquarters had information even more direct than mine.

Very sincerely yours,

OLIVER O. HOWARD,
Major-General, etc.. (Retired).

Daniel A. Skelly, a merchant of Gettysburg, was a young man at the time of the battle, and has given the writer the following valuable information respecting the Eleventh Corps, and especially items of rare interest to the 153d Regiment. Fahnestock's Observatory, from which General Howard made his observations of the field northwest of the town on the morning of the 1st of July, is the store building in which Mr. Skelly now conducts business, though some changes have been made in the building. He was standing on the sidewalk at the store when at about 10.30 a. m. Howard rode up accompanied by his aides and stopped immediately in front of the Court House on the corner opposite the store. An aide dismounted and tried to secure an entrance to the Court House so as to get to the roof for observation. Seeing

there was no possibility of the General's getting up Mr. Skelly ran across the street and informed him that there was a small place of outlook on the top of the store and volunteered to conduct the General and his aides to the top of the building. Mrs. Col. E. G. Fahnestock, Isaac L. Johns, Augustus Bentley and Mr. Daniel A. Skelly, all of Gettysburg, accompanied General Howard to the place of observation. R. M. Elliott, a resident, informed the writer that he saw Mr. Skelly notify the General of the place on the store.

Mr. Skelly continues: Howard received the notice of the death of Reynolds while on the observatory and immediately came down and gave orders, one of which was to Steinwehr. He also sent an order to the Regimental bands requesting them to play lively airs. Mr. Skelly also states that Buford arrived on the morning of the day before the arrival of Howard, and that his cavalry encamped beyond the Seminary, while Devin's cavalry encamped beyond the Penna. College. Reynolds came through the town between 8 and 9 a. m. on the first. He saw him and his staff as they passed up the Chambersburg Pike. Buford made his observations from the Seminary cupola. It has for a long time been a matter of uncertainty as to the exact street through which the First Brigade (to which the 153d belonged) passed when it left the Emmitsburg pike. Mr. Skelly took the writer over the entire ground on the north end of the town and fully explained the many changes which since the war have occurred in the formation of building sites and the erection of houses and public buildings, by which the open field into which our regiment entered on its arrival on the first day, is now largely covered by the improvements of that side of the town. Our regiment occupied a front position in the line as we entered the town. Our arrival was at about 12.30. General Howard says:

"After 12.30 Barlow's head of column appeared on the Emmitsburg road. Leaving my Chief-of-Staff to direct matters at headquarters at the cemetery, I took two or three of my staff and joined Barlow, and rode with him through Gettysburg."

This cavalcade of officers was particularly noticed by many of

the boys. The wounding of General Barlow occurred soon after the death of Reynolds. The death of Lieutenant Beaver also occurred about the same time of the wounding of Barlow. The tidings of these serious losses flashed through the regiment in the evening of the first day. General Barlow was reported to be mortally wounded and his wife, who was at the headquarters on Cemetery Hill, was kindly notified through the courtesy of a rebel officer and she was conducted through the lines and tenderly ministered to her husband. Similar instances of fraternal kindness are elsewhere reported by Lieutenant Jonathan Moore and Captain Geo. H. Young.

Narratives of the Comrades.

From the numerous and often divergent accounts of the battle of Chancellorsville rendered by officers and privates of many organizations, it becomes an immense undertaking for the historian to get at the exact details of the battle. As it is the sincere desire of the writer to be perfectly truthful and candid, and to be in a measure relieved from the great responsibility of stating some things which would not reflect credit upon some men who are charged with dereliction, he has adopted the plan of allowing the individual, wherever possible, to speak for himself. It is, however, very evident to the intelligent man that some discrimination must be allowed the historian and that he is in a strict sense the custodian of the integrity of the history as a whole.

The authorities of the State, who are charged with the responsibility of the propriety and authenticity of these histories, will require that the main facts which relate to the itinerary, service of the regiment, and roster, be well substantiated.

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Colonel Chas. Glanz.

Col. Charles A. Glanz.

Colonel Charles Glanz in command of the 153d Regiment was at the time of the organization of the regiment a resident of Easton, engaged in the brewery business. He was of German birth, having received a College education at the age of 21, and occupied important positions in his native country. He came to this country in the year 1845, preferring the advantages of our free institutions to any office under a monarchical government. After spending some time in Philadelphia and Pottsville he came to Easton, where he entered his business in 1852. In 1857 he received an appointment by President Buchanan, of consul to Stettin on the Baltic. On his return from Germany he was elected Captain of the Company known in Easton as the Jaegers, his commission by Governor Packer dating June, 1859.

Raised to war fever at the firing of Sumpter he was among the first to respond to his country's call. To him belongs the honor of being the first Captain of uniformed militia, who tendered his services to the Government, and was accepted. On the 23d of April, 1861, he was commissioned Major of the Ninth Pa. Volunteers by Governor Curtin, at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg. Here he held the position of Assistant Commanding officer until the regiment was ordered to Winchester. He participated in the skirmish of Falling Waters, Virginia, with his regiment, and on August 20th, 1862, he received a letter from the Executive Office, Military Department, requesting him to raise a regiment for the nine months service. Such was his popularity and prompt action that on the 25th day of September, thirty-six days after receiving instructions, his regiment, nine hundred and ninety-one men, was on the way to Camp Curtin, and on the 11th of October was mustered into the United States Service. His Command was attached to the 11th Corps, commanded by General Franz Sigel. Colonel Glanz was with his regiment in the battle of Chancellorsville, in which they suffered most severely, being attacked by the enemy in very superior force, abandoned by their support, the regiment was forced to retreat. In the great eagerness of the fight and not hearing the command to retreat on account of

the noise of the fray, did not retire until completely flanked on right, rear and left, they barely escaped capture. The Colonel, not being able to move with the agility of the men, was taken prisoner together with two of his officers and thirty-three of his men. Being taken to Libby prison he was confined for a period of forty-five days, was finally exchanged at City Point and rejoined his regiment at Goose Creek on the 16th of June. His presence once more among the comrades was an hour of much joy.

From great debility occasioned by the prison treatment he was unable to endure the march to Gettysburg. General Howard meantime ordered him to Washington, where under kind treatment he sufficiently recovered to return home.

The regiment was mustered out of service on July 24th, and on its arrival in Easton the Colonel shared in the great ovation. The occasion will long linger in the memory of the survivors. The pleasure of the reception was greatly increased by the incident of the presentation of a fine sword, the gift of the officers and members of the regiment. The Colonel died in the year 1880.

The following is a copy of a letter the Colonel wrote his wife during his imprisonment:

"Libby Prison, May 20, 1863.

My dear wife:

I wrote to you on the 11th and 17th this month, and I hope you received both letters. Do not think hard of my writing but a few lines, for our chances for writing are limited and the order is to write but 8 lines. Every letter is read. I understand that to-morrow a boat under a flag of truce will leave and I hurry to write a few lines. Perhaps we shall be sent off with it, but this is uncertain. A few captains and doctors will however leave, and I take this opportunity to send this letter with a heart full of true affectionate love for you my dear Elizabeth and our beloved children. I am well so far, but my heart wishes it day and night that the hour of release and parole might soon come. As long as I am well I shall not complain but await with patience the time to leave this place. I wrote in both letters for a new suit to be made by Richards of Dorter's blue military cloth. A blouse with 2 pockets inside and one

outside, and two rows of buttons. One vest with pocket inside, and a pair of pants as usual. I repeat this on account that you might not have received my letters. Whenever I shall telegraph for the suit, send a



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Libby Prison. As it appeared in 1865.

couple of woolen shirts along, made to fashion, so that I can wear them without vest on. My clothing I have on I have to bury (for reasons you can easily imagine). Did you hear from Henry? If you write to him will

you ask him about my horses? I do not know what became of them, and whether they are safe with the regiment. Tell him to have them treated right; and that Knowles should also know about them. I shall write to you as soon as we land at Annapolis, or somewhere else. I hope you will keep well, my beloved wife, and think often with a true heart of your Charles, who loves you so dearly. Kiss our dear Sarah and Edwin in my name, and be not troubled about me. Our Lord has taken me safely out of the danger of battle, and I trust will relieve me soon from this unpleasant condition.

From your true, affectionate husband,
C. GLANZ."

Lieutenant Colonel Dachrodt.

The inborn military spirit and patriotic impulses of Lieutenant Colonel Dachrodt prompted him to the organization of a Company in response to President Lincoln's call for 75,000 men in the year 1861. This noble act of our Colonel had given him a prestige which gained for him the esteem and well-placed confidence of the men who early sought enlistment in the command of which he should become one of the distinguished leaders. Great honor will ever enshrine his name as it appears on the Roster of the State of Pennsylvania and of the illustrious County of Northampton!

He never ceased his interest in the welfare and society of the veterans who for nearly a half century were proud of his record and name. He was a charter member of the Lafayette Post, No. 217, of the G. A. R. of Easton, having been its first senior Vice Commander in 1881. He was a member of the City Council in 1853, and was elected to the Legislature of the State in the year 1886. After retirement from the war he entered business, in which he had a long and successful career, having for all those years enjoyed the well-earned esteem of military men, and moved in society a noble specimen of patriotic citizenship of our loyal and historic city.

He died June 4, 1909, at his residence in Easton. He had



Lt. Colonel Jacob Dachrodt.

been confined to his bed since January. He had attained the age of 81 years.

The *Free Press* of even date in a notice of his death says, "On April 20, 1861, he enlisted in Co. B, First Penna. Regt., of which Col. S. S. Yohe was Commander, and re-enlisted for nine months in the 153d Regt. of which he was Lieutenant Colonel, and that he was wounded at Chancellorsville on May 2, 1863."

Letter from Major Frueauff.

Headquarters of One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment, Pa.
Vols., Camp near Brooks Station, Va., May 16, 1863.

Colonel Samuel Yohe, Provost Marshal of Twenty-third Congressional District, Easton, Pa.

Colonel: Inasmuch as you are the power appointed to watch over the interests of the Government at home, and to sustain the army in the field, both by sending men forward, and by protecting those in the same from the slanders of traitors, and the lying tongues of misnamed friends, I take the liberty of sending you a truthful account of the doings of the One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, during the unsuccessful reconnoissance across the Rappahannock.

It, with the other regiments of the Eleventh Corps, broke camp on Monday, April 27th, and marched to the neighborhood of Hartwood Church. On Tuesday morning at four o'clock, after a short night's rest, moved on to Kelley's Ford, arriving there after noon. On this second day of the march, which you, as an old soldier, well know is always the most trying, the regiment did well, and the stragglers from it formed a very small number of those brought up in the rear by the provost guard. On the same evening at eleven o'clock, camp was broken, and in silence, our corps was the first to cross the pontoons, and penetrate the darkness and swamps of the southern side of the Rappahannock, where but a few hours rest were given, when we moved on, proceeding, during Wednesday, to the Rapidan River, near Germania

Mills. Again, in the night, between one and four, in a heavy rain, the Corps crossed upon a narrow and dangerous bridge, momentarily expecting an attack, having had, during the day, our rear harassed by some of the rebel artillery. Thursday, we advanced along the plank road to its junction with the turnpike at Peck's farm, about two miles west of Chancellorsville. During Thursday night full rest was given, and on Friday General Howard made the disposition of our Corps in three lines of battle. To the First Brigade, First Division, Colonel Leopold von Gilsa commanding, was given the extreme right, and was posted as follows: On the left, in the line of battle behind some brush-heaps on the far side of the turnpike road, the Forty-first New York Volunteers in line of battle. Then the Forty-fifth New York Volunteers in the same line, and supporting a section of artillery commanding the road. From the cannon and the right of the Forty-fifth New York, at right angles to the turnpike, through the woods and across a road leading into the turnpike, supported on the right by the Fifty-fourth New York Volunteer Infantry, stood the One Hundred and Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, more as a close line of skirmishers, than a regular line of battle, being ordered to stand three feet apart. In this position Saturday noon found them.

Information was brought that an attack was expected on the right flank, and skirmishers were thrown forward into the woods, who, about five o'clock in the afternoon, reported that the rebels were massing and approaching. Hardly had the information been brought in, and the line called into readiness, when the tooting of numberless small bugles was heard, the whizzing of balls began, and the explosion of shells over and alongside of everybody clearly demonstrated that the rebels were in force, a fact which the thirty-five cavalry men allowed for the protection of the extreme right of the whole Army of the Potomac had heretofore not been able to discover.

The rebels advanced, closed in mass on the three sides of the right with their whole force concentrated on the one point of our long line, enfilading the brush barricade behind which the



Adjutant Henry Evans.



Major John F. Frueauff.



Chaplain Philip W. Melick.

brigade was placed, and rushing over the cleared space in front of the lines. After the first volley, the Forty-fifth New York, accompanied by the two pieces of artillery, sought refuge in a very rapid change of base, and soon after the Fifty-fourth New York also retired. After both supports had withdrawn in mass, the One Hundred and Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers still stood and as a regiment gave a parting volley to the enemy, which rebel prisoners report to have fearfully mowed down the ranks of the advancing First Virginia Brigade. Then the order to retreat was given, and the One Hundred and Fifty-third certainly withdrew for the purpose of having men left to fight again. Several vain attempts were made to rally the retiring forces of the Eleventh Corps; but preceded on the retreat by the brigades and divisions farthest from the enemy, it was impossible to find the requisite cover behind a line of our own forces before arriving within the lines of the Twelfth and Fifth Corps. As soon as any, the First Brigade, and with it the One Hundred and Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers was rallied, and spent the greater part of the night in throwing up rifle pits, and on Sunday morning were moved again into the front line of entrenchments opposite the center of General Hooker's line of battle, where they remained until Wednesday morning, when our corps covered the withdrawal of his army to the other side. On Wednesday, in the midst of a terrible rain and natural condition of Virginia mud, we returned to our former camp near Brooks Station, where we are rapidly recuperating our much tired bodies. From the time we left Brooks Station until I rejoined the regiment I was Acting Assistant Inspector-General on the staff of General Devens, commanding the First Division. In my capacity of aide I had very frequent opportunities by day and by night of seeing every one of the regiments in this division. At all times and under all circumstances, I found both the officers and men of my regiment in the best of spirits, and no regiment in the corps went more gladly to battle, or more cheerfully submitted to privations. During the engagement itself, I had but one distant glimpse of the regiment, as I ordered up the Seventy-fifth Ohio to the support of Colonel Gilsa, my position keeping me near

Gen. Devens. Colonel Gilsa, however, himself every inch a soldier and a brave man, although early wounded and bruised by the fall of his horse, was during the greater part of the fight immediately behind the regiment, and to me, as well as to General Howard, in my presence, expressed the greatest satisfaction with the behavior of his 'new regiment,' as in every way brave and soldierly, and his only sorrow is so soon to lose us by the expiration of our time of service. On Sunday morning, hearing that Colonel Glanz was missing, and Lieutenant Colonel Dachrodt wounded so as to be unable to take the command, I asked leave to return to the regiment and share with it all further exposures and perils, and have since then been in command of the same. During Monday morning we had a very lively brush with a line of rebel skirmishers on an opposite hill, and I had every opportunity of seeing the coolness and determination nearly unanimously evinced, and feeling proud of the spirit animating our Northampton County boys.

At such times to particularize would be improper; suffice it to say that no "officer was shot by a private, and no private cut down by an officer." Those who have fallen—and, alas! we mourn a number of such—have fallen in the noble discharge of their duties, slain by the hands of traitors; those who have been wounded, have received honorable wounds by the shots of rebels; and those who are prisoners are now in the hands of "our Southern brethren," not in consequence of their own faults, but by the fortunes of war. Hoping this exposition may set to rest all slanders, and assure every true and loyal patriot that he need in no wise be ashamed or should sneer at 'Colonel Glanz's regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers,' and desiring you, for the sake of justice to your fellow-citizens now in the front rank of the army, bravely battling for all they hold dear at home, to publish this letter in all the newspapers of Northampton county.

Very Respectfully,

J. F. FRUEAUFF,

Major Commanding 153d Pa. Vols.

Taken from "Moore's Rebellion Record," Page 589, Volume 6.



Dr. Abraham Stout
Assistant Surgeon.



Dr. Henry K. Neff
Chief Surgeon



Dr. John P. K. Kohler
Assistant Surgeon

Account of Dr. Stout.

Dr. Abraham Stout, a native physician of Bethlehem at the outbreak of the Rebellion, offered his service, and became assistant surgeon of the regiment, associated with Dr. Neff and Dr. Kohler. Dr. Stout was popular with the boys, and always had a kind word for all of them. In sickness he was faithful to them to the last degree. In battle he was at his post. The account of his efficient service is best told by the many comrades who knew him well. We have asked him for some account of the battles and have the following: "At Chancellorsville our Hospital Tent was about 200 yards in the rear of our regiment. When we retreated we left the wounded in the Hospital Tent and the rebels took tent and all. We then established a Hospital in a brick house on the Chancellorsville side of the river. On the 3d we moved our wounded across the United States Ford to a farm house back a short distance from the river. At this place the enemy shelled our ammunition train, but their shells fell short and the train moved out of range.

Dr. Neff was taken prisoner at Chancellorsville, was in Libby prison, was with the regiment only a short time, went home on sick leave to Hollidaysburg, and did not return to the regiment. I was the only surgeon with the regiment after Chancellorsville, and at Gettysburg I was taken prisoner.

Our regiment fought the Louisiana Tigers in the first day's battle beyond the Poor House, and were driven back through the town, and took a new position on Cemetery Hill. I was captured between the Poor House and the town. Colonel D. B. Penn, of the 7th Regiment of the Tigers, saw me and dismounted. He walked by my side and asked me who I was and then told me I was his prisoner, taking me to the German Reformed Church, when he said to me: 'You ought to take this church for a Hospital.' I said, 'Yes, if it is not locked.' 'Well,' said the Colonel, 'if it is we can soon open it.' But we found the doors unlocked, and took possession. In less than half an hour it was filled with wounded men, mostly Union men. I was in attendance there three days. John Balliet of Company F and Charles A. Yoch of Company E

were detailed to assist in the care of the wounded. After the battle we removed the wounded to the public school building back of the church. The Union men occupied the first floor and the Confederates the second floor. Dr. Tate of Gettysburg had charge of the upper floor. I remained there for about three weeks, then had orders to remove all patients to Harrisburg, where they were put in the improvised hospital in a cotton factory.

Captain Stout of Company F was prostrated with typhoid fever while in camp at Brooks Station, and was not with the regiment in either battle. He was a year or two recovering, and in consequence his mind was somewhat affected, for a short time after."

Dr. Stout states: General von Gilsa was wounded in the neck and that he dressed his wound. He also saw General Devens at the Hospital near U. S. Ford. The general's wound was so severe that he was not able to accompany the Division to Gettysburg. At the opening of the battle of Chancellorsville Colonel Glanz, Lieutenant Colonel Dachrodt and Major Frueauff and Chaplain Mellick were immediately in the rear of Company F. The medical tent and Hospital were very nearly behind the line. One hundred men were selected from the regiment for stretcher-bearers, and were in charge of Dr. Yoch. The medical mule was in the care of William Stoneback of Company F. When the fire opened there was no time to remove the Hospital tent nor any of its contents. On short notice the mule with his panniers was led out of the woods, but was wounded and captured by the enemy. Seeing that the animal could not run on account of his wound, the driver seized a quantity of the medicines and destroyed them—



Dr. J. P. K. Kohler.

Doctor John Peter Kern Kohler was born at Egypt, Pa., in Lehigh county, in 1841. At the age of nine years he was sent to Doctor Vanderveer's Preparatory School at Easton, Pa. He entered Franklin and Marshall College at Lancaster, Pa., where he graduated at the age of 17 years. He graduated in medicine from the University of Pennsylvania at the outbreak of the Civil War, and like all young men at that time whose first thought was duty to his country, he entered the service. He made application at Harrisburg. Out of twenty-two applicants but three passed the examination, and young Kohler was one of the three. He was made contract surgeon and had charge of all the hospitals at Camp Curtin and Camp Capitol, and was in charge of three brigades. He afterwards enlisted in the 153d Regiment as assistant surgeon and served in hospitals under the command of the Medical Director, and was given charge of all the hospitals of the 11th Corps encamped at Aquia Creek. He spent very little time with his regiment, which was then made a subject of complaint, but the Medical Director it seems had authority to detain him. After the battle of Fredericksburg he was stricken with typhoid fever and was sent to his home in Egypt. He recovered in time to rejoin his regiment and assist in the care of the wounded at Gettysburg, and was mustered out with his command at Harrisburg. His death occurred in 1866, from a recurrence of the same infectious disease he had been afflicted with three years before.



Quartermaster S. H. Knowles.

Comrade Knowles was born in Mauch Chunk, Pa., June 7, 1838. He was the son of Wm. H. Knowles, Superintendent of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company.

He received his early education in Wilkes-Barre and Easton, Pa., at the Academy of Dr. Vanderveer. Before the war he was employed in the Prothonotary's office in Easton. He served with the regiment in the battle of Gettysburg, after which he contracted a fever which left him in poor health during the rest of his life. He was subsequently returned to the position in the office of the Prothonotary, when in 1871 he was appointed Deputy Prothonotary in Sunbury, Pa. Later his health broke down and he returned to Easton, where he served as town clerk and assistant librarian until his death February 20, 1875.

Comrade Knowles was of a literary turn, and was a regular contributor to the daily papers of that day. The above brief sketch was furnished by his sister, Mrs. George H. Bender.

Chaplain P. W. Melick—Gleanings from Diaries.

Diary of Chaplain P. W. Melick.—“March 8, 1863, Lieutenant Simmers was in my tent a while. He said, ‘I believe two-thirds of the boys would re-enlist;’ he did not know that as he would go home at all; he thought the matter of the war could have been settled by peace measures, but that he now believed the South did not want peace. On March 13 there occurred an episode which might have had a serious ending, but for the intervention of Captains Oerter and Reeder. It arose over the incident of the Chaplain's refusal to take a social glass with the officers, who, with him, had been invited to the Colonel's tent. It was an important meeting, being the occasion of the inauguration of some new commissioner. As the drinks were served (a custom which was popular among the officers) the Chaplain refused to accept that feature of the hospitality extended, whereupon he was invited to take a glass of



Sergeant Major George G. Beam.



Philip D. Wireback, Quartermaster Sergeant.



Quartermaster S. H. Knowles.

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water. But this he also declined. The reasons for declining were sufficient, but apparently provoked resentment. The invitation was an act of courtesy; the refusal was also proper. The Governor (Curtin) was invited to visit the Camp. Captain Frey, Dr. Neff and Major Frueauff were the committee to convey the invitation. The Governor's visit occurred March 26th, and the occasion was one of great interest to the regiment. The festive green of the forest never did more to suitably decorate a city of soldiers than on this occasion. The Colonel was in gleeful spirits, and remarked that he would be ready to go out again at the expiration of the regiment's term, and thought that two-thirds of his men would re-enlist. Dr. Neff playfully said to the Governor, "The Colonel is all right, but he is a Democrat." "Yes," said the Colonel, "but I am not a Copperhead." The Governor was invited to walk through the Camp, and the regiment was formed in dress parade, when the Governor delivered a speech which touched many hearts and made him many friends. Major Frueauff was placed on General McLean's Staff about April 1, 1863. Both the Chaplain's and the writer's Diaries make a note of the illness of Captain Stout. The Chaplain says, "Stayed all night with Captain Stout, Captain is very sick, I fear dangerously, he having had a relapse. He is now in the hospital. Lieutenant, I think, is better." April 1, General Howard took command of the Corps to-day. The death of Charles B. Shaffer occurred April 7th. Surgeon Neff is sick in his tent. Henry Agnew was taken to the hospital April 8th. April 10th, a grand review by President Lincoln, wife, and little son. The boy rode a small pony. The officers appealed to the Governor for the back salary of the men on the 17th. On this day we had a sermon in German, by the Rev. Mr. Hogan, from Nazareth. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Rice of the 129th Regiment. We had Communion (Lord's Supper) this evening at 5 o'clock. About 100 men received the communion.

"April 27th. Marched toward Hartwood Church, distant 15 miles. Started at sunrise. 28th, left at 4 a. m., marched 15 miles, arrived about 1.30 p. m. Tented in neighborhood of Mt. Holly Church. About 5 p. m. Gilsa rode along the line, gave verbal

order to be ready in ten minutes. Lay on arms until near midnight. Crossed by 2 a. m. of the 29th, and drew up in line of battle, marched about two miles, then rested until 9 a. m."

The crossing of the Rappahannock and the experience of the next several days, including the battle, are elsewhere described.

We returned to our old Camp on the 6th of May, at the close of the affair in the Chancellorsville forest, and now resuming gleaning from the Diaries, the writer says: In accordance with the wishes of Chaplain Melick we built a temporary inclosure of logs and pine boughs for chapel service. We fitted it up in good style and called it "Chapel Grove." We held our first meeting in the new church, May 29, 1863. On the evening of the 31st, General O. O. Howard attended the meeting and made an address which greatly encouraged all present. On June 7th, Captain Oerter commanded the regiment. Glanz and Frueauff returned to the regiment on the 16th of June.

From the writer's Diary: May 5th. The regiment is still on the South side of the Rappahannock. The crossing was at the United States Ford. I assisted in carrying the wounded across the river. A very heavy rain fell toward evening. I was all day of the 6th on the road with the ambulance loaded with wounded. We arrived at Brooks Station Hospital, the band having preceded me. I remained with them that night. The hospital joined the band tent. The removal of the wounded from the battlefield began on the 4th, a temporary hospital having been established in a brick house on the left side of the road from Chancellorsville House to United States Ford.

May 17th, Sunday.—On this day it was reported that Stonewall Jackson died last Sunday. The intelligence reached us through Dr. Junkins from a neighboring regiment. The doctor was a brother-in-law of the deceased.



Captain Owen Rice, Co. A.



2d Lieutenant Clyde Millar, Co. A.



1st Lieutenant Benjamin P. Shaum, Co. A.

Captain Owen Rice, Co. A.

Captain Owen Rice, in command of the first Company of the regiment, was conceded to be the most distinguished officer of his rank, in the Command. His daring, special achievements on the Chancellorsville battlefield, won for him fame of high order, and gave him unusual prominence in military circles. His second cousin, Chaplain Wm. H. Rice, of the 129th Regiment of the State, now residing in Gnodenhütten, Ohio, gives us a family tracing of Comrade Rice, and speaks of him as having been a fine worthy character. "His father," the writer says, "was Rev. Edward Rice, President of the Moravian Theological Seminary, Bethlehem, Pa., at the time of his death. Edward was the son of Owen Rice III., who was the son of Owen Rice II., who was the son of Reverend Owen Rice I., who came to Bethlehem in June, 1742. Captain Owen Rice was a very able man; his enlistment was truly characteristic of him."

An account of this brave and noble officer will appear elsewhere in our history.

Benjamin F. Shaum, 1st. Lieut. Co. A.

I was captured about May 3d with some men on the skirmish line in the battle of Chancellorsville, and was sent to Libby Prison and was confined there about 29 days. I was then paroled and sent to Annapolis where I was held about 5 days, then exchanged and sent to my regiment.

On arrival at the old Camp, near Brooks Station, I found my regiment had started on the march towards Gettysburg. I followed it up with the baggage train and rear guard to Emmitsburg where I caught up with the Command and took charge of my Company A.

At Gettysburg I commanded my Company and was wounded on the first day while on the skirmish line. And again I was in the rebel lines three days.

While lying on the field a boy by the name of Aaron Meyers, of Co. I, with a flesh wound in his leg, carried water to me. I cautioned him to be careful but I understood he died in four or five days.

After being mustered out I was taken to Easton, Pa., and cared for in the U. S. Hotel for about three months with my wounded leg.

On April 23, 1864 I was appointed Second Lieut. in the Veteran Reserve Corps and was assigned to the Seventh Regiment of that organization. At the time of the raid of General Early on Washington, July, 1864, I served with my regiment in front of Fort Reno and Stevens with convalescents, teamsters and department employees, rather a motley crowd.

After the rebels were repulsed, we were ordered to the War Department barracks and did duty around the old Capitol Prison, and also the Navy Yards Prison, where were confined Mrs. Sur-ratt and other accomplices of Pres. Lincoln's assassination. From there I was sent to Trenton, N. J., under Major Newton, U. S. Army, and was employed in conveying troops to various regiments.

They were drafted men and substitutes. I continued in this duty until July, 1865, when I joined my regiment at Washington and remained with it until it was disbanded and the organization discontinued.

On July 12, 1866, I was ordered to duty in the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Land. While on that duty on the reorganization of the state I made the registration of Bedford and Botetourt Counties and held the election. During March, 1866, I received the brevets of First Lieut. and Captain of Volunteers for meritorious services. I was honorably discharged and left the army January 1, 1868.

Letter from Lieut. J. Clyde Millar, Co. A.

The march from near Falmouth Heights, in Virginia, to and beyond the town of Gettysburg, was a long and toilsome one. The heat frequently was so intense that many of the rank and file dropped by the wayside, some to report later on, others now camping in what is known in the National Cemetery as the "unknown dead" who were gathered there several months afterwards, with those who had fallen in battle.

On the night we reached Winchester there seemed to be a mistake about going into camp. The brigade would halt and then start, possibly making a mile and then halt again. This movement would be repeated over and over again. A laughable incident was noticed while the occurrences were taking place. A soldier by the name of Jemison, who was a cook for Captain Howell's headquarters, and who had succeeded in getting quite a supply of fence boards to start his camp fires with. It was considerable of a load and after the third order had been given to forward, he threw them down in disgust and swore he would carry them no longer, when "halt" was sounded he went back and got them again. No sooner had "forward" been ordered again, when down he threw them, and for several minutes the volume of epithets that poured forth would not have been suitable for the uplift of Christianity. When the Pennsylvania line was reached and crossed, what glad shouts went up from the Keystone boys, of "home again." Alas, how many never left it, but lie now mouldering in that silent city of her beloved dead!

On the night of June 30, I was ordered out with part of my company, and some of Company F men on the picket line. Orders were to fire on any one, or force appearing in front, and not to demand the giving of the countersign. It was a murky, misty night, and not liking the looks of what I thought was suspicious in front of my line, I told the boys I would scout out in front to see if there were any Johnnies there, and that on my return I would be whistling "Yankee Doodle" softly so they would know who it was; but when half way back, the firing commenced on the left of the line, and hearing the rush com-

ing through the cornfield, and thinking it was cavalry, and knowing my men would also commence firing to prevent a break through, I admit, candidly, that I forgot all about my whistling "Yankee Doodle," and got back into line far quicker than when I went out. The laugh was on us when day light came, as the numerous dead in our front was seen to be not rebels, but innocent sheep, which would not even bite a Union soldier.

Rations had been issued during the night at the regimental headquarters, and having hurried forward to join the regiment, those of my men who had been on picket, went through that battle with what little they could beg from others. Let me state here, that with but one single exception, there was no complaint made to me about it, whatsoever. As the regiment was on the march when I joined it, this threw the picket detail in the rear. After the town was passed, the line of battle was being formed, and through somebody's error, the color division was ordered out on the skirmish line. This was wrong, as Companies A and F were the proper divisions to go. In rectifying the mistake, a slight confusion occurred. Right here I remember several things distinctly. In right filing my men on the double quick, then when the front was clear, by the left flank into position, as I passed the right flank of Co. D, I saw Brave Beaver killed while in the act of repeating his Captain Howell's command of "Forward, men, Forward!" A moment afterwards, a rebel shell passed in front of me; the swing of its fuse, striking me across the face. The skirmish line, when formed, ran through a small piece of timber with the ground sloping down toward Rock Creek; the underbrush was also heavy; the line of battle had been formed on the brow of a hill some three or four hundred feet behind us. The fact was soon ascertained that we were being fired on, front and right flank. Accidentally, we had got into an angle of General John B. Gordon's Corps. About this time, if I remember rightly, Sergeant Keifer of my Company, reported the woods in front of us was being massed with men behind the thickets for a charge, and that by crouching down, I could see their legs up to their knees. I did so, and saw the force was a large one. I ran back up the slope to report the fact, when I met Adj. Reeder



Band Leader Eugene Walter.



Robt. H. Wilson, Musician, Co. A.



Corporal Valentine Heller, Co. A.

with drawn sword, who said, "Go back and hold your line at all hazards." I told him it was useless as the force massing in front was a heavy one. I then happened to look up and asked him, "Where is our battle line?" He looked and remarked: "It's gone. Get yourselves out the best you can; report at Cemetery Hill," and we surely got. I also remember that in retreating, I noticed Lieut. Yeager, who had gone down with a terrible wound, having been shot through the hip, urging his men to retreat or they would be taken prisoners.

Another incident: The next day, while on the skirmish line, Lieut. Barnes and myself were standing under a small tree and discussing how soon the Louisiana Tigers we had discovered lying in a depression in the ground at our front, would charge us. About this time something came sailing along through the air, that had not the familiar sound of a shell, and I remarked to him, "I think that must be a piece of iron." As it passed through the tree tops, it broke off a limb about an inch thick and as this dropped to the ground it knocked Barnes' cap off. "I think it was iron, Miller," he remarked, "and the next thing they will be throwing blacksmith shops." As expected, after sundown, along came the Tigers, with many others, charging in two lines deep. When near enough the skirmish line fired, fell back its usual distance, loading as it went, and then halted and fired again, and at the command, retreated on the double quick to the line of battle at Cemetery Hill. The regiment had moved farther toward the left than when we had left. This threw us amongst what I think was the 41st N. Y., who informed me our regiment had moved toward the left flank. We double quicked toward it, and the few minutes it took to get there, the Johnnies were almost on us. I heard Lieut. Beidelman without orders give the command "Fire!" which the whole line obeyed. Gen. von Gilsa was standing a short distance in the rear, up the slope, who commenced commanding, "Cease firing; they are our friends." I ran to him and said: "No, General, they are the enemy, and charging in two lines." When I got to my Company again, the fight was on in all its fierceness, muskets being handled as clubs; rocks torn from the wall in front and thrown, fists and bayonets

used, so close was the fighting. I remember distinctly of seeing a Rebel color bearer, with his musket in one hand and flag in the other, with outspread arms jump upon the little wall, shouting "Surrender, you damned Yankees." In an instant a Company A or F man, I could not tell which, as the smoke was commencing to get heavy,—ran his bayonet through the man's chest and firing at the same time. I can still see in my mind's eye how the shot tore into shreds the back of his blouse; as he fell backwards holding to his musket and colors, part of the flag staff was on our side; some one grabbed it while some one on the other side got hold of it and the tussle was lively for a few seconds, who should get possession of it. I think the Rebs must have gotten it, as I never saw or heard of it afterwards.

About this time, quite a number of the enemy forced me and some of my Company with others of the N. Y. Regiment on



Infantry Charge.

my right, up into our batteries. Here the mix up of artillerymen, cavalry, infantry and rebels was something long to be remembered. I cannot help but think as I look backward, that the day and night of July 2, 1863, was certainly a hot time in the old town of Gettysburg.

Another incident: A Lieutenant of the 7th Louisiana was taken prisoner with quite a number of others. He was slightly wounded in the arm and was somewhat downhearted. I told him I would give him a note to our Surgeon, Neff, and make the request to give him special attention. Sometime during the night he died. I found an envelope in his blouse pocket, in the morning, with a photograph in it of three little girls. This I for-

warded to mother with a description of the man and circumstances, as the directions on the envelope were so dim and worn that the name could not be easily deciphered. This was forwarded to Harper's Weekly for insertion as a war incident, and eventually was returned to my mother, and has been in my possession for years. Now, here is the strange solution of the incident. Some years ago, when my daughter was a graduate at the Tuscaloosa Seminary she had a room-mate from Louisiana by the name of Berwick, who invited my daughter to go with her to her Southern home and spend some months there. She did so. One evening while sitting on the veranda, Mr. Berwick remarked: "My daughter tells me you are from Pennsylvania, and that your father was a Union soldier. Well, I was up there in your country one time also with the 7th Louisiana Tigers at Gettysburg. Our reception was so warm and of such a character, that I did not stay long. Was your father in that battle, also?" "Yes," she replied, "I have heard him speak about it." And then she related the circumstance of the photograph of the three children; and strange to say, they are still living some twenty miles from Mr. Berwick's sugar plantation, and that it was the first authentic statement they ever had of what had become of their father. She requested me to forward to Mr. Berwick the photograph, but like other things badly wanted, when needed turns up missing, and has never been found since.

One thought more, and I will close. On the backward march at Boonsboro Gap, I was detailed to take charge of some men to pull a battery up the mountain side. It was dark and raining, but when in place on top of the mountain, you could look down and see by the campfires the army taking its different positions into line for defense. It was a sight never before witnessed, and often still remembered.

W. R. Kiefer, Co. A.

Wm. R. Kiefer (cousin of the writer) was a Sergeant in Company A. In the opening of the battle in the Chancellorsville campaign he had been detailed to command a detachment of men on skirmish duty, and was among the first to discover the approach of the Jackson skirmishers. Of all the accounts yet given the historian on the subject of the barricade before the Gilsa brigade, is his statement as to the nature of the obstructions. The slashings of the trees had been done under the direction of the General in person, and were of the nature of abattis. While returning from the skirmish line Sergeant Kiefer was badly wounded by the sharp point of a tree. Comrade Clyde Miller mentions an incident, showing the Sergeant's bravery in the first day's engagement at Gettysburg, as follows: "Accidentally we got into an angle of General John B. Gordon's corps. About this time, . . . Sergeant Kiefer of my Company, reported the woods in front of us was being massed with men behind the thickets for charge, and that by crouching down, I could see their legs up to their knees. I did so and saw that the force was a large one." The Sergeant was captured near the Almshouse, and was a prisoner for several weeks, but was paroled. Was at Camp Chester for ten days and was mustered out with the regiment July 23, 1863.

Sergeant Wm. M. Shultz, Co. A.

You will remember we were driven back at Chancellorsville on the afternoon of May 2d. With several of my Company (A) we retreated across an opening in our rear, and about half way across we stopped to help Captain Oerter of Company C, who was doing his best to rally some of the retreating men. We remained with him as long as we could and when it got too warm we found it would be madness to continue there any longer. We then went to the rear and entered the woods and bearing away to the left discovered our mistake, finding ourselves in the rear of the enemy, who had advanced its lines in pursuing our forces. We spent



Sergeant Wm. M. Shultz, Co. A.



Sergeant Wm. M. Shultz—wartime.





the entire night in endeavoring to get out of the woods, and eluding some of the enemy's scouts.

On the morning of the 3d we were discovered by the enemy and taken to the rear, where we joined other game which had been bagged, and with whom we fell in and started on our march to Richmond. On the evening of the 3d we stopped at Spottsylvania Court House, in the yard of which we encamped for the night. It was here I met Colonel Glanz, footsore and weary and completely disheartened. He had nothing to eat, so I made him a cup of coffee and gave him something to eat, which cheered him up a little. Early on Monday the fourth, we resumed our march, and at about 2 p. m. we halted at Guiney's Station. At this place we expected to be paroled, or at least treated to a ride to Richmond; but our expectations were not realized. About noon of Thursday the 7th, orders were given to fall in, the Colonel and officers going by rail.

During the afternoon we passed through Bowling Green, and early in the evening struck Milford Station. At each place we attracted the attention of the inhabitants both old and young, who were surprised to see so many Yanks—there were about 4000 of us. After leaving Milford Station a mile in rear, and fording an over-flowing stream which soaked us up to our waists, we laid down in the woods for a rest—and such rest. Bright and early the next morning we were again on the tramp and that night halted at Hanover Junction. Early the following morning "fall in" was again heard and remembering the old adage, "no rest for the wicked," we entered the march with good grace or as much as possible under the circumstances. After tramping, as it appeared to us, over all the southern Confederacy, we reached Richmond at about dark, and 9 o'clock found us safely lodged in Libby prison, our escort on the march being the Twelfth S. C. Volunteers. On arrival at the prison we found the Colonel and officers there, but in another part of the mansion. We remained there until the 13th of June. We were paroled during the day, and about 3 p. m. bade the place good-bye and started (on foot, of course,) for City Point under guard, reaching our destination the

following day at about 2 p. m. And I must say the sight of "Old Glory" on our transports anchored in the harbor, was a sight never to be forgotten. Some cheered; others who had been in Libby for months, wept for joy, while many others dropped upon their knees and thanked the good Lord for his merciful deliverance.

Uncle Sam now took charge of us, and when all were gotten aboard the transports we set sail for Annapolis, which place we reached the following day. Remaining there a few days, we were sent to Alexandria and given quarters in Camp Convalescent, Va. On our march from Chancellorsville to Richmond those men who guarded us, treated us kindly, even sharing their food with us. While in Libby we were treated like dogs. Thanks to the officer there in charge—a Major Turner, a brute in human form.

**Sergeant Wm. Henry Weaver, by his son, Ethan Allen Weaver,
Germantown, Pa.**

In the Autumn of 1862 when the war trumpet was sounded throughout the North, calling for recruits to strengthen the Union forces, and repulse the enemy, which then threatened northern invasion, and Northampton County in lieu of a draft, raised a full regiment of volunteers, he enlisted in Company A, 153d Regiment, Penna. Vol. Infantry, most of whose officers and enlisted men were close intimate friends and neighbors. Upon the organization of the Company he was elected Corporal, and on February 25, 1863, promoted to Sergeant.

In the battle of Chancellorsville his regiment occupied a unique position at the extreme right of the Army of the Potomac, where it was the first to receive the attack of "Stonewall" Jackson's Corps of Lee's Confederate army, in which attack a rebel bullet grazed one of his fingers, merely breaking the skin, and in the retreat of the Eleventh Corps it was his misfortune to be captured and confined in Libby prison. After being paroled



W^m H. Maver
Serg't. Co A 153rd Reg Pa. vol.
First Brigade First. Division
Eleventh Army Corps

he was taken to Camp Convalescent, Alexandria, Va., where he remained until the expiration of his term of service, without ever being exchanged.

Upon the expiration of his military service he returned to Nazareth and remained there until 1864, when he removed to Easton, where he continued to reside until about 1889, at which time he removed to Chester county, Pa., where he died on April 14, 1893, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

His remains were laid at rest with military honors in the family lot on the Easton Cemetery, Easton, Pa., the funeral being in charge of Post 217, G. A. R., John P. Huber, 51st P. V. Post Commander. The pall bearers were: Lieutenant-Colonel Jacob Dachrodt, 153d P. V.; Robert Ballentine, 1st P. V.; Jacob Gangwere, Battery C, 5th U. S. Artillery; John L. Clifton, 51st P. V.; Levi Fraunfelter, 153d P. V., and Jacob Leidy, 12th Pa. Reserves.

The committal service was read by the Rev. Henry M. Kieffer, D. D., a comrade of the Post, now rector of the P. E. Chapel of Good Shepherd, Atlantic City, N. J. Sergeant Weaver was a member of Lafayette Post 217, Grand Army of the Republic, and of the Society of the Army of the Potomac.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

Whilst at Camp Convalescent, he wrote a narrative covering the last three months of his enlistment, which follows:

NARRATIVE

Written Whilst a Paroled Prisoner at Camp Convalescent, near
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA,

By

SERGEANT HENRY WEAVER,

COMPANY A, 153D PENNA. VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,

In a Diary for the Year 1863, now in Possession of His Son,

ETHAN ALLEN WEAVER,
GERMANTOWN, PA.

Friday April 10th (1863) left camp at Potomac Creek Bridge for home, arrived at home on Saturday, 11th. Stayed there until Sunday, the 19th; left there, went to Easton that night. Stayed with Jacob (his brother) until Monday, the 20th. Left Easton at six in the morning for Philadelphia by North Pennsylvania Railroad, arriving in Philadelphia at 12 of same day; left there at 12 in the night for Washington by way of Havre-de-Grace, arriving in Washington at 8 on the 21st; left Washington at 8 on the morning of the 22nd for Camp, arriving there at 2 in the afternoon of same day; went to Aqua (Aquia) Creek landing; on Friday, 24th, to express office. Returned in afternoon. Left Camp on Saturday at 10 to go on picket near Stafford (Court House) to stay three days until 28th. On the morning of the 27th had rations sent me for 8 days for my men; after dealing them out started on the march. Came up to Capt. Atter (Oerter) in about one hour's time, he being Captain of the guard; after coming together we left and came up to the regiment at noon; marched about two miles beyond Hartwood Church, there we halted for the night.

Tuesday, 28th, broke camp and took up line of march again for Kelley's Ford; arrived there at 2 in the afternoon. Rained all day, waited there for pontoons to come up; came up about 4 in the afternoon; after being laid we were ordered in line again to cross; we laid in line from 9 to 12, then we started to cross; after crossing we were marched around an hour or two through

the mud and rain, then were ordered to lie down and rest in line of battle; we were so tired that we were glad to lie down in the mud and rain to rest.

On the morning of the 29th (April) after the 5th and 12th Corps had crossed, we took up line of march again for the Rapidan; crossed Deep Creek about 2 in the afternoon; came to Shermanna (Germanna) Mills on the banks of the Rapidan at 7 in the evening; laid down there in the mud and rain until 3 in the morning of the 30th; then we crossed the Rapidan and marched about 2 miles and then stacked arms and laid down in the mud and rain until 7 in the morning; then we took up line of march again and marched out on the plank road and up the plank road some 10 or 12 miles; then we stopped for 1 hour's rest; then we were marched about 1 or 2 miles on another road; there we pitched tents and drawed beef; took me until 12 in the night to deal it out. Cut it up with a pocket knife; next day (May 1st) we laid in camp until 10, then we were ordered out in a hurry to go and reinforce the 5th Corps, but we didn't get out of the field before orders came to go back and pitch tents again, for they could get along without us, so we went back and there was great cheering, but I thought it might be too soon; in the afternoon of the same day we were marched out in the woods, there we soon heard hard skirmishing to our right; we were marched back but all was silence again so we were marched back to the left again; there our company was detailed to go on picket to the left of the road; after being stationed about an hour we were called in again to go to the regiment on the left of the road; there we formed a line of battle and layed down to sleep; we slept on our arms in line of battle; in the morning (2nd) we cut down trees all around the front of us; there we were stationed in battle line; we stood there until 2 in the afternoon, then our company was ordered to the center of the regiment to hold a road leading to the woods; in about 2 hours after we had our position the Rebs came on. Schurz's Division broke and ran, so the whole left of the line broke and ran before we had orders to fall back; we fell back slow at first but the balls came too hot

so we also broke and ran; some ran this way and some that I got in the woods intending to join my regiment again next morning, the 3rd.

We were shelled all night by the Rebs, the shells exploding over us in any quantity; in the morning (Sunday, 3rd,) I got up and started for my regiment, but didn't get very far before I found myself in the line of the Rebs, they having thrown out pickets during the night, so I had no way but to be captured. I was captured about 7 in the morning of the 3rd of May; after being captured I was marched about 2 miles to a field; there joined a squad of about 150, and there we waited about 1 hour, then another squad of about 1000 came up; there was Col. Glanz, Lt. Schaum, Wm. M. Schultz and many others of our regiment; then we were marched off, arriving at Transylvania (Spottsylvania) Court House at 7 in the evening; there we slept in the jail yard until Monday morning, the 4th.

In the morning of the 4th we took up line of march again and marched to Guinea (Guinea) Station, arriving there at 4 in the afternoon of the 4th; here we got a lot of flour and salt horse; stayed here until the 7th about noon; then we took up line of march again, passed through Boulding (Bowling) Green at 4 in the afternoon of the same day. Arrived at Milford Station about 6 in the evening of the same day; rested about 15 minutes, then started again; marched about 1 mile, forded a creek about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide, thigh deep, then went in the woods and camped for the night; rained all night; up next morning early and started for Hanover Station at 7 in the morning of the 8th. Raining again this morning. Arrived at Hanover Junction at 6 in the evening, still about 30 miles to Richmond. Started on the morning of the 9th, marched until 9 in the evening, then arrived at the Libby prison; to-day marched through mud and water ankle deep all day, very tired, could hardly stand on one foot any more, for supper we got nothing. On Sunday morning at 9 (May 10th) we got about $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of bread and $\frac{1}{4}$ pound pork; in the evening at 9 the same; Monday, 11th, nothing till

noon, then we got the same; evening, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup bean soup. Tuesday, 12th, at 3 in the afternoon, $\frac{1}{4}$ beef, $\frac{1}{2}$ bread; 9 in the evening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bean soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bread; (Wednesday, 13th,) at 10 in forenoon, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bread; in the afternoon at 3 we left the prison for City Point, then we got $\frac{1}{2}$ loaf bread and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. pork to last one day. So off we started with the intention of marching all night; we marched until about 7 and then the hardest shower came up I ever seen, but they wouldn't let us stop but made us march on, we kept until about 9 and then they let us rest for the night, but such a rest I never had, for it rained, and so we layed in the wet and rain until 4 in the morning of the 14th; then we started again, arriving at Petersburg at 8 in the morning, and at City Point about 2 in the afternoon. City Point is a very nice place but all deserted; contained some 12 or 15 houses, some of them pretty well riddled with shell that McClellan threwed in there from his gunboats; at about 3 in the afternoon we went aboard of the boat; we ran down the James River until 9 in the night; then anchored until 4 in the morning of the 15th; then we started again, arriving at Fortress Monroe at 9 in the forenoon. We passed Harrison's Landing, Newport News and other distinguished places of this war; the last-named place you can see the masts of a boat out of the water; we layed at anchor at Fortress Monroe until 3 in the afternoon of the same day; then we started up the Chesapeake Bay, arriving at Annapolis* on the morning of the 16th, there we marched to College Green Barracks. Here we stayed until Wednesday, the 20th of May; then in the morning we marched to the landing and took the boat for Washington; we went down the bay to Point Lookout, arriving there about sundown; after running in the Potomac we anchored for the night; in the morning of the 22d at 4 we started up the Potomac, crossing

*The following message to my mother at Nazareth, via Easton by stage, sent from this point, was the first information we had of my father's safety, we supposing up to this time that he had been killed or wounded and burned with the many who thus met their fate in the woods on the right at Chancellorsville: "Am a paroled prisoner; am well and sound; will write immediately."—(E. A. W.)

Aqua (Aquia) creek about 10 and arriving at Washington at 2 in the afternoon; we left there again without landing and went to Alexandria, Va.; landed and then took up line of march for present camp—Camp Convalescent; here there are 50 barracks, each holding 101 men, 2 cook houses and 4 dining, 2 of them furnishes tables for about 700 men apiece and the other 2 of them furnishes tables for about 1400 apiece; there are also 2 very large hospitals and ordnance building for each State.

Saturday, June 6th, speech made by John Covode, member of Congress from Pennsylvania, and Governor Nye, of Colorado Territory. Tuesday afternoon, June 9th, explosion of magazine at Fort Lyons, 20 killed, 14 wounded. At Convalescent Camp at the time, just moving from one barrack to another; heard the report. June 28th, expecting raid at Camp Convalescent, 40 or 50 teams ready to load commissary stores to remove from the camp.

(Here he added after reaching home the following:—)

July 9th, left Convalescent Camp for Washington; 10th left Washington for Philadelphia; 11th left Philadelphia for Harrisburg, arrived there at 2 in the afternoon.

In the summer of 1886, twenty-three years after the battle of Chancellorsville, I determined to visit the spot in company with my father and his comrade William M. Shultz both of whom had participated in this great strategic battle of the Civil War which, in the light of subsequent events after a series of victories for the South, marked the high tide of Confederate success, for with the death of General "Stonewall" Jackson began a succession of reverses resulting in the downfall of the Confederacy two years later.

On July 3rd, whilst a remnant of the 153d Regiment were dedicating a tablet marking its position at the foot of Cemetery Hill, Gettysburg, Pa., where it assisted in repulsing the famous "Louisiana Tigers" on the evening of July 2, 1863, we left Philadelphia for Fredericksburg, Va. Until we reached Wash-



John P. Becker.
Capt. Co. E.

Henry D. Decker.
Capt. Co. C.

Joseph A. Frey.
Capt. Co. B.

Wm. Berdelman.
Lt. Co. F.

Wm. Dimmers.
Lt. Co. G.

Geo. Fritschman.
Lt. Co. K.

Geo. S. Myers.
Capt. Co. I.

H. J. Veeger.
Lt. Co. C.

H. J. Reeder.
Capt. Co. G.

Clyde Millar.
Lt. Co. A.

OFFICERS OF THE 153RD REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.
1862-63.

ington there was nothing special to attract us, but having once crossed the historic Long Bridge over the Potomac River, my companions began to sniff a familiar atmosphere, and a short ride brought us to the site of Camp Convalescent, near Alexandria, Va., and an hour later we passed by Brooks Station and over Potomac Creek Bridge, where my companions were in winter quarters with the Eleventh Corps in '62-'63.

Fredericksburg was soon reached, and the afternoon was spent in viewing that ancient, historic town, the home of Washington's mother, and the unfinished monument to her memory (time stained and shattered by bullet and shell, which later the patriotic women of America replaced by a handsome shaft bearing the modest inscription "Mary the mother of Washington"), the Masonic Lodge where we were shown the record bearing the signature of George Washington when he was made a Free Mason in 1752, the various headquarters occupied by the commanding officers of both armies in the great battle of Dec. 13, 1862 (the cannon of which were plainly heard in the winter camp at Brooks Station) the Confederate cemetery where lie the remains of many prominent and unknown participants in the "lost cause," the National cemetery containing the graves of 15,257 Union soldiers gathered from the various battlefields in this vicinity, 12,770 of whom are unknown, and Marye's Heights from whose crest and the stone wall at its base thundered the cannon and musketry of the Confederates in their repulse of the Union forces in their attempted siege of the heights from the plains in the foreground where fell many of the boys in Blue from old Northampton who were members of the 51st and 129th Regiments which gave such conspicuous service on this bloody field and where many lost their lives in the heroic struggle to gain the heights on their front.

The evening was spent in conversation with a number who had participated in the great battles in this vicinity, among them John Hayden, Wagon-Master of Ordnance Corps, C. S. A. who guided General "Stonewall" Jackson in his flank movement at

Chancellorsville, resulting in the unexpected attack of the right of Hooker's army constituting the Eleventh Corps of whose first division, first brigade, the 153d Regiment was a part.

On the following morning July 4th, comfortably seated in a carriage with a driver who had taken many parties over the ground, we proceeded by way of the famous Plank Road to Chancellorsville, passing Salem Church, the scene of a desperate fight which prevented the Sixth Corps under General Sedgwick from joining the main Army of the Potomac at Chancellorsville and Tabernacle Church, an historic land mark often referred to in the annals of the war.

Just before reaching Chancellorsville, we had pointed out to us the spot where General Lee and General Jackson bivouaced the night previous to the latter's now famous flank movement. At Chancellorsville Mansion (Hooker's headquarters during the battle) we were cordially received by the occupants Trooper Thomas Junkin, late of the Confederate Cavalry, and his estimable young wife, who manifested a deeper interest in the stage than in battlefields, in scenes histrionic rather than historic. Mr. Junkin accompanied us, being familiar with the various land marks, and we continued our journey westward, soon reaching the large quartz boulder to the right, marking the location where General "Stonewall" Jackson* fell, May 2, 1863, the same having

*It is interesting to note that the first wife of General Thomas J. Jackson ("Stonewall" Jackson) spent 12 years of her girlhood in Easton, Pa. She was a daughter of Rev. Geo. Junkin, D.D., LL.D., first President of Lafayette College. In 1832, when about 10 years of age, she removed with her parents from Germantown to Easton, Pa., where she remained until 1841, when her father became President of Miami University, Ohio, whence he was recalled to Easton in 1844, remaining as the President of Lafayette College until 1848, when he accepted the Presidency of Washington College (now Washington & Lee University), Lexington, Va. Here Eleanor Junkin met and was wooed by Major Jackson, (then a professor in the Virginia Military Institute) who was destined to become a conspicuous figure in the annals of the Civil War. They were married in August, 1853.

been erected by his Chaplain the Rev. Dr. B. F. Lacy and his brother Major Lacy. This rock has since been replaced by a handsome granite monument.

We soon reached the Wilderness Church (where four years later in company with a party several of whom had participated in the battle in a grove of trees bearing marks of the battle, we ate our noon day lunch) beyond which to the right in the distance is the Hawkins Farm House, which many of the 153d Regiment passed in the retreat in the flight for safety on the evening of May 2, 1863.

Upon reaching the edge of the great timbered forest, known as the Wilderness and which remained practically as on the day of the battle and where the Orange Plank Road proceeding in a southwesterly direction joins the Old Turnpike, we continued along the latter for a distance of about a quarter of a mile, where we alighted from our carriage; here a road, known as the Brook Road, turns toward the right penetrating the forest, and proceeding along this road for a distance of a quarter of a mile we stopped at the point which Government maps indicate as the position of the 153d Regiment. This was in the bed of a shallow and lazy stream (Hunting Creek). When we reached this point I noticed a special interest on the part of my comrades who almost at the same moment expressed the belief that that was the very spot which they occupied twenty-three years before in battle line. The feelings of these men, with memories of that ill-fated eventide cannot be described. Here in the very woods in which they were attacked and where after the breaking of the Eleventh Corps they became lost, spending the night amidst horrors, the shrieks of the wounded and dying, added to which was the burning woods wherein many met their death, standing perhaps on the very ground where two of their own company, Francis Daniel and Freeman Stocker were forever lost, they stood living over again in memory the scenes of that horrible day and night. Postals were written to the folks at home, and to their brave Capt. Rice, then living at Elkhart, Indiana.

After the exchange of many recollections of what they saw here at the time of the battle we returned to Chancellorsville by the same route we took into the Wilderness, passing the Talley Farm House, the headquarters of General Devens commanding the First Division to which the 153d was attached, and where nineteen years later old Mr. Talley who lived on the place during the battle, presented me with cuttings from a beautiful geranium which have grown and flourished to the present time. A mile eastward is the location of Dowdall's Tavern, the headquarters of General Howard commanding the Eleventh Corps, and some distance to the right is Hazel Grove or Fairview visited by me some years later in company with a number of veterans—one of them (the late Major J. Edward Carpenter) the sole survivor of the four officers who commanded squadrons of the Eighth Penna. Cavalry in its desperate charge to check the Confederate rout.

Our return trip was via Aldrich's, about two miles southeast from Chancellorsville, where in a large field my father was corraled with other prisoners on the morning of May 3d, and where he was latterly joined by Sergeant Shultz, now with us, and other captives of the regiment. We continued our journey along the Cartharpan Road, passing Piney Branch Meeting House, just as the services were concluded and it was a picturesque sight to see the congregation, all black as ebony, men, women and children, some of the former very aged smoking their pipes, suggesting their probable ignition within the portals of this otherwise sacred edifice.

We continued our journey to the site of Todd's Tavern, the scene of a desperate cavalry fight, thence by the historic Brook Road we found ourselves in a little while within the lines occupied by Grant's army in 1864, passing the spot where Sedgwick was killed by a rebel sharpshooter, the "bloody angle" where the muskets of the infantrymen of the two armies almost touched each other as they lay across improvised breastworks on the outer line, and where the effects of shot and shell were

plainly visible, and where were scattered in almost unlimited quantities remains of canteens, cartridge boxes, buckles, straps, bones of man and beast, and other relics suggesting the carnage of this great fight.

We drank water from the spring, near the McCool House, which slaked the thirst of many of the wounded and dying of both armies during the memorable siege.

We secured relics, personally cutting bullets from fence rails and trees. At Spottsylvania Court House, not far distant, my companions pointed out the tree in the court yard, under which they spent the first night after their capture on their way to Richmond via Guiney Station. It was over this route to the latter station that General "Stonewall" Jackson was taken after being wounded, and which he reached about the same time as did my captive comrades on the afternoon of May 4th, and where Jackson died on May 10th following, uttering those memorable words—"Let us pass over the river and rest in the shade of the trees."

On the return trip to Fredericksburg we passed many historic homesteads and small streams bearing the names of the Mat, Ta, Po, and Ny, which join to form the historic Mattaponi River.

On nearing Fredericksburg we made a detour to the right so as to view the alum springs and deposits of petrified wood, reaching Fredericksburg in the early evening.

Within the triangular space, which we practically encompassed in our journey from Fredericksburg to Chancellorsville, and from Chancellorsville to Spottsylvania Court House and return, more men were killed than upon any area of equal dimensions in the world from the creation to the present time.

After a night's rest, we returned to Washington, where we spent a few hours in sight seeing and in the viewing of the cyclorama of "The Battle of Manassas" reaching the City of Brotherly Love in the early evening.

This visit to the great battlefields of Virginia with two participants in one of them, is to the writer one of the memorable events of his life, and as he grows in years and in the knowledge of the Civil War and recurs to this particular event of his life, his interest is intensified, and he is thankful that the privilege was afforded him to accompany his father, who has since passed beyond this life, to these historic spots, and at the very age which his father had attained when he was a party to one of the scenes there enacted, and that it is his privilege after a lapse of twenty-three years since our visit, as it was to him twenty-three years after the great fight to record in a modest way our trip to Chancellorsville on July 4, 1886.

J. L. Boerstler, Co. A.

Comrade Boerstler belonged to the Ambulance Corps. "I had just gone over to see the Colonel to ask him about the oats for the horses. I saw him just behind the regiment. When the rebels came through the slashed trees and the attack came on the Colonel drew on his gloves and said to the men in line, 'get ready for action.' He seemed to be greatly excited, and when the column moved back, when commanded to do so by the Brigade Commander, the Colonel started back, and being portly and having on his high-topped boots was unable to run and was soon captured. Bill Fisher had charge of the Colonel's horses and rode one of them from the field at the opening of the engagement. He had just asked the Colonel what he should do with the horses in case of a battle, and the reply was "Look after your own life and leave the animals if you cannot safely take them off."

George Beers, Co. A.

"I was detailed as courier on the Staff of General von Gilsa. The One Hundred and Fifty-Third Regiment was a favorite with the general, and he was often associated with it. He had also detailed several other men for some work he had to do. and selected them from the 153d."

Experience of Peter Herman, Co. A.

"I was captured in the battle of Chancellorsville May 3d, 1863, at about 8 o'clock in the morning, and about one mile from our Saturday's line of battle. In company with 4000 prisoners I marched to Spottsylvania Court House where we were kept over night in the jail yard. Having two gum blankets I shared with Colonel Glanz, he and I sleeping together. On the next morning we left for Guinea Station. While resting on the way the Colonel gave me money requesting me to buy him a pair of shoes, as he found it very hard marching in his high-topped boots. After a long search I found a pair, but which proved to be too small for him. I then started out and exchanged them for a larger pair, which were all right. I also carried his overcoat for him on the march. We remained at Guinea Station three and a half days, during which time Stonewall Jackson was brought here wounded. He died before we left,* only a short distance from our camp. While here the Colonel gave me a twenty dollar Confederate bill requesting me to purchase some cakes for our use. I took with me a gum blanket in which to carry them. I found a sutler and laid down the bill for the cakes. But the sutler said, 'I won't take that money.' I said, 'Why not? It is your own money.' He replied, 'yes but our money won't go in England, and yours will.' I went back and reported to the Colonel, who made some remarks which were not very complimentary to the rebel sutler, and

*He died on Sunday, 10th.

gave me a five dollar greenback. For this I got about three or four pounds of what we call 'ginger snaps.' On returning I handed them to the Colonel, but he said, no, 'pass them among our men.' I did so and had only four or five left. These the Colonel refused, so I ate them.

A heavy thunder storm arose and we were thoroughly drenched. We left the Station on the 8th of May about noon, and marched to Hanover Junction. Here we remained over night, and had rations dealt out to us, consisting of two crackers and about one and a half or two ounces of boiled ham to each one. I asked the Colonel of our guard how far it was to Richmond. He said it was thirty-two miles and that we must march the distance without stopping, which we did excepting short stops for rest. We arrived at Libby prison about ten o'clock that evening. About nine o'clock the next morning we were given a five cent loaf of bread for eight men. At 9 p. m. we were served with three-fourths of a cup of black bean soup, which was very poor stuff. This ration was a sample of our daily rations during our confinement. Every day the officer of the floor would come in and say. 'Yanks, fall in in groups of fours.' In this way we were counted instead of having roll call.

When we came out of prison, confederate women were waiting to supply us with one cent biscuits at twenty-five cents a piece. I paid two dollars for eight biscuits. We marched to Petersburg the first day. We were in the rain all day and all night, but with cover at night. We left the woods about daylight and marched to City Point a distance of nine miles and arrived at 2 p. m., having marched about 32 miles. We were under escort of Cavalry and Infantry. The rebels were moving empty cars in the same direction we were going to bring back their prisoners and could have taken us on board the cars as well as not. We left City Point about 4 p. m. on eight steamers, which our government had sent for us. The next day we arrived at Fortress Monroe where we received rations and water. We left in the same boats for Washington, D. C. We were con-



Captain Joseph A. Frey, Co. B.



Lieutenant Joseph T. Wilt, Co. B.

ducted to Camp at Alexandria and afterwards to the Soldiers Retreat in Washington where we remained over night. From there we went to Philadelphia where we slept in the depot, and on the following morning started for Harrisburg. Here we remained, awaiting the arrival of the regiment after the battle of Gettysburg, and with them went to Easton where we received a great reception. When Company A. reached Nazareth they had a fine reception by the citizens,

Narrative by Rev. George W. Roth, Co. C.

"While working at my trade, carriage smithing, in Coopersburg, Lehigh County, the 153d Regiment being organized, I learned that many of my former associates were enlisting in the army, I at once determined to be among them and enlisted in Company C. Dates of events and names of places I cannot now definitely recall. My diary was lost with my knapsack, and my memory through sickness did not retain many things I would be now glad to know and be able to relate. One of the things I best remember while encamped at ——— somebody in camp had liquor, at least our Captain's little French cook seemed to have had too much. During the night he accidentally discharged a rifle in his tent. The Captain was very much frightened, and greatly excited called the Company to ranks. He wanted to know who attempted to shoot him, and under great stress of alarmed feelings demanded to know. We were finally dismissed and returned to our tents, but not to sleep much that night. While we were entrenched at Gettysburg our Brigadier General, von Gilsa passing our Company, wondered whether the bullets whistling near his head were intended for him. About that time comrade Aaron espied a sharpshooter in a tree in front of us, and soon brought him down. When the General was told about it he asked to see Comrade Aaron, thanked him, and handed him a green back.

At Chancellorsville I was on the picket line when the rebels

came rushing upon us through the woods yelling like fiends. At the command of the officer in charge I fell back into line, and soon the command to fire was given. My comrades dropped by my side. Soon the retreat commenced, one of the provost marshalls trying to rally the scattered forces, struck at me with his saber, hitting my rifle, cut a deep gash into the barrel, by which I knew it ever after. I soon found the Company again. I will never forget the days of hunger when we ran short of provisions. I stretched out my bill of fare with the hard-tack until finally the last one was consumed and yet the hope of a new supply was not realized. Having nothing else to eat I gathered up the grains of corn the mules left in their feeding troughs and had scattered on the ground. It was scanty fare, but I was thankful for even that. 'This is for insulting the Quarter-Master,' was the inscription on a placard tied on the back of several comrades who were marched through the streets of the regiment. They had said some hard things because there was nothing to eat.

Our old fifer, George Lee, one day discovered a quarter of beef. He reckoned it would be as good for Company C. as for the regimental officers. He managed to bring the tempting food to his tent and covered it with blankets and leaves. We were all too hungry not to keep the secret, so he dealt it out among us, and we cooked it undercover of hard-tack. Never was meat as good as that. Thank you, George.

The only case of real home-sickness I ever saw was that of a comrade in Company C. The home feeling seized him so strongly, that he was rapidly being reduced to a skeleton and his mind was in danger of becoming unbalanced. He was discharged and sent home, and finally recovered. Later he prepared for college under the same private tutor that I did, and entered the gospel ministry. He died a few years ago.

Shortly before the march to Gettysburg, I was taken sick with typhoid fever. When the march began I was shipped to Columbia College Hospital, Washington, D. C., where I remained until

the expiration of our time. I was longing to be with the boys at Gettysburg, but the fever prevented it. This illness may have been the means of saving my life, but the effects of the fever clung to me for more than a year. I was mustered out with the regiment at Harrisburg. After I had gained sufficient strength to do a day's work I took up my trade at Bethlehem. Later I prepared for the gospel ministry, and here I discovered that the fever had very much impaired my memory. But with constant effort and exercise, its powers have been greatly restored, although many things of the past are lost to me.

At present I am located in Boyerstown, Berks County, Pa., and am serving a charge of three congregations. I have been in the ministry since 1876, and in the present field sixteen years. Uncle Sam is using me well."

Isaac E. Smith, Co. K.

Comrade Smith relates the following: "At Gettysburg when we were ordered back from our position of the first day I retired through the town. Many of the men got confused in the congested streets. Other troops from other regiments had come in from the west at the same time. I saw a man who was wounded in the foot. He was hobbling along and coming to a stoop with an opening beneath, the fellow crawled under and that was the last I saw of him. I withdrew to the south side and lay that night behind a wheat field where I remained until the next day evening. General von Gilsa was walking around, in open sight of the many sharpshooters and I told him he had better sit down. He replied, 'Perhaps I had better; for they may keep on shooting at me all day.' About dusk the cannon shots behind us were fearful. Above the noise of battle I distinctly heard the clear voice of Gilsa giving directions and encouraging his brigade."

Comrade Theodore Keller, Co. C.

Comrade Keller, who shared the trials of camp life, the hard marches and the fierce battle at Gettysburg, has written us to notify the Battle Field Memorial Commission that he fought in that famous battle. This communication reminds the author of the duty of informing the men of the 153d that it will be impossible for the War Department to get an *absolutely* correct list of the men who were there on the occasion, and who by participation in the engagement July 1-4, 1863, are entitled to be recorded on the tablet of the State Monument.

The following is the substance of a letter addressed to the writer: "I now mail you the roll of the 153d—your gallant regiment. We want you to go over this roll and see that the names are spelled correctly. It is a copy of the roll when you were mustered for pay on the day before the battle of Gettysburg, June 30, 1863. It is presumed that as the men were present on that day, June 30th, they were present at the battle. He further states that, "Every man on this roll was present on June 30th, and answered to his name 'present,' and it is certified to by the mustering officer that they were present. The names of all deserters should be stricken off the list."

The facts we find are that there were less than 600 men carried into action in this battle, and the records above referred to show that there were 910 men present at the muster the day before the battle. The monument on Barlow's Knoll shows less than 600 taken into action.



Notes by Rev. Anthony Straub, Co. A.

"I am very sorry that all the letters I wrote to my dear mother, while in the service have been lost, which, if I had them, would furnish me plenty of material to comply with your request. Yet I will undertake to give you some of my recollections as well as I am able to do.

First of all I will never forget the night we spent in the Universalist Church in Easton where all of our Company A., of Nazareth, spent the night on the hard benches. Sleep was entirely out of the question as the noise, the turmoil, and the fun-making were something great. Some would bark like a dog, some imitate a cat, some a cow, and while others were snoring, others would shout, dance and tell stories, and so the night passed. The next day we were loaded on cars and transported to Harrisburg and marched out to Camp Curtin where we were afterward mustered in the service.

Here we received our bounty money. Then followed the trip to Washington. We marched through Baltimore, and encamped on Camp Glanz outside of Washington. We crossed the long bridge a day or two after and were shipped on to Alexandria; from there by rail to Manassas Junction and Gainesville and from there to Bull Run battle field; from there back to Chantilly and Aldie and then marched on to join General Burnside; next on to Stafford Court House. We had marched two days without provisions of any kind. The first thing we got to eat the third day was salt pork, the fat of which was a hand high, which in our great hunger we ate without any other kind of food. In consequence many of the men were taken with dysentery.

We arrived at Fredericksburg too late to help Burnside, who was defeated before we arrived there. When we were encamped at Brooks Station, our winter quarters, we had everything we needed for our comfort. The winter we spent there I shall never forget. We had some in our Company who could not write very well, and these asked me to write letters for them

to their folks at home. I was kept busy day by day writing letters. We also held prayer meetings in camp, such of us as were so inclined, from the several Companies. Some were from my Company and from Captain Buzzard's Company not a few. We had one very profitable visit from General O. O. Howard, who addressed one of the meetings. Among other interesting incidents was the receipt of mail, often containing clothing. The drills given us by General von Gilsa, were very entertaining. The variety of life of varied experience broke the monotony, and made things cheerful.

I shall never forget the day when we finally broke camp on the 27th of April, 1863, and crossed the Rappahannock river above Fredericksburg, also the Rapidan and arrived at Chancellorsville. Here on the 30th day of April we, for the first time, smelled powder. Amidst shot and shell on the memorable evening of May 2d, when we were surrounded by the enemy, routed and scattered in all directions. Here our Colonel and many of Company A were taken prisoners. Here I got separated from my regiment and got into a regiment of U. S. regulars, and stayed with them over night, and on Sunday morning, May 3d, I found my regiment. At six o'clock that morning, was commanded to join a detachment of six from each Company, who were to be employed as skirmishers, between the two armies, and had to stay out between two lines, from 6 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, before we could be relieved. In two days we retreated back to our old camp. From here we marched to Gettysburg, crossing the Potomac at Edwards Ferry, encamping at Goose Creek. Here we all took a bath. On the march we threw away our overcoats, knapsacks and everything which was burdensome, reaching Emmitsburg where we encamped over night. On reaching the town of Gettysburg we were marched out to the Franklin County Poor House. I received a wound back of this building, after which we were ordered to retreat to join our army on the heights of Gettysburg. I was detained during the 2d and 3d day's fight, having been detailed to assist the doctors. I found my own

Lieutenant Benjamin F. Schaum wounded and brought him in on a wheel barrow. I also brought in comrade John King, who had received eight or nine wounds, I did not mind mine so much because it was but a slight flesh wound. God saved my life that day.

The fourth day after the beginning of the battle, and after the glorious victory, I joined my regiment at Hagersfown, Md., and with them marched to Frederick city. Here we received orders to be mustered out of service. The home-coming was a day never to be forgotten. There was great joy over meeting dear ones after an absence of ten months. We received a great reception at Easton, and our Company A had a fine reception at Nazareth in front of the Moravian church.

God be praised, all the hardships, dangers, and fighting are over and we have again been a united country for the last forty-three years, and hope we may so continue for all time to come."

Edward Young, Co. A.

"When the attack came at Chancellorsville I saw the rebels coming through the tree tops. I saw Colonel von Gilsa on a black horse. As I retreated I came to entrenchments, and assisted in digging the earth works for the cannon which had halted there. When we came to our entrenchments on Sunday, we remained there for many hours. John Johnson was taken sick. It rained very hard during some of the time, and I covered the sick man with a coat and piece of shelter tent. On the retreat I saw two cannon caught among the trees as they were emerging from the woods, and a pair of mules tied together and fast in the mud.

At Gettysburg I was among the detail made up from three men from each Company. We were called out to a place called Miller's town. I was in the skirmish line with Lieutenant

Clyde Millar. We remained out two days and nights. We lay in front of the cannon on the hill which fired over us. The flash and roar of the guns was awful."

Sergeant David Mall, Co. B.

"I was born in Hanover Township, May 22, 1840. Enlisted in Company B of the One Hundred and Fifty-Third Regiment. My enlistment dates from the twentieth of September. During my term I was in the two battles, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. In the latter battle I was slightly wounded in the knee but remained on duty. I enjoyed unusual health during all the while I was in the service. I endured all hardships of the march and exposure and dangers of the battlefield with resignation, having voluntarily given my service for the good of my country. The many descriptions of battle given by my comrades are a faithful record of what I saw and experienced and now with the survivors of our loyal regiment share the benefits of our beloved and saved country."

Henry A. Miller, Co. B.

Theodore Miller was wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, and died in the Eleventh Corps Hospital on the 4th day. Following is a letter which he wrote to his parents on the 25th of May, 1862:

"Dear Mother: Yours was duly received the 24th inst. Brother Theodore received one from father the same day. It always affords us much joy to hear from home, especially to hear that you are all well. Health is a great blessing which we enjoy in this troublesome world. Let us lift our eyes to heaven and give God the praise. We are all well at present. We know not exactly when our regiment will get home. I think we will return the 22d of next month, when our time of enlistment will have expired. Some say we have to stay until the 7th of July. I hope and pray that the Lord will spare us to return. Let us put our trust in the Lord and all shall be well. This experience will teach many a



Sergeant David Moll, Co. B.



Henry Kuester, Co. B.

man to lead a different life. No news at present. The weather has been very warm. There is appearance of rain. Mr. Snyder is with us in the regiment for a few days. I would be very glad to get home and get to work. I am tired of this mode of life. Theodore and I unite in love to you all.

Your son in much love,

HENRY A. MILLER."

Camp near Brooks Station, Va.

The following letter from Comrade Rudolph Rossel gives a more detailed account of Henry Miller. It was written to the father of Henry.

"Dear Friend Miller:—Your kind letter was duly received and read with much pleasure. As you desired I went and got all the information I could concerning Henry, and you will pardon me for not answering sooner, as I did not get to see Mr. Doll until this morning. I have inquired also of David Moll, who says that Henry was wounded on the 2d of July in the evening. He was not with him at the moment he was wounded, but he saw him shortly afterwards. Henry spoke to David asking him to get a blanket for him if possible, and while he was gone in search of one an ambulance came along and removed him to the hospital. That was about 7 o'clock in the evening, (the writer was in the ambulance corps at the time) but whether he died on the third or fourth he could not say for certain, because he was not at the hospital at that time. (Many of the wounded near the cemetery gate were hurriedly placed in the arched building (see cut) and these the writer assisted in removing to the Eleventh Corps hospital in a barn on a farm south of the Baltimore pike). Comrade Doll says he was brought to the Corps Hospital on the 4th of July in the morning after the Rebels had evacuated the town, and shortly before Mr. Doll came there Henry had been removed for burial. He undoubtedly died on the Glorious 4th. How sad that we who were within a mile or two from where he was wounded could not have been with him to at least pour cold water on his wounds. Henry was a good boy.

This is all the information I could get here concerning your son. If I can do any more for you I will do it with pleasure"

Bethlehem, Pa., 1863.

Letter from Comrade Joseph Hillpot.

July 7, 1863.

"I heard yesterday that Henry A. Miller was killed in the great battle. To-day Captain J. A. Frey told me that he heard that Miller was buried at the Eleventh Corps Hospital, which is about two miles south of Gettysburg. This afternoon I walked out to the hospital to see where he is buried and to ascertain the particulars regarding his death. I found his grave in a field at a stone wall marked by a board on which was written: 'Henry A. Miller, Company B, 153d Regiment, Penna. Volunteers.' I wrote my name together with a few lines on the board with a pencil. I then went to Dr. Armstrong and ascertained the following particulars. As nearly as the surgeon could inform me he was shot on the first day and died on the 4th. He was shot in the thigh, the ball having shattered the bone and flesh so that the wound was mortal. The surgeon gave me a pocketbook which contained twenty cents, also a letter found on his person after death."

Letter from Comrade Theodore Miller, Co. B.

"Camp near Potomac Creek Bridge, Va., May 27, 1863.

Dear Parents: Your kind letters duly made their appearance. Undoubtedly much consolation was afforded you on being informed that we were spared in the recent battle. Many of our soldiers have fallen in the late battles around the Rappahannock. As you have heard so many rumors about the Eleventh Corps, and our 153d Regiment, of our falling back, I will endeavor to give you a correct statement of the position we held at the time we were so unexpectedly attacked on Saturday, May 2d. Our Corps (11th) was placed on the extreme right of the line of Hooker's army. Between its left and the right of the Twelfth Corps, our nearest support, there was a space of about a mile and a half (one-half mile). Some say it was intended by General Hooker that our corps should form a crotchet on the right flank of the army, and that through a misconception of orders it was placed as above stated. The enemy did not advance upon us in front as he should have done; but General Jackson by a well-executed turning movement, suddenly appeared in oblique order with close columns and attacked us in flank and rear. So suddenly and un-



Captain Theo. H. Howell, Co. D.



Lieutenant Wm. H. Houser, Co. D.

expectedly were we assailed that some of our men were shot in the back while sitting on their knapsacks. Surprised in this manner by an overwhelming force and a murderous volley, we were commanded to fall back, as any troops should have done under like circumstances. The poorest kind of generalship was displayed in placing us where we were. Being placed in a dense woods and nearly two feet abreast, having but a few pieces of artillery along the line. Our Corps has the honor of having given General Jackson his death wound. In the fork formed by the roads leading to Ely's and Germanna Mills, the woods had been fired and burned, consuming the dead of both armies, and perhaps also some of the wounded who were so seriously injured as to disable them from escape. Their sufferings must have been intense. Where private soldiers had been burned the fire had communicated with their cartridge boxes, exploding their contents and had terribly mutilated the body. The doctor said, 'May God deliver me from another such sight.' Our dead were stripped of their clothing by the enemy, but the treatment given our wounded was as kind as their own needy circumstances would allow. The Rebels admit their loss to have been much greater than ours. Thanks to Him who rules over us for our preservation of health and life. Brother Henry sends his love to all. Remember me to all.

Your son faithfully,
THEODORE MILLER."

Captain Theodore H. Howell, Co. D.

"I know that my men stood at least ten minutes firing in the line at Chancellorsville on Saturday evening, May 2d. Many of them fired as many as twenty rounds, and even had time to have fired more. I doubt not the statement of George Seigfried that he discharged as many as nine shots. The various companies as they stood in line of battle did not all retire at the same time. There was much confusion and the men did not retire until commanded by the superior commander. We were on the left of Company F. and were well enveloped before we made our escape. The 54th N. Y. of our Brigade was immediately behind our extreme right of the regiment. The 68th

N. Y. was also near by. The two Dickman cannon were small and were near Co. A on the left of the line. Captain Howard Reeder, of Company G, was on my left. Lieutenant Yeager of Company C was also on our left. He was also an excellent officer. The flag which the 153d bore through the battles was long after the war in possession of Colonel Glanz and Lieutenant Colonel Dachrodt. It had been exhibited on various gatherings of the regiment, and on request of the State authorities was returned to the Capitol of the State at Harrisburg. The Colonel presented a new one instead of the old tattered one. Subsequently the old one was sent to the Archives of the State. A cut of the dear old flag is furnished by our thoughtful Secretary, Comrade Mack. Through the courtesy of Adjutant General Thos. J. Stewart, a photographer, with whom Mr. Mack had made the arrangement, made the photo for the cut. The design of the colors is that of the ordinary United States ensign on which were printed the battles through which the old flag had passed. All imprints have become illegible and the fabric reduced to mere rags—pathetic to look upon.”

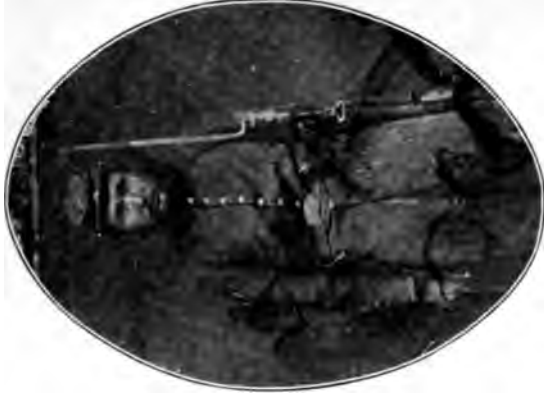
Letter from David Knauss, Co. D.

“I was in some hard marches. On one of them (the writer’s diary says, June 18), there were only enough men left in our Company (D) to make three rifle stacks. The rest had all given out on account of the excessive heat, and were left behind. I was in two hard battles, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. At the former we left our knapsacks before going into battle and never recovered them. There came on a cold rain, and we were ordered not to speak above a whisper until we got back across the pontoon bridge, (at U. S. Ford) The night was cold and we had a hard time of it. I found a wet blanket and went into the timber and built a fire to dry the blanket.

At the time we started to Chancellorsville, we had eight day’s



David Knauss, Co. D.



George Siegfried, Co. D.

rations dealt out to us. I divided mine so as to get through with it pretty well, but others who ate all they wanted, ran out of provisions and got so hungry they took corn from the horses troughs and parched it.

The first day at Gettysburg it seemed to me the rebels were bound to get to town. They shot a hole through the lines where we were, and our company was badly broken. When on the retreat, I kept loading and firing back on my own account. I was called in a few times to help take care of the wounded, and did the best I could, but would not give up my rifle. I then turned the wounded man (whom I was assisting) over to another fellow. Soon after this the hospital and all its inmates was captured. I picked up a better gun on the field. We were engaged at sharp-shooting, under heavy shelling the rest of the day. At night the enemy came up and drove us back to our battle line where they got the worst of it and were defeated that night. We had no officers left in our Company, and the next morning the few men remaining of Company D were put in another Company, the combined force numbering 22 men.

When I went to the army I took for my guide a Bible. The selection from which was the 91st Psalm. I lost the Bible in battle. Last August, 1908, I received a letter from my cousin, T. J. Knauss, of Emaus, Pa., saying that they had had a family reunion of 600 persons, and at that meeting they had the Bible which I had lost in the army. A Reformed minister of Toms Brooks, Va., saw in a paper a notice of the intended reunion. He had at the time this very Bible in his possession with my name in it. This was when 14 years ago he was stationed in South Carolina, when one of his parishioners who had been a confederate soldier, gave him the Bible. The book contained my name 'David Knauss, Army of the Potomac, born in Northampton County, Pa., son of Levi Knauss, Esq.' It had the Apostles' Creed written in German.

From the "National Tribune."

Rev. Curtis V. Strickland, Musician, Co. D., tells of battle of Chancellorsville.

"Editor *National Tribune*:—I am reading your history in the *National Tribune* of the battle of Chancellorsville with much interest. Our regiment, the 153d, Pa., was a member of the First Brigade, First Division, Eleventh Corps. Our regiment was on the extreme right, in the woods, and 'up in the air.' It was our first experience. The skirmish line was driven in, I should think, about 3 p. m. As they reached the line the entire brigade fired one volley. The drummer boys (and there were a lot of us), most all from Easton, Pa.—our ages from 14 to 16—the regimental band and a few others were to the right and rear of the regiment. We were having lots of fun, chasing rabbits, etc., little realizing what was going on in our front. When the volley was fired we drummers all started on a run, Snider lost his hat. The firing having ceased, we returned to our former place, guying each other. Gen. Devens soon came with his staff. I saw him in conversation with Gen. von Gilsa; then he left. They did not seem to be in the best of humor. We then resolved if there was another such occasion we would not run. We did not wait long. Skirmishing began, and they were soon driven in, and the battle was on. We stood this time until we saw our brigade retreat, then we, too, started. We were soon out of the woods, and in crossing an open field I was struck with a minie ball. I fell to the ground. Some of the boys stopped. Snider tried to help me. Then our Chaplain and Comrade Mack, now of Bethlehem, Pa., stopped and picked me up, assisting me into the woods. At my earnest request they, in sorrow, left. The rebels were coming. I told them as they would at once be taken prisoners, they should leave me. With sad hearts they said good-by, and none too soon, as the first line of battle, 'Jackson's men,' were there in a few minutes. I cannot ask space to explain and tell all I saw. However, will say, I lay in the woods until Monday afternoon, when I was



Lieutenant Wm. H. Beaver, Co. D.
(Only officer killed).



Curtis V. Strickland, Musician, Co. D.

found and taken to the house in the middle of the field mentioned, which was turned into a hospital. I was under fire in the woods all day Sunday, and can hardly comprehend how it happened that I escaped being hit again, for sometimes the shells exploded and bullets struck all around me. Then the terrible fire of the woods, especially the underbrush. I escaped being burned only by two Rebels helping me over the fire line, and laying me down where it had burned. I was found and taken back to the little house in the field, which was turned into a hospital. I saw a number of those who had been burned to death and other dead lying on the battlefield. The wounded had all been brought up. I was among the last ones rescued. In 13 days we were paroled, and under flag of truce were brought back in ambulances to our line, crossing at the United States Ford. My wound has given me much trouble all my days, but the comrades have appreciated my work, and I am gratified to know that all over our land, in every State, my music is used, especially on Memorial Day. If I am able I will attend the National Encampment at Toledo."

Comrade Strickland Relates the Following:

"In all probability, the house where I was taken after being rescued from the battlefield of Chancellorsville, was the house known in history as the Tally house. During my brief stay at the improvised hospital, a comrade, who visited another house on the battlefield, stated that he found a young man at said place, who was seriously wounded; and that he was a member of Co. E, of the 153d Pa. Regiment, from the description he gave me. I said, 'that, in all probability is Edward Body—a young man with whom I was well acquainted in my native town—Easton, Pa. In fact, we were school-mates.' When I returned after being paroled, I learned, that the young man spoken of, was missing since the battle. He was never heard of, and there is scarcely a doubt but that the young man was Edward Body as stated. I remember him as an estimable young man,

but he was numbered among that silent Company that never came back."

Levi F. Walters, Co. E.

"The following are two instances of bravery which, both for their individual interest and for their connection with the 153d Regiment, peculiarly merited a place in this history.

The first will doubtless be called to mind by many of the



Levi F. Walter, Private Co. E.

veteran readers of these pages, who could hardly have escaped being witnesses of it.

'SHE GAVE US GREAT CHEER.'

One would naturally suppose that news of the death of a beloved and trusted commander would have a depressing effect upon the troops under him. Just the reverse happened when, on that memorable first day of July, 1863, it was learned by the soldiers of the Eleventh Corps that General Reynolds had been killed.

'Avenge Reynolds!' was the shout that arose. It was echoed and re-echoed down that long line of hot, dusty and weary soldiers who had made what was almost a double-quick march



Captain John P. Ricker, Co. E.



Lieutenant Paul Bachschmid, Co. E.

from Emmitsburg, Maryland, to Gettysburg, a distance of eleven miles. And the death of Reynolds, instead of discouragement, gave a grim determination to his men.

The fight had already commenced west of the town when we of the 153d entered Gettysburg from the Emmitsburg Pike. Along this pike we had met a thousand or more citizens, fleeing from their homes, as from 'the wrath to come.' Gettysburg, when we entered it, was literally deserted. We advanced up the street from the Pike toward the town square, and here it was that the main event of this reminiscence took place.

Standing near the middle of the street, amid all the bursting of shells, was a young girl. She was handing out water in a tin dipper, taking it from a tub which her father, a man of about fifty, kept filling with buckets carried from his house nearby. These were the only two civilians in sight.

It is not difficult to imagine what an attraction this spot was for the soldiers, especially for the younger ones of us, who were as eager for the sight of a pretty girl as for the refreshing water she dipped with almost provoking impartiality. She wore a white dress, and an apron and bib representing the stars and stripes. This, as many will remember, was a style much worn by patriotic ladies at the time.

The writer, in his due turn, got a drink from the dipper lifted by those brave young hands. He recalls saying to the girl, 'This is no place for you.' 'Oh, it's all right, I think,' was her reply.

In his magnificent speech at Nazareth in May, 1909, General Howard related an incident of a girl who waved a flag to the soldiers in a street in Gettysburg where the bullets and shells were flying thick. He must have referred to the same girl, although the heroine of the present account was more profitably engaged. There can, at any rate, be no more fitting tribute to this girl's memory than the words of General Howard, 'She was very brave, and she gave us great cheer.'

A REAL LEADER.

One more instance of brave conduct, of which the writer is possibly the only witness living.

In the first day's fight on Barlow's Knoll at Gettysburg, the overwhelming Rebel forces, as all know, drove our comparatively thin line back. The writer, who lay on the ground at the extreme right of the line, with a bullet wound through a knee joint, remembers watching, with mingled apprehension and pride, the stubborn retreat of our regiment.

It was after the main body of soldiers had gone back about a hundred yards that the writer saw Captain Howard Reeder of Company G standing not ten feet away. He was deliberately discharging his revolver into the ranks of the onrushing Rebels. He then turned and ran. How he ever got away without being killed is a miracle, as the Rebels could not have been more than 15 feet from him.

This was certainly the deed of the type of leader who orders his men not, 'Go in there,' but 'COME ALONG in.'

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Following the retreat of our regiment and its subsequent rally, the writer was in danger, as he lay on the field, of being shot again by his own comrades. That this did not occur was entirely owing to the kind services of a Confederate soldier.

Nearby there was a clump of large trees, (which, by the way, have since been cut down). Now in the enemy's line, formed in the rear, was one particular Rebel who took advantage of the protection afforded by these trees. As the balls from our own Union forces were flying fast all around him, the writer asked the Rebel to place a large, loose tree stump that lay a short distance away, in front of him. 'I don't like the idea of being hit by my own regiment,' he said.

Hardly had the Rebel gotten back behind his own tree when three minie balls struck the stump in front of the writer.

'Young man, I saved your life,' called the Rebel. The afore-said young man was not scant in his thanks, as may well be imagined.

SIGNALS FROM A HOSPITAL ROOF.

Lying in this same spot until the afternoon of July 2nd, the writer was then removed to the Poor House. No room being available there—the place was filled with Rebel wounded—he was put down in the yard, near the driveway.

Shortly before noon of the third, a Rebel signal corpsman got up upon the roof of the Poor House, and started to signal the Confederate Army.

Then began a terrific cannonade from the Union forces in their efforts to dislodge this fellow and stop his signaling. The shells passed over our heads and landed in the garden nearby. Judging from the effect upon the writer's own wound—each crash was like singeing the leg with hot iron—the suffering of the wounded in the Poor House must have been terrible.

This torture had continued for some time, when a bright young Confederate officer passed by. The writer called his attention to what the corpsman on the Poor House was doing, adding that he thought a hospital was not the place for a signaling station.

To the young officer's credit be it said that his face flushed with shame at the action of his comrade in arms. Drawing a revolver, he pointed it at the Rebel on the roof, and, with an oath, commanded him to come down or he would kill him. The fellow complied in a hurry, and the firing that had been directed upon the Poor House ceased at once.

Captain Lucius Q. Stout, Co. F.

There were few men in the regiment with whom the writer was better acquainted, especially in earlier life. He was a man of fine presence and of congenial spirit and manners. He made friends and held them. He took great pride in everything that pertained to his Company, and was deservedly popular with his men many of them having known him from boyhood.

One of the members of Company F, has furnished the following brief testimonial of his captaincy: "Captain L. Q. Stout may have had his faults, and who has none? My remembrance of him will always be pleasant. He was a true and honest officer in his duties and to his men. He was a father to his Company. He will be fondly remembered by every man who served under him."

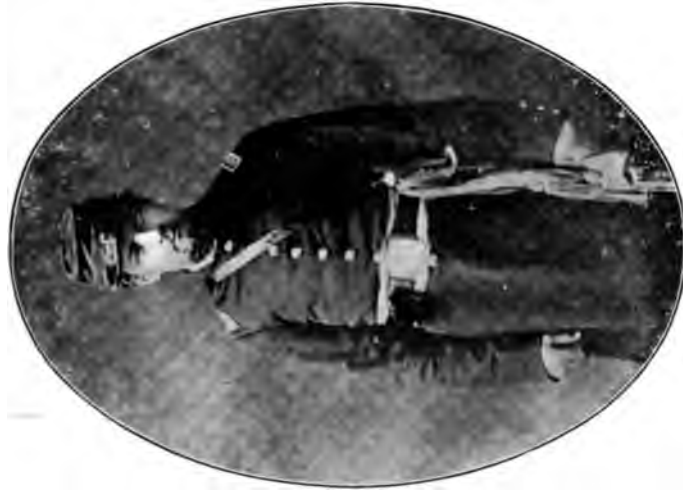
A long and serious illness prevented him from continuing with us during the entire service in the field. He was confined to the hospital much of the winter and late in the spring. A brief reference to the Captain's illness appears in the account furnished by Dr. Abraham Stout, one of our Surgeons.

Noah Dietrich, Co. E.

Comrade Dietrich: "We arrived at the Almshouse after passing through Gettysburg about noon and unslung knapsacks and threw them in an outbuilding. The cannon balls passed over us as we crossed the field. I was taken captive while in company with Ed. Haden of Co. E. We had an opportunity to pass over the battlefield of the first day. Here we found Capt. Ricker of our Company, who being wounded in the knee, had dragged himself behind a pile of cord wood as protection from the sun. We carried him over to a farm house, where a doctor dressed his wound. Presently a Rebel cavalryman came along and gathered us up when we were taken to Carlisle and paroled. We then went to Harrisburg by rail for the muster-out. (Spent some time at West Chester)."



Captain Lucius Q. Stout, Co. F.



Lieutenant Henry Barnes, Co. F.



Lieutenant Wm. Beidelman, Co. F.

Lieutenant Beidelman, Co. F.

William Beidelman was born in Lower Saucon Township, Northampton County, Pennsylvania, on January 17, 1840, and was a son of Daniel Beidelman, who served as a County Commissioner of that County. Soon after his birth, his father moved to Williams Township, where the subject of this sketch spent his boyhood days on the farm of his father. He received his education in the Township Schools, the New York Conference Seminary and Troy University. He became a law student in the office of Edward J. Fox, Esq., in the City of Easton, and in May, 1862, graduated from the Law Department of the University of Albany. He was then admitted to the Bar of Northampton County, where he practiced his profession almost continuously to the time of his death. During the civil war he enlisted as a member of Company F, 153d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, September, 1862, serving as Lieutenant of that Company; and took part with his regiment in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.

In October, 1871, he was elected District Attorney of Northampton County, which office he filled three years, and in November, 1878, was elected to represent that County in the Senate of Pennsylvania, for the term of four years. In 1890, he was elected Mayor of the City of Easton, and served in that capacity until April, 1894. He was also a member of Dallas Lodge, No. 396, F. & A. M., and of Hugh de Payens Commandery, No. 19, Knights Templar.

Mr. Beidelman was a writer and traveler of wide experience. He wrote the "Story of the Pennsylvania Germans," and personally collected most of the data for his book, making a number of trips to Germany for that purpose. At the time of his death he was engaged in writing a history of the Germans, who early emigrated from the Palatinate District of Germany to America. He had collected much original data on this subject from the early German records, still in existence in that district. He died February 1, 1903, and was buried in the Easton cemetery.

Lines in memory of Lieut. William H. Beaver, of Co. D, 153d Pa. Vol., who was struck in the heart with a minie ball, falling dead by the side of his comrades at the battle of Gettysburg. Taken from "Garland Their Graves No. 5," by, C. V. Strickland.

"Take Thy Rest."

1.

"Sleep on, dear comrade, and now take thy rest;
The grave where thou liest is hallowed and blest.
In the heat of the battle, when fiercely it raged,
Thy sword was unsheathed where the flag proudly waved.

2.

The spot where thou liest in old Gettysburg
Shall ne'er be forgotten, while ages may surge.
We sing of thy manhood, a soldier so true,
Thy name's on the record with those of the blue.

3.

And while in the grave that is hallowed and blest,
Thy body is now so sweetly at rest;
In the heaven of peace, thy spirit so pure
Is dwelling and resting with Jesus secure.

4.

We will not recall thee from heaven above,
For soon we shall join thee in that home of love;
And there in the land of the pure and the blest,
We, too, shall forever be sweetly at rest.

5.

With beautiful flowers thy grave shall be strewn,
The emblems of memory with richest perfume.
That beautiful mansion our Lord shall prepare,
A home of the faithful, with thee we shall share."

Sergeant Samuel Lantz, Co. F.

On the 2d day of the battle of Gettysburg I assisted comrade Lantz from the field to a barn by the roadside—the Baltimore Pike. When I left him and another wounded man I forgot to take with me my haversack. Twenty years after the war the widow of comrade Lantz sent me some of the articles, which I value very highly. Another incident, more singular than otherwise occurred. After my return from leading him to a place of safety, I was standing near the cannon in front of the cemetery gate, when a shell exploded killing a horse. During a visit on those grounds in the year 1892, I was standing on the very spot, when a boy came along selling relics which were picked up, and I bought a piece of a shell on the identical spot where I had stood under the deadly range of the flying balls of Lee's guns twenty-nine years ago.

At the time I was nursing in the 11th Corps hospital, I spent a night of the most awful heart strain I had ever experienced. A young man lay under the eaves of the barn during a torrent of rain with but slight covering surrounded by hundreds of others. His cries for help were truly the most heart-rending one could listen to. His shrieks became unendurable. I hunted about to learn from what direction the calling came and finally found him under some boards which had been hastily laid up for shelter. I asked him where he was wounded and he could not tell, except that he had great pain between his shoulders. I removed his shirt to ascertain the location and character of his wound and by the dim light of an old lantern I succeeded in finding a wound between his shoulder-blades, the shape of the incision being exactly that of a bayonet. From the size of the hole the weapon must have pierced deeply into his body. On the visit above mentioned I found a rusty bayonet in an adjoining building which the owner of the building gave me as a souvenir.

Sergeant Edward J. Kiefer, Co. F.

Edward J. Kiefer, Co. F, (brother of the writer) was a faithful soldier. His relations with the members of his Company were always the most cordial, and for the term was the quartermaster for the Company. He was captured on the skirmish line before Culp's Hill, but was paroled and returned with the Company and was mustered out with the command. He was in company with Charles M. Shively and several other friends who were among the captives. The spot where they were captured; indicated by comrade Shively, is evidence of the fact that they were in the thickest of the battle from which their escape was marvelous.

Jeremiah Transue, Co. F.

Jeremiah Transue, an honorable neighbor of the writer, was faithful up to the time of his serious wounding, and had the sympathy of a large number of his comrades.

S. C. Romig, Co. F.

"On our way to Gettysburg from Emmitsburg, we traveled through muddy roads, as it had rained considerable and it seemed to be the most peculiar sort of clay, being of a very sticky nature. I did not give attention to it until I was wounded and lying in the hospital. For several days my feet annoyed me very much and I asked a nurse to remove my shoes. He tried to take them off but finally said it was impossible. I told him to cut them off as the mud had become so hard and dry that there was no way of removing them. He got the shoes off but he forgot to wash my feet, and the soil remained on them until it wore off. On the long march to Gettysburg the shoes had become literally worn out; the bare skin being exposed. During the retreat of the first day back through the town we passed through grain fields. In one of them the grain had



Wm. H. Taylor, Co. F.



Chas. M. Shively, Co. F.



Sergeant Edward J. Kiefer, Co. F.

been cut and removed, and the ground was what the farmer calls a stubble field. I, with my exposed feet, ran with the rest of the men and the Rebels close at our heels. Figuratively speaking I saw stars in broad-day-light. Meantime I thought of home and friends but ready to shoot every Rebel in sight. We finally landed on Cemetery Hill behind the stone fence. Here I thought let them come now, shoes or no shoes, we will let them know that we are here. After being behind these fortifications for a while we soon saw the Rebel skirmish line drawing out on our right. Orders came soon for us to go down and meet them which we did, in the fields down below Cemetery Hill. My position at this time was behind a rail fence and I laid my rifle on a rail to fire whenever a rebel popped up out of the tall grass or from behind a tree to fire at us. That was the way in which we had to pick them off when the opportunity came. I was just in the act of firing when I was hit by a ball in my left knee. I, of course, ceased firing, and lay down and took in the situation which was very sorrowful for me and rendered me helpless to move. Lieutenant Barnes, commander of the Company, at that time came near where I was lying. I told him quickly the condition I was in, as there was no time for a long story. He sent two men to carry me from the field and away from danger, which they did willingly, I suppose to get away themselves. They took me up to Cemetery Hill across the road and laid me down in some grass when my two comrades, which were, so kind to me, vanished. I looked about and learned that I was lying in a grave yard, the old Gettysburg cemetery. Soon, however, an ambulance came along and I was taken up, and the horses driven as fast as they could go, and I was lodged in the Eleventh Corps hospital. I was laid on the threshing floor of the barn used for a hospital. and laid down near the big door. There I had a fine view of the bursting shells coming in our direction. It was at the time of Pickett's charge. There were at one time six explosions of shells in one moment. It was a grand sight indeed, but the danger was becoming so great that every man was removed

excepting myself and an old German, who expressed himself in something like the words, '*Och du lieber Gud was gebds nuch.*' The surgeon who had been in shortly before looking at my wound ran for his life, his coat tail standing straight out. As he passed the door he called out to me, 'get out of there as soon as you can,' the same time knowing that I could not move. He soon sent two men to carry me away, which they did. They placed me in the lower part of the barn, in a building called a wagon shed. This place was occupied mostly by wounded Rebels. I was now out of sight, but not out of danger. These fellows were my company for two weeks, they arguing for their cause and I for ours."

George King, Co. F.

Comrade King was an expert horseman and on that account was detailed by the Quartermaster for teamster and was connected with the brigade trains.

To supply ammunition in the battle of Chancellorsville, he was sent in company with another team to deliver a load of cartridges to the army beyond the Rappahannock. A six mule team could draw 25 cases of 100 lbs. each. He was one of the men who foraged for corn at the time when men and animals were destitute of food at the encampment of Stafford Court House. He relates the sad case of a soldier who in great desperation for food asked permission to eat corn from the mess the teamster was about feeding to his team, and the man ate so ravenously of the raw whole corn that in three hours he died from the effects. He relates an incident of men in a half starved condition eating meat taken from the head of an animal which had many days before been killed for food and the skeleton of the carcass left entire.

On the march from Brooks Station to Gettysburg Comrade King was attacked with typhoid fever, and with many other sick

men was removed to Columbia Hospital, Washington, D. C. There he remained until October. On his arrival in Easton at night, though still weak from his long illness he started for his home and on the way in the darkness was overtaken by a man on horseback; who happened to be a neighbor of his parents. On speaking to him to his great joy he learned that he was Charles Long, who instantly dismounted and placed the soldier in the saddle and accompanied him to his father's home. The joy of the family was undescribable, and all sleep was suspended for the entire night.

Notes by W. H. Marsteller, Co. F.

"The men I recall who were detailed to assist in the cutting of the trees in front of the line May 2d, were James Woodring, William Stover, Amos Queer. General von Gilsa was present and directed the work. He rode a sorrel mare. Andrew Seigler was the first man killed from the regiment. I fired five rounds before we retired.

I recollect many things about the boys. At Gettysburg during the first days fighting Comrade Philip Halpin was killed between the Almshouse and Barlow's Knoll. I knew Sergeant Edward Kiefer. He always looked out for us in dealing out the bread. Charles M. Shively was a prisoner; so was Chamberlain. John Kressler was a good, pious soldier. So was Edwin Boder. Captain Stout was sick and wholly unfit for duty most of the time. Lieutenant William Beidelman was a regular rooster, very patriotic. Steven B. Frick was a wagon-driver. So was Blackley. Abraham Benner was a good soldier, was wounded at Chancellorsville. Then there was Stephen Romig and William Raub both good soldiers. William H. Riehl was the life of the Company. Ira Scherry was 'transported,' did camp duty. I knew Jesse Soys who was wounded, he has since died. George Steckel was Company cook, and was promoted to Brigade cook; John Balliet was his assistant.

Jackson Stein was dubbed "Stonewall Jackson." He got the mules through the mud by using strong arguments. William Stoneback had charge of the medical donkey. He said the mule was wounded and that he destroyed part of the medicine to keep it from falling into the enemy's hands. There was Aaron Sandt, of Bath, and John Snyder a member of the Band. Joseph D. Stocker was a mule driver. William H. Taylor was a fine man. Charles Wassar drove the ambulance wagon, and since became a veterinary surgeon. Nathaniel Weigner was a tanner and the base drum of the Band having been bursted, Weigner entered a tannery at Burkettsville and found a calf skin in the vat which he tanned for the drum."

William G. Tomer, Co. F.

Comrade Tomer has passed from the scenes of the earthly life. He was a much respected and loyal comrade, and filled an unusually important position in the army. His talents for clerical work, and his superior penmanship brought him to the notice of General Howard who at one time gave him employment of responsibility and recommended him to a position of trust in the government after the war. He was also private secretary for Captain Stout of Co. F. He was honorably discharged with his Company.

John Kressler, Co. F.

A young man of excellent christian habits, who from pure patriotic and conscientious motives enlisted in the defense of his country, was highly esteemed by the men of his Company and especially of the mess to which he belonged in camp.



John Kressler, Co. F.



Philip R. Halpin, Co. F.



Abraham J. Benner, Co. F.

Reuben Transue, Co. F.

Comrade Reuben Transue was a friend of the writer. We very much regret that he left no account of his experience. All his associates have also died. Fortunately his family have fur-



Reuben Transue, Co. F.

nished a picture of him which we cheerfully add to the list of well remembered comrades. He served his country and has gone to his reward.

Wm. H. Taylor, Co. F.

This exemplary man was an intimate friend of the writer, and it is a singular incident that he is the only one to whom the writer spoke while in the entrenchments at both battles. The first occasion was while our men lay behind earthworks near the United States Ford, and the second instance occurred behind a low stone fence near the cemetery entrance on Cemetery Hill. He advised us of the danger of the sharpshooters, which suggested retirement to duties in the hospital. All the men of our mess are dead and very few of our Company are now living.

A. J. Benner, Co. F.

Abraham J. Benner, born on December 29, 1840, in Lower Saucon Township, Northampton County, Pennsylvania. First enlistment, April 18, 1861, Company A, First Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, discharged July 23, 1861, at Harrisburg, Pa., expiration of term of enlistment. Re-enlisted September 30, 1862, Company F, 153d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

He was in engagement, Chancellorsville, Va., May 1st, 2d and 3d, 1863, and was wounded by gun shot in right shoulder, May 2d.

Comrade Benner's regiment occupied a position on the right wing, facing the southern army under General Jackson. In the beginning of the engagement the regiment had been ordered to lie down on their stomachs to shoot, roll over on their backs to load guns, thereby escaping the rebel balls. While in the act of loading his rifle a cartridge became jammed in the barrel, Comrade Benner arose to his feet to force the cartridge into place, while doing so, a Rebel soldier about ten paces in front of him, took deliberate aim and fired, wounding him in the right shoulder, bringing Comrade Benner to his knees, but he returned the Rebel soldier's fire. At this very moment the Union army was ordered to retreat, while retreating Comrade Benner met an ambulance which took him to the field hospital. Here he remained all night, when next morning, the hospital being in line with the ammunition train which the Rebels were shelling, the order came for all the wounded that were able to run, to hurry across the Rappahannock at United States Ford. He stayed here at signal station all that day and night. The next morning the Rebel army commenced to throw shells across the river towards the signal station and ammunition train, when again the order came for all the wounded soldiers that could, to run. Fifteen of the wounded soldiers including Comrade Benner were loaded into an army wagon

and taken to Stoneman's Switch, here they were loaded into a cattle car and taken to Aquia Creek Hospital. Stayed here two weeks, transferred to the Regimental Hospital for one week, then sent home on a ten days furlough.

After coming home Comrade Benner's wound becoming worse, he was unable to return to the front and was finally mustered out with his regiment on July 24, 1863, at Easton, Pa.

The Men of Company F.

Comrade John Koken, whose widow lives at 328 Lehigh St., Easton, was a good soldier. We were school boys together, living in the same neighborhood from early childhood. He was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg. While I was around the hospital, assisting in the care of 1500 wounded, I strolled out back of the barn (our hospital) and wholly unexpected I found my friend John lying under shelter of a few boards which had one end laid on a fence. It was along side a barrack. He was very glad to see me, and his case was pitiable enough. He had been wounded in the chest, and the great profusion of blood had saturated his clothes, pocket book and all. There were \$60 in bills so covered with blood that they required soaking and washing. I laid them out on the boards, with some pieces of garments, also, to dry. He requested me to send his money home. He was subsequently removed to a hospital, I think, in Newark. He lived many years and was employed in railroading.

There were 24 men of my Company wounded and 7 killed. I was acquainted with but two of those killed, Philip Halpin, and Jacob Unangst. Sergeant John Seiple died of wounds. He was in the ward of the barn and died near where I was in attendance. He suffered intensely from lockjaw, and when I saw that he could not live I thought death was preferable as I witnessed him breathing his last.

The Experience of Comrade Reuben Buch, Co. F.

"On the 29th of May, 1863, I made my escape from the Corps hospital at Brooks' Station, where I had been for four weeks under treatment for rheumatism and diarrhea results of typhoid fever. I had been on the sick list four months, and had become very lean. We had a big, fat, good-natured doctor.... I think his name was Shaw. I had been buzzing the doctor for about ten days to let me go to the regiment, and his answer always was that I was not fit for duty. The stench in the hospital among the many wounded was unendurable, and I told the doctor that fresh air would do me good, and if he would let me go to the regiment I would soon be all right. But he said 'If the regiment should start on a campaign what would you do?' I told him I could find my way back to the hospital again. So luckily.... I got permission, on condition that I would report to the regimental doctor.... it did not take me very long to get out of that place. It was two long miles to where the regiment was encamped, and it was a warm day. I had to rest two or three times before I got there. Instead of reporting to the doctor as I had agreed to, I reported to the Captain of my Company for duty. I informed him on what condition I got out of the hospital, and told him to use me gentle, as he always did. We remained in this camp only a few days.... I was detailed for camp guard, and it fell to my fortune to guard a lot of bailed hay. I remember the relief had a good time finding me under the hay, when it came time for guard relief. I must have been sleeping, for who ever thought of keeping awake on so good a bed—not I. We left this camp and removed about two miles to another. I think we were moved for the benefit of our health more than for anything else. This short march seemed to me about ten miles long, and I was very near the end of my strength when we went into camp. Here we put up a comfortable tent.... so arranged that we could roll up the sides during the day which made it nice and cool. But we did not enjoy our tent very long; I think about a week. During the week we had a good deal of excitement, being called



Reuben F. Ruch, Co. F.

out almost every night. It was either a tramp to the picket line, or forming line of battle before daylight. The orders, four days rations, and one hundred rounds of ammunition in the cartridge-box and knapsack. I must say that we always had ammunition in abundance even if the rations were a little short at times. This with us made no difference. During the last of the short time we spent in this camp we could hear heavy cannonading every evening in the direction of Fredericksburg, and we knew there was going to be trouble somewhere before long. Under these circumstances many of our men might have been thinking about the next world, but we had not yet gotten through with this one, and our minds got to running on a plan how to clean out the sutler before leaving the camp. On the evening that this work was to take place, the old fellow was on guard all night and kept his lamps burning. I always thought that he had gotten wind of our intentions. This being the last night that we remained here in camp, the sutler was not cleaned out as he should have been. But then I think I am square with him for I still owe him a bill of five dollars.

On the 12th of June, (1863), at about 2 o'clock p. m., we commenced the famous march to Gettysburg. It was very dry for we had had no rain since the 9th of May. The dust was from two to three inches deep; and one could see the heat waves curl up from the dry roads about twenty-five feet, having the appearance of the sun shining on a piece of hot iron. The wells and springs were about all dry, and the creeks very low. The clouds of dust would rise about one hundred feet above us, and I was informed that these clouds of dust could be seen for miles.

Here is where I failed to carry out my part of the agreement with the doctor when I left the hospital. Instead of returning to the hospital I shouldered my knapsack, one hundred rounds of ammunition, three days rations, and a new Austrian rifle, I stepped in the ranks with the boys. I had gained somewhat in flesh and strength, but could not eat the coarse rations....but kept

in ranks for eight or ten miles, when I called a halt. I took a look through my knapsack, and found I had some clothing which I could get along without. . . . and when I got through with my search the knapsack looked about as thin as I did. After this I met the Chaplain, and he was very anxious to know how I was getting along. As the water in the canteen had given out and I was very thirsty, I told him that water was scarce and hard to get and I thought a good drink of whiskey would be a great help to move a fellow along. I was hinting very strongly for a drink. But instead of getting a drink, I lost the friendship of the Chaplain. . . . I soon came up with my Company, and here I found a negro wench in the ranks hoofing it along like a good fellow, but she soon dropped to the rear. We went into camp about dark, and, oh, my! such sore feet as I had. When I pulled off my socks. . . . every toe had a blister and on the big joint back of the big toe the skin came off with the sock, as big as an old fashion copper cent. I did not stop to eat supper that night, but I lay down on my rubber blanket with my overcoat for cover, and was soon in the land of dreams.

June 13th reveille sounded at 3 a. m., and we left camp just at the break of day. There had been considerable speculation the day before as to where we were going. And as the road had been bearing toward the left, or south, the word was 'left to Richmond;' when the road turned toward the right this morning, saying was 'right for Washington.' My feet were in a very bad condition. . . . after marching. . . . for eight or ten miles, two large blisters formed on the bottom of my feet about an inch wide and two inches long. I had to stop and open these blisters and it was just like walking on coals of fire after this operation. It was not long before I was getting into the rear. I got so far behind the columns that I finally got into the ambulance corps, when I caught hold of a wagon which pulled me along three or four miles, and I was quite relieved. I got off the road looking for water, for I was very thirsty. I came to a pond in a field not far from the road. This was the worst water I ever had tried to drink. It was covered with a thick,

green scum with a lot of big long-legged flies skating over it. The pond was about two inches deep and filled with young frogs—the water was thick and smelled so strong that I could not drink it. But I must have water and filled my canteen out of this pond. I put into the canteen about two teaspoonfuls of coffee to flavor it. I came up with my Company shortly after,—and as I stepped into the ranks the boys asked me ‘have you got any water?’ Not a drop was my answer, still having about half a canteen of the stuff I had gotten out of the pond. But water was water and I could not give it away. I drank it all before we came to water again.

We stopped to cook a cup of coffee about noon. Here was a little stream of water not over one foot and a half wide and about three or four inches deep, running water. It was pure, but as far as I could see up the stream the boys were washing their feet in it, and by the time it got down to where we were it was pretty well flavored. But this use of it made no difference to us. We made coffee out of it, drank of it, and washed our feet in it, and as far as I could see down the stream everybody was using it for the same purposes.

I bought a pair of woolen socks from one of my comrades for fifty cents on credit, for we had no money. I do not remember now whether I ever paid for them, but I promised to do so, and that was enough those days. By the time I got my feet fixed up....the bugle called for us to get up and travel. I started with the regiment, and kept up for some time, but I had to frequently stop to fix up my feet by the operation on their bottoms....and under these circumstances got away to the rear of my regiment into the wagon train. By degrees I caught up with the regiment, about a mile before it reached camp, on Cedar Run....when I came up my Company gave three cheers for me as they always did on my arrival. We were just starting when a big fellow by the name of Benjamin Mann, dropped in the road with sun-stroke and was carried out under a shade tree and the doctor called. He was with us again in a

few days but the poor fellow was killed at Gettysburg. I will mention him again before the end of my story. We went into camp at Cedar Run about 5 o'clock p. m. We made thirty miles this day. It was on a wager with the 2d Brigade. Brigadier von Gilsa had put up three hundred dollars that the 1st Brigade could out-march the 2d. The 1st Brigade was in camp about one hour before the 2d arrived. The General (Gilsa) made a fine little speech to us congratulating us on our marching qualities, and thanking us for making the distance in the short time and beating the 2d Brigade.

After supper (coffee and hard-tack)—I went down about one hundred yards through a nice meadow, to take a bath. I thought I would return to camp in my bare feet, but I could not walk, so I got down on my hands and crawled back to camp. . . . an incident happened on the march. We came to a well which had an old fashioned oaken bucket and windlass. The crowd around the well was about two rods deep, and every man as dry as harvest hands. I worked my way up through the crowd and came behind a big fellow by the name of Wolf who belonged to Company D. He looked over his shoulder and said to me, 'hang on to me Rube.' I got hold of Wolf with my tin in hand, and held to his waist. He got hold of the bucket as soon as he could reach it. Three men on the other side of the well got hold of it the same time Wolf did. Wolf got the bucket and two of the men on the other side came very near falling in. My tin was full of dust, but was the first one in the bucket. But to get the tin out full of water was quite another thing. All that could crowded their tins on top of mine, and by the time I got mine out I had a half tinfu of dust and water. By the time I had drank this the bucket had fallen to the bottom of the well. The boys went marching on. I think Wolf did not get a drop of water for his trouble.

On the 14th reveille sounded at about 5 o'clock. After breakfast of coffee and hard-tack, a rumor came through camp that this was Sunday, and that it would conflict with General Howard's religious principles to march on Sunday. I for one was

wishing that the General's religious spell would last all day, but by ten o'clock a. m. the bugle sounded calling us to get ready to march. While we were packing the band gave us lots of music. But music had very little effect on us for we were too near dead....If I had been offered ten thousand dollars this morning to march ten miles I would have refused it; for in my condition it was impossible for me to march. After the music, came the old familiar command 'fall in.' But the boys did not get up and fall in, but answered the call in language I have requested the historian to omit if he thought best. As our officers could not get us started, finally our old Brigadier General von Gilsa gave the command in his strong vernacular (full of expletives) which had the desired effect to get the command in motion. On account of the condition of the men it was almost impossible to move them. We rested at the end of the first half mile; the next coming at the end of a mile; then we made a few miles when we began to get warmed up then there were no more stops until we came to Broad Run. Being behind when the rest came into camp I told the doctor that I could not go any further. Dr. Stout told me that when the column started I should drop out and he would give me a pass for the ambulance, and that he knew that I was...not able to keep in ranks....I went down to the run for some water...it was the same old story everybody's feet needed a washing and as far as I could see up the creek it was full of men, horses, and mules. I got my dinner of hard-tack and coffee...started before the regiment and came to a nice shady place by the roadside. Here I waited to keep my appointment with the doctor, but when the regiment came along the boys all dropped into the shade. After a little rest I felt better and started off with the regiment, having put off my appointment with the doctor. After a mile or so we had another rest, then they got us down to business again. We struck the Orange and Alexander railroad near Catlett Station then followed the railroad to Manassas Junction. Here were some general officers reviewing us. The dust from Manassas to Bull Run was about three

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inches deep. Just as I had thought of dropping out to wait for the doctor we heard a few cannon shots in the direction of Bull Run. We were lined on the side of the road for two batteries and a regiment of cavalry to pass in that dust. I think that for a distance of four miles ahead of us we could see nothing ten feet in front of us on account of the dust. . . . my hips were raw from the belt of my cartridge box. I took off the belt and placed it about my shoulders, and kept in ranks until I got to Bull Run. Here I was attacked with a sort of blindness and dropped beside a tree. I had a fellow with me when I stopped, but when he left me I did not know, but found myself alone in the dark at Bull Run. I filled my canteen and took the road to Centreville. After crossing the Run I met an artilleryman. I asked him about the 1st division of the Eleventh Corps, and he informed me that they had gone on to Centreville, five miles distant. This bit of news was not very encouraging. Five miles to go alone after night, tired and footsore. I soon met another fellow and he said they were encamped on the McHenry farm, and pointed out to me the campfires. I took a cross-cut and came to an old mill race with about a foot of water in it, and wading through it soon came to a camp. But the men around the campfire looked strange to me; they were so dusty, that their uniforms looked more like the Rebel gray than the Union blue. I knew none of the men. I asked for the 1st division of the Eleventh Corps, then for the 1st brigade and to both inquiries the answer was, here. I then asked for the 153d Regiment and the answer I got was, here. Then I asked for Company F, and got the same answer, here. Here I was in my own Company and did not know them.

I tried to make a cup of coffee, but a fellow stepped on a stick and upset my coffee pot into the fire. I gave him a dutch blessing and went to bed without my supper. This day we had marched twenty-two miles. . . . Bull Run was always looked upon as dangerous ground, and whenever we got into the neighborhood of it we looked for a fight. . . .

On the 15th we drew some rations and among them was the

same old mess pork, the fatty portion of which was six inches thick. This was the first meat of any kind we had received since the 12th of June, the meals of the intervening days had been crackers and coffee and coffee and crackers. We had no time to cook the pork so we would cut off a slice, run a stick through it and toast it over the fire to fry the salt out of it. Then scrape the salt off it and eat it just about raw....It was not long after we left camp the drinking commenced, and we drank all the water we could find along the road. It made no difference to us whether it was good or clean, only so it was wet. The weather was very warm and drinking so much water caused many poor fellows to fall by the wayside. We came along where they were burying men who had died from the effects of drinking too much water....we did not know how soon our time would come to go hence. We got to Centre-ville somewhere between 8 and 9 a. m., and I was not long finding a spring, with a crowd about three rods thick. I crowded into the spring. By lying down I could reach the water, could get about one-third of a tin full at each dip, and got my canteen full of mud and water. I got out of the crowd and came up to the village and soon saw another well with a wooden pump in it. I was the first man on the ground. I met a boy about ten years of age at the well....He said let me fill your canteen. I told him to let me see some of the water first as my canteen was full of spring water. Such excellent water I had not seen for many a day. I told him he might fill my canteen and he went to work at once. He commenced to pour out the contents—mud, water, coffee grounds, lemon peels and the like. It was truly laughable to see the look of astonishment on the lad's face as he saw the contents of the canteen....well my tin cup, coffee kettle, canteen, myself included were all full of that good water, and I left the boy with a soldier's blessing....on my arrival in the street I met doctor Stout, and asked him whether he wished a drink....he emptied the tin cup for me and said, 'where did you get that water?' I told him and he went to fill his canteen....we removed our camp to a

meadow, near a nice spring, . . . General Hinzleman's Corps was encamped around Centreville, and some of his men called on us. But they did not seem to think much of us, claiming we were too dirty and hard looking for gentlemen to associate with. We removed our shoes, and dressed our feet. Then we lay around all day, and needed no camp guard to keep the boys in camp. In the evening the Hinzleman soldiers had dress parade, with their shoes blackened and white gloves on. This was the only time I had seen white gloves while in the army of the Potomac.

If I remember right it was on this evening that our Colonel Glanz arrived, returning from Richmond, Libby prison. . . . We all turned out in our stocking feet to greet the Colonel. He made a speech to us and dropped a few silent tears. The old man had changed since I had seen him last. He was quite corpulent when he was with us before, but when he got back he was just about as thin as I was. After he joined us he went with the regiment a few days, but he did not take command, as he claimed he was not well. . . . On the 17th as I arose, a comrade of mine by the name of Henry Zearfass, was still sleeping. I aroused him and told him to get his breakfast as there was a hard day's march before us. He told me his commissary supplies had run out. I took my cap and went around among the boys and soon had it full of coffee, sugar and hard-tack which filled his haversack for him. He was a nice young fellow, but he had no cheek. He would starve before he would beg. After breakfast while we were packing up my tent-mate had a nice piece of bacon, and he said to me 'Rube I am going to throw this away I can't eat pork anyhow.' I told him to give it to me I would carry it; for I thought the gentleman would eat pork about noon. And I was right. . . . we left Centreville about 4 a. m., . . . We had made five or six miles when a halt was made, and this brought us to a house. There were three men at the house, one had a bandage around his head, one had his arm in a sling, the other was lame. The boys accused them of being Rebels, and they denied it. Myself and



Captain Henry J. Oerter, Co. C.



Lieutenant Benj. F. Boyer, Co. C.

others were leaning against the garden fence. In the garden there was a nice bed of onions, the fence fell over and all I got was two onions and as the bugle sounded for us to fall in I looked down across the meadow and saw some of the Germans after a drove of geese. They were using a long pole with which they were knocking the heads off the geese. That was to me a new way of killing geese....After marching a few miles we came to a little creek. Here we were ordered to fill our canteens, as we would not again find water for twelve miles....we kept in ranks for about ten miles. The water had given out, the sun was very hot, and I commenced to get blind. I told my tent-mate I would drop in the shade a few minutes, and he said he was with me. We stopped about fifteen minutes then went on. The road was lined with men who were occupying every shady place. My Company had fifty-six men, and our orderly sergeant with five men were all that were left to stack arms. My partner's nickname was 'Chunkey.' He was over six feet tall and very thin. We were about 15 minutes late coming up to camp and when we halted, I said to Chunkey which will you do build a fire or go to the creek for water?We took a seat under a shade tree to eat our dinner,—coffee, hard-tack and raw bacon. I brought out the piece of bacon which Chunkey was going to throw away in the morning. I cut off a corner and began to eat it when I said Chunkey have a piece it tastes good. I handed his piece which was five inches square and two inches thick, and he ate it with great relish, the grease meantime dropping from his chin before he got through with it. The 18 or 20 miles we had come from Centreville had brought Chunkey to his appetite....we moved on a few miles further and went into camp on the banks of Goose Creek, by a mill dam, a splendid place to swim, and I think everybody took a bath. In the afternoon when the rear guard came into camp they brought with them about a dozen to fifteen long-legged narrow-chested pleasant Virginia farmers. They had their hands in their pockets, stood round shouldered like a hound in a mush-pot. They were under a strong guard.

It rained some during the night, and they were the picture of distress the next morning. I then learned that two of our men had had their ears cut off, and that two had been found with their throats cut. They all belonged to our brigade, which was the reason for bringing these innocent, peaceable farmers into our camp. What was done with them I never learned. They all looked as if hanging might be too good for them. I always had respect for a man who being an enemy would declare himself such, and come out and fight. But I never had any love for those innocent bushwhackers.....

....We remained on the banks of Creek till the afternoon, when we moved about a mile back from the Creek and encamped near a farm house. The old farmer was Rebel to the back-bone. He would not take the oath of allegiance and the boys took everything he had, and would have carried off the farm, but he took the oath and had a guard furnished him.

As we went into our camp we put up our pup tent, as a heavy thunderstorm was coming our way. It rained very hard and continued all night. After we had our supper and had smoked the pipe of peace, I and Chunkey, and the other mess-mate whom we shall call Feldy, for that was his nickname, had gone to bed and I was asleep. I was called up to go on picket....in this detail for pickets there were seventy-five from our regiment. We were marched to division headquarters, where we were ordered to load our guns, and where we were joined by other details, from other regiments, in all about three hundred men. We were then placed in charge of three mounted officers and started for the picket line. We were to relieve the pickets who were out. The night was pitch-dark, and we could not see the man that was in front of us, so in order to keep together each man took hold of the coat-tail of the man in front of him. We had to cross fields which had ditches which had been washed out by heavy rains, and it was no uncommon incident to find five or six men on top of each other in a ditch, or the same number taking a tumble over a big stone....after

we got through the fields, we entered a wood road where the going was better than in the fields. How far we tramped in the woods is more than I can tell....but we could find no pickets and our guides were hopelessly lost. They called a halt and held a council and concluded to remain where we were. We had passed through our picket line and it was not safe to return that way in the darkness. Chances were that somebody might get hurt. We got orders to make ourselves as comfortable as we could and not make any noise. Under cover of my blanket leaning against a tree I was soon fast asleep and did not wake until the break of day. As I awoke I found I was sitting in two inches of water. As it was not the first time that I was sleeping in a mud hole it was nothing new, and for the first time, since we left Fredericksburg I had more water than I needed....we started back towards camp, and about two miles back just at the edge of the woods we came into the picket line that we were to relieve the evening before. Our reception by the pickets was mixed with a good deal of profanity, but we called them down by informing them of how bright they had been to allow three hundred men to pass through their line unobserved. We relieved them, and after spending two hours on post returned to camp. We remained in this camp until June 24th. Nothing occurred during this time except we were ordered to fall in one afternoon, and were informed that three deserters were to be executed near Leesburg, Va.....I did not see much in it only that such was the doom of deserters, and I suppose was intended to give us a pointer not to desert. During our time here some sick who had recovered were returned, and those who were found sick with us were sent to that city. In our Company there was one man who thought he was sick. The rest of the Company thought he was playing off sick, and was trying to get into the hospitalHe reported to the doctors, was examined and came back to the Company with a gun and cartridge box. The first salute he received was, 'hello, you've got a box of pills. blue mass at that. They are enough to cure up any man in short

order.' Well the fellow got a great send off, and made himself scarce in a hurry and as near as I can remember he was cured. We had another fellow in our Company who was not well enough to carry arms. But his haversack had gotten too small for a sick man; so he went according to General Hooker's orders and made one out of a rubber blanket which would hold eight days rations. I am sure that it would hold more than three ordinary haversacks. I met this fellow once on a hard march in a wagon train. All he carried was the big haversack, and canteen, and a big staff in his hand to help him along, for he had the rheumatism. He was a regular out-and-out hospital bum....In the afternoon of the 24th we were notified to pack....we felt rested and ready for the road. Our afternoon's march was only eight or ten miles to Edwards Ferry on the Potomac river. We went into camp near a farm house on a bluff, half a mile back of the river....where we waited for the completion of the bridge then in course of construction. Here we had just a little fun. Our neighbors in one of the German regiments had found a sow and ten pigs, the pigs were nice and plump, about ten weeks old. They were nice for roasting. The dutch had killed all the pigs by the time I got around, and were just going for the old sow. She was about five feet long and three feet high and six inches wide. They had caught her and were holding a council of war over her. Some wanted her killed; others thought she was too lean. Able remarks were made on both sides. The final decision was to let her go, and she went....we retired to our bunks early as there were indications that we were to have a hard day's march on the morrow, and we did not know at what hour they might take a notion to start with us. On the 25th reveille sounded before three o'clock, and we were early crossing the pontoon bridge, which seemed to be a mile long. By keeping step we got quite a swing on it. We received many commands to break step....but we felt like giving the officers a good swing, and gave them a shaking up before we got across. But we also got our shaking up before night. We went through Poolsville and up the Potomac then turned a



Lieutenant Geo. H. Fritchman, Co. K.



Lieutenant Laurence Dutott, Co. K.

northeastern direction and crossed a mountain. It rained in the afternoon, a very cold rain. On arrival near Jefferson, Md., in the evening we were tired and wet. We camped in a nice field. The farmer turned out three teams to haul cord wood to save his fences. But impatiently we made a raid on a fence, the order of the officer was that we should take only the top rail, which we did until we reached the bottom, and took that also if it was not rotten. We had cleaned up about one hundred rods of fence by the time the teams arrived with the cord wood. It rained all night and we were wet to the skin, spent a miserable night, and after the usual old bill of fare in rain and high wind, the command came to fall in and we marched through Jefferson. The band struck up a jig, the boys gave a cheer, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the remarks made were, 'Who wouldn't be a soldier?'

Passing through mud from four to six inches deep, baggage wet and heavy, we passed on to the battle ground of South Mountain, near Burkettsville. Here we found a good many graves, mostly of New Jersey troops. Our brigade was sent in to this place to guard the gap; the rest of the corps went by another road to Middletown where we met them later. . . . Cherries were ripe and very plentiful in this place, and the boys did not object 'to pick cherries.' I and Chunkey took a walk. . . . had some cherries, when late in the afternoon Feldy came in camp with a great loaf of bread, about seven by sixteen inches and also three pounds of fresh butter. I asked him where he got them, and he said he bought them. I said where did you get the money; for I knew he had none. He answered that he borrowed it. . . . I never found out how he came by it; but of course I had my own opinion how he got it, for I never believed that any member of our mess would take anything and not pay for it or at least promise to pay. . . . Let me state right here, that was the best bread and butter that I ever ate.

. . . . In the evening a brigade of cavalry came over the mountain into Burkettsville. . . . they were the drunkenest brigade that I ever saw. Officers and privates were alike. I saw two privates

trying to keep an officer on the saddle, I also saw officers trying to keep a private in the saddle. Some of them had to lay over till the next day, before they were able to follow up their command. I was informed that they had struck a distillery, but I think the distillery must have struck them....

On the 28th of June reveille awoke us at 3 a. m. By 4 o'clock we were on the road to Middletown. As we were marching past General von Gilsa's Headquarters the General was standing at the gate, and the Company, to salute him, came to 'shoulder arms.' Just as Lieutenant Barnes of our Company gave the command to shoulder arms, the General gave the command 'arms at will,' and as we did not obey promptly he repeated the command, and made the remark 'you need not care for your little Major.' This caused quite a laugh in the ranks. Our regiment was commanded on this campaign by the Major.... We joined our corps between Middletown and Hagerstown, expecting to remain in this camp during the day.... we took the Pike to Frederick City, Md. The weather was warm, and there were many fine residences along the Pike.... cool shady places were occupied by the residents.... we would see the natives sit on their porches, with standing collars, shoes blackened, and smoking cigars. It brought a fellow back to see how folks live in God's country, and what home comforts a fellow could have if he were only there. To be honest about it this was the only day that I had the blues while I was in the army.... but it was tramp, tramp, all day long.... no halt until near an hour before sunset.... we were formed into platoons, front and closed up, and as I was pretty well in the advance of the column, and as the Hagerstown Pike has a down grade into Frederick City, I had a grand view back over that column. The Pike was packed full of infantry as far as I could see, and they were from 16 to 20 men abreast.... the gun barrels glistening in the evening sun made a sight never to be forgotten.... we kept on marching.... and began to feel hungry as we had breakfast between three and four in the morning, and all we had to eat was dry hard-tack.... minutes turned into hours, and still on

went the columns. Some general officers passed along the columns after dark, and I think Howard and Barlow were among them....it was a steady marching and no halt until 11 o'clock p. m....we were ready for the road a little after daylight on the following morning....

The farther we got north the more loyal the people were. We met on the cross roads great crowds of men, women and children, and along the farm houses were set tubs of water for us. I never heard of any man, woman or child being insultedwe traveled through a very fine section of country this day and about six o'clock p. m. arrived at Emmitsburg, all tiredthe sun came out and we had a nice day on the 30th of June....for a boy of nineteen years I felt old, my knee being stiff, it was with difficulty that I could walk....it was not long till Chunkey and Feldy came in from picket. I was out of money and out of smoking tobacco. The Captain came to my relief. He bought me a pound of tobacco, and a pair of socks. The Captain of our Company (L. Q. Stout) had been sick since early in the spring....and on account of his disability he was not in command of his Company, but he was with us whenever there was a chance to get with us. Prior to this he wanted to resign, but we would not let him. He was one of the best officers to his men that was in the army. He came to Emmitsburg on the evening of the 29th of June. He told me he had \$79 dollars and by the evening of the 30th he did not have a cent left. He bought tobacco, socks and all those little things which the boys needed. I think this was the first time that we had the pleasure of seeing him since we left Centreville. He was going to take command of the Company, but the doctor would not let him. The doctor said he must be kept quiet, and away from all excitement....During the day we moved to the north of the town, where our artillery had taken up position, and had some works. A thunder storm came up in the afternoon, and consequently we put up our tent. As we came through the town I noticed a nice bed of onions in a garden, and just about dusk I returned to town and borrowed a few onions out of that garden....The

next morning we left for Gettysburg before the pickets came in* and consequently I got into that first day's fight and the picket did not get there in time to get into it. But they got a good dose in the skirmish line on the 2d day. They were all wounded but one or two before the battle was over. I can just remember one by the name of Rube who did not get hurt. It was the night before the battle that I shirked picket duty. But all is fair in love or war. Little I dreamed of the terrible slaughter that would take place on the morrow; and little did we think of the many that would be called to death before we should see another night.

On the 1st of July, 1863, reveille was not heard early....after breakfast which I think was between six and seven o'clock,—quite a little after we heard 'Officers call'—the officers came back and ordered us to clean up our guns as we might expect a skirmish before night. We all laughed at the idea of finding Rebels in Maryland and Pennsylvania. I think there was not one of us who knew that there was a Rebel on northern soil, at least I did not, nor did I care. We cleaned up our guns; that is swabbed them out, and saw that they were dry on the inside, and in good trim for active service. We had rain the night before, and it was a cloudy, close morning.The next order we got was to pack up; just after that we all fell into line, when our Captain came along the line and was shaking every one by the hand and giving us good-bye. Poor fellow I think he was better informed than we were, for the tears were rolling down over his cheeks....as near as I could judge the time, without a watch, it must have been after nine o'clock before we left camp. We went very slow starting out. At the state line we were informed that we were crossing into Pennsylvania, our caps went up in the air and gave three cheers for our native State.The wagon train of the First Corps had blocked the road, and we were delayed for some time on account of it. Then we started across the fields to the right, went through corn

*A detachment of 200 men which had been sent on duty at Emmitsburg.

and wheat fields, till we got to another road,....we had just gotten into this road when we saw a horseman coming at a fearful gallop. I thought he was riding a white horse, but when we got to the head of the column, I saw it was a bay and the lather on him must have been an inch thick. I also noticed that we began to step out faster, and it was not long till we saw another messenger with more orders from the front. I heard the boys say 'there is another long envelope coming,' as they called General Orders. We met five or six of these before we reached Gettysburg. After we had received the second one we got down nearly to a dog trot, and kept that gait until we got to Gettysburg.The next thing we heard was cannonading, but it sounded as if it were twenty-five miles away. The boys thought there was no use marching so fast, for we would be dead long before we could get there. But the cannonading was getting plainer, and we could hear the reports better.The trot was kept up till we got to Gettysburg. It was very nearly a double-quick for eight miles. Bates in his historystates that the Eleventh Corps was tardy in coming up to Gettysburg. I am of the opinion that if Bates had been in the ranks with us that day he would have rendered a different report. We had hard marching before in this campaign, but this was the worst. Some historians say that the roads were dusty. This is another mis-stated item. The roads were muddy, and in the town of Gettysburg mud must have been four inches deep.... But let us not forget the ladies of the town. They stood along the sidewalks with buckets of water, and doing all they could for the men. God bless them. Our band played as we entered the town. Cannon were booming, and musketry rattling, while wounded were being brought back through the town. By all appearances the ball was on . . . we got through the town and just at the edge of it the band stepped to the right, and let us take the right of way. As soon as we got clear of the town we received another reception, but this was in the shape of solid shot, shells....and everything that could be shot out of a cannon. Here we got the same old command to forward, double-

quick, and away we went for the big red barn at the Almshouse. The shells were coming pretty thick before we reached the barn. Some were going over us, and some did not quite reach us. A shell exploded right over the column, and every man dodged for the instant. We had a little fellow in the company who threw himself on the grass, and while I was looking at him and laughing, and not paying attention to my feet, the foot on the game leg struck a big stone and I fell stretching about a rod before I got down. The ranks opened and allowed me all the room I needed, and I have no doubt they thought I was the first man killed. When I got on my feet again I was alongside of Captain Howell of Company D, and as our guns were not loaded, I proceeded to load mine, when the Captain gave the command to load and it passed along the column. We got to the barn without the loss of a man, where we formed battalion in mass.

Here the Major addressed the regiment. The following is a little that I remember. We were a nine-months' regiment, and our time had expired on the 22d of June. The Major told us our time was out and if there was a man in ranks who did not wish to go into battle; he should step out, that it was no disgrace; but that the enemy was in our native state, and that the people of Pennsylvania looked to us for relief, and that it was our duty to protect our homes. This is not the full address, but the main points, and before the speech was ended an order came for two companies for the skirmish line. Companies A and B were detailed, then the Major concluded his address. We gave three cheers and not a man stepped out of the ranks. The bugle sounded the advance, and we followed the skirmish line by battalion in mass. All our brigade, but eight companies of our regiment, were on the skirmish line. To the left of us was a wheat field which was full of Rebel sharpshooters and the woods in our front was likewise full of them. While we were advancing General von Gilsa took his position in the rear of the skirmish line, and about fifty yards in advance of us. I heard him talk to the skirmishers. He told them not to shoot unless they saw something to shoot at, as ammunition was worth

money, and they must not waste it. Just at this time the bullets commenced to whistle and some of the boys on the skirmish line were trying to dodge them. The general told the boys to never mind those that whistled, as long as they whistled they were all right. The skirmishers cleaned out the wheat field and woods in short order. We followed up the skirmishers to the woods, and there we deployed right and left in line of battle, and advanced about five rods into the woods, where we got into position. Then there were more side-steps to the right so as to stretch the line and cover more ground, till the line was not any more than a single line. As we were all tired or more dead than alive, it did not take us long to lie down. As soon as we got down, a battery in the rear of us, on higher ground than we were, opened fire over us and we could feel the heat of the balls as they passed over us. About this time the Rebels made a charge, away to the left of us, and the battery in the rear of us turned their guns on them, taking them by flank. . . . We could see balls plowing up the ground along the rear of the line, and if ever Johnnies ran for cover those fellows did. Shortly after this they made another charge near the center of our line, but to the left of us. I think it was a feint, their object being to keep us in our position until they got ready. As soon as they fell back I told some of the boys near me that we would get a chance next. There was a little stream about three rods in our front, with large trees on the opposite side of it; so that we could not see over seven or eight rods in front of us. Back of these trees was a large, level piece of ground or meadow,—a good place to form troops. I have seen the ground since, but I did not know about it at the time. It was only a few minutes after the repulse of the charge on the left, and I should think not over ten minutes after our line was formed. . . . till our skirmishers commenced to come in, followed by three lines of battle. The man on the right of me brought up his gun and took aim on one of our own men. Corporal Smith saw what he was about to do and suddenly struck his gun, raising it in the air so that though the gun discharged, the man was saved. The skirmisher was not one rod from us when this happened. It did not take the skirmishers long to get

through our line....I fired my gun and as I was taking a cartridge a man behind me was shot. He fell half his length ahead of me, his face towards me. Here was the only time in my life when I tried to look cross-eyed. I was trying to get a cartridge into the muzzle of my gun on my left and watch that fellow dying on my right....and just at this moment the man on my left was killed....the thought occurred that I might be the next; and there was no use being excited about it....there was no running, but good, solid fighting. We had fired four or five rounds when I heard the order to fall back. Just at this time I was very much interested in a Rebel color-bearer. The enemy was only two or three rods from us. Our line was broken in the left and our right was attacked in flank. There was nothing left for us to do but to retire or surrender. The only protection on our right flank was the men with Lieutenant Barnes and Orderly Sergeant Seiple of our company....We were ordered to fall back, but I did not obey this order with the rest of the regiment, for I was very much interested in the color-bearer....he was coming through the creek in front of us. The creek was about twenty feet wide, and about three feet deep....he was yelling like an Indian. At the time I was returning ramrod....I thought for the moment I will fix him as soon as I can get a cap on my gun, but while I was placing the cap I changed my mind as the thought occurred he could do very little harm with that Rebel rag, that I had better shoot a man with a gun. There was a low fence between us—about four or five rails high—and about two rods in our front. A Johnnie reb was a little in advance of the wild color-bearer, with his gun at trail arms, and was about reaching for the top rail with his left hand, which was about hip high. When I fired he struck his hand against his side and dropped. He did not come over the fence. Up to this time I had been down on my right knee with my left one cocked, which gave me a very good rest for my elbow in firing. After I had stopped the reb on the other side of the fence, I arose and drew a cartridge, and while I was tearing it, I looked to the rear and our men had all fallen back about two rods, firing as they retired. This gave me

a good view of those that were left dead on the first line of battle. It presented a regular swath of blue coats, as far as I could see along the line. They were piled up in every shape, some on their backs, some on their faces, and others turned and twisted in every imaginable shape. There was a dead man on each side of me. As I stood between those two lines of battle, viewing the windrow of human dead composed of my old comrades, it presented a picture which will never fade from my memory while I remain on earth—a picture which tongue cannot tell nor pen describe. The bullets were whistling about like hail. I seemed to wear a charmed life, and the bullet was not yet made that could hit me. But I was soon undeceived. I had not gotten back much over two rods when I felt something strike my left knee, as we were in the woods I thought a bullet had struck a chip, and that the chip had hit me on the knee. When I looked at my knee I saw a bullet hole in my pants. I had not gone over five steps when I felt a similar sensation in my other knee. This one had cut a little deeper, which I discovered by pulling up my leg. I was between two brush piles as we were passing out of the woodsafter I was hit the second time, I went over the brush pile and toward the enemy, into an open field. It was a very hot place as we were under two cross-fires and a good fire from the rear. Both balls that hit me were from the cross-fire. There was a battery about three or four hundred yards in our rear on what they call Barlow's Knoll now. It was at this place we were ordered to fall back. I expected we would fall back to this place and there make a stand. But as soon as I got out of the woods I saw the battery was limbered up and was retiring. This was not all I saw. The first thing to mention was my partner Chunky. He was about a rod ahead of me wading through a stream of bullets. I thought Chunky was all right, that his legs were so slim no bullet could touch them. But he must have been injured just after I saw him, and was hit after all; his leg was saved, but he was left a cripple for life. He lay on the field all that night and was not picked up until the next day. There was a young fellow in our company by the name of Trombower, and just as we were coming out of the woods he stepped up along-

side of a big oak and drew up his gun to fire. Instead of going behind the tree he stood beside it and leaning his gun against the tree said, 'Come boys, let us give them what they deserve.' Just at that instant a ball passed through his right shoulder, his gun dropped, and I will not attempt to describe the looks on his face, which had wonderfully changed in a second. But he was made of the good old stuff, and worked the gun up against his other shoulder and fired.

Everybody has heard of Jake Snyder's ride, but nobody has heard of John Snyder's run, or retreat, at Gettysburg. We had an old fellow in the company by the name of John Snyder, whom nobody supposed could be moved to go faster than a walk. He was hard of hearing, and being too slow for drill, he was used for doing the chores about camp. But he always carried a gun. He was good enough to go into battle, for he could stop a bullet as good as anybody. Just as I came out of the woods I looked toward where the battery had been posted on the hill and I saw John Snyder in full retreat, with his head drawn down behind his knapsack and his heels flying. He was the only man in our company that I saw running at Gettysburg. It is true that we were driven back for two miles. After I got into the open field, I took that way out. Our right was now our left in retiring. . . . I here saw a long line of the enemy closing in on our right (or what had been our right in advancing). This line of battle, over a mile long, was closing in on us like a gate. By the time our troops had gotten on Barlow's Knoll I had worked myself along in a straight line with the red barn at the Almshouse. To my right our troops were dropping like flies, and to my left was that solid line advancing and firing. I was at no time one hundred yards from the Rebel line. I passed along their front for nearly a mile till I got to the red barn. Long before I got to the barn, I could hear the voice of General von Gilsa. He was dismounted. A bay horse came along the line with saddle and bridle on. The general called on the men to catch his horse, which was soon surrounded and the general was in his saddle in less than a minute. By the twitches of the horse's tail the old man must

have been tickling the horse with his spurs. It did not take him long to form a line of battle about half way between our first position and the town. He rode up and down that line through a regular storm of lead, meantime using the German epithets so common to him. I could hear the words 'rally boys'.... This line was ordered to fall back before I got into it, which still left me between two fires. I finally got to the red barn, where the highest post fence I had ever seen confronted me. I threw my gun over it, then commenced to climb it, but it was quite a job to get over that fence with my lame leg. How I would have liked to enter that barn for rest, but I must move on or be taken prisoner. When I got around the barn I met Captain Howell.... and Lieutenant Walton of Company H, both members of my regiment. Howell took me by the left arm and Walton by the right, which was a great improvement, and I felt very much pleased with my escort, but it did not last long. The captain stated how he was wounded, and presently the lieutenant fell from a wound and came near dragging me with him. Walton was a large man, weighing about two hundred and forty pounds. Barnes and Beidelman tried to lift Walton into a window, and being very heavy they could not lift him. They pressed two big privates into the service, and I kept on as the enemy was only about fifty yards behind us. After this I met Feldy. A piece of a shell had struck his knee-cap and he was quite lame.... after getting into the town I saw a young lady with a pail of water, and as I was very thirsty I stopped to take a drink. While I was in the act of drinking I looked toward the back end of the house and at the back porch I saw Captain Meyers of our regiment. He was seated on a chair, his head hanging on his chest and his hands by his side. We both concluded he could not live long. The lady invited me into the house, but I thanked her and told her that the enemy was not far behind and that I did not wish to be captured. This was the last time I saw the captain. Some years ago I saw an article in the National Tribune, written by Captain Meyers of Kansas, and that was the first that I knew he was still alive and that he had been shot through the lungs. I retreated until I got to York Street. Here I came up to and

through our line of battle, which must be a mile and a half from our first line of battle. I found General Gilsa just in the rear of the line, and as the men came into the line, those who were not wounded were ordered to rally on their colors, and I was ordered into the hospital. About this time I here saw the actions of a man which I could not understand. He had his gun on his shoulder, the line of battle could not stop him; the provost marshal could not stop him; I saw a cavalryman strike at him with his sabre which barely missed his head, being warded off by the gun barrel on which the blow struck fire. But this thing in the shape of a man did not wink or dodge, but marched through the guard as if there was nothing in his line of retreat; and for all I know he is still retreating. Instead of going to the hospital....I sat down on a stone mounting block by the curb. I was too tired to think of any danger, for I felt confident that this was the end of the retreat for the present. I saw a brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery were coming up the street and going into action not eight rods from where I was seated.. An amusing sight was to see the batteries cross the stone wall. The fence had been thrown down, leaving it about two feet high, and these batteries came over the fence on a dead run. There was fun to see the cannoneers bounce. They unlimbered in short order, and were warming the Rebs in great shape....I thought it was no more than right and proper that they should be encouraged a little....I made noise enough to attract the attention of General von Gilsa, who told me to get back to a hospital, for if I did not they would kill me where I was....I saw a red flag on a church on the southeast corner of the town....I found the house full. I saw a sight which I will never forget. I should call it a slaughter-house. There must have been ten or twelve amputation tables in this room....they were all busy....the doctors had their sleeves rolled up to their shoulders and were covered with blood. I saw all I wanted to of this part, and I climbed the stairs to the floor above. I found an empty pew....an old doctor came through the church and told us that all who could travel should get out of the church....that our line was breaking again....I saw there was no chance

for a cripple to get out of the church, so I went back to my pew and waited for service to commence. The first thing I did was to destroy my cartridges....a guard came through and relieved me of my gun.

On investigating the position of the Union line of battle I saw they were in possession of a stone wall or fence running from Cemetery Ridge to Culp's Hill. This line they held till the end of the battle....It was after 4 o'clock p. m. and as I had but a light breakfast and no dinner, I thought I would have something to eat. When I opened my haversack I encountered a terrible stench. On further investigation I found that the ration of fresh beef which we had drawn the night before and cooked, I had forgotten to salt and it had spoiled. I asked a fellow to throw it out of the window. I could not eat the hard-tack for they were flavored by the meat. So I divided them between the boys who had arms and legs off. I think I would have eaten those hard-tack myself before I got out of that place, for I saw nothing to eat until the morning of the 4th, which made it just three days on an empty stomach. All we had for those days was tea made from leaves my partner got off some mint growing on the graves back of the church. It was nearer a grave-yard tea. Feldy was very uneasy about Chunky. They were brothers. I told him where I had seen him last, and he was all right. But Feldy was not satisfied, and the next morning he went back to where I had seen him last. He found him wounded, as I had described before. There were but three of my Company in the church—Sergeant John Seiple, Feldy and myself. Seiple was wounded through the wrist and very nearly through the thigh. His wrist was shattered and his courage low....Seiple was a good soldier, and during the first day's fight and retreat did all any man could do to keep the company in order and retreat in order, until he was wounded. I left Seiple in the church after the battle and learned that he died three or four days after I left, with lockjaw. (The writer saw him die in the 11th Corps hospital).

The man in the pew just back of me was shot in the foot....

he turned out to be an old acquaintance of mine....about four years before this meeting we had worked together on a farm. He belonged to the 72d or 74th Pa., and the man in the pew in front of me had a flesh wound in the hip. He belonged to the 134th N. Y. This man's whole conversation was about home. If he were only at home. I got very tired of his talk and told him they were getting along at home without him. I tried every way I could to draw his mind from home, but he was the worst homesick man I ever saw. I think it was on the second day he got sort of childish. He wanted me to hold his hands, and I gave him some short answer. He turned around and laid his arm on the rail of the pew in front of him as if he were going to sleep. I thought he had gone to sleep, having been quiet for half an hour, when a doctor came through the aisle and asked us if there was anything he could do for us. I told him to look at the New York man, for he had not said anything for half an hour, and that I thought he was dead. The doctor looked at him and found him dead and stiff....I looked out of the window. The Rebel line of battle had settled down not over a rod from the church, and old glory was waving over the stone wall, but between the lines the sharpshooters were banging away until night put a stop to the fighting....The night in a hospital after a battle I will not attempt to describe....I heard cheering in the Union lines in the night, and by it knew that reinforcements had come up....so the night wore away until just about daylight, when the cannon opened up and left us know that they were still with us.

The morning of the 2d of July, I got down stairs to see what was going on. Here I met a Johnnie on guard. He belonged to a North Carolina regiment and as he seemed to be a nice kind of a Reb I struck up a conversation with him. I asked what the cheering meant in the Union lines. I had an opinion of my own, but I wanted his. He told me that it was reported that General McClellan was in command of the Army of the Potomac, and if such was the case that the Rebel army had better pull out and leave, that Mack would surely lick them. He said there was

no use fighting the North, for he had never seen such a rich country as Pennsylvania, and that our towns were yet full of men, in fact a fellow would not miss those that were in the army. I told him that we could fight the South for the next twenty years, and still have lots of men at home to do the farming. I was giving him a bluff. I told him that he had better stay north when the Rebel army retreated south, which they would in a day or two. That our people would not kill him and that he should stay north till the war was over. He told me that the old flag was good enough for him, that he lived in a rented house, and never owned a negro, that he would take my advice and stay north but for one thing. He had a wife and two children...and if he did stay north, and the Rebels found it out they would use his family meaner than dogs...

After this conversation... I went back upstairs. My pew was so situated as to come between two windows. The brick wall protected me from stray bullets that occasionally came through the windows. I had a grand view of the greater part of the battlefield...I could see both sides pitted against each other, but the main fighting during the day was out by the Peach Orchard, Wheat Field and Devil's Den and Round Top. Of course I was too far from these places to see much of it, but at the same time the fighting was coming nearer to where I was, and a little before sundown I saw a stir and a moving about of the Rebs under the window where I was sitting, as if they were getting ready for some kind of a move. I also saw them drinking out of a barrel. The head of the barrel was knocked in. One would get a tin cup full and three or four would drink out of the same cup before it was empty. It could not have been water, for a tin of water would not have so many drinks in it. It was straight whiskey and they were getting ready to charge the Eleventh Corps. It was between sundown and dark when they started in three lines of battle. Between the Rebel and Union positions was a ridge about six or eight feet high. The Johnnies started stooped over, scattered like a drove of sheep, till they got to this ridge. Then every man took his place, and

giving the Rebel yell, by this time our grape and canister began to plow gaps through their ranks. They closed up like water, and advanced on a double-quick. This was a very interesting sight to me, for I was sitting back and looking on.... no one can see much of a fight while he is in it. To see grape and canister cut gaps through ranks looks rough. I could see heads, arms, and legs flying amid the dust and smoke....it reminded me much of a wagon load of pumpkins drawn up a hill and the end gate coming out, and the pumpkins rolling and bounding down the hill. The only fault I found with this charge was that it got dark too soon, and I could not see the end of it.

This charge was made by Early's division of Ewell's Corps, and was led by the famous Louisiana Tigers. The moment they emerged to view Stevens to the right opened with all his guns and Wiedrick and Ricketts joined in the chorus. The slaughter was terrible. It got dark, still the fight was on.* I watched the batteries on Cemetery Hill shelling the woods on the right of Culp's Hill till way into the night. I slept awhile and somewhere about 11 o'clock yelling around the church woke me. I did not know whether our men held their position or not, but was anxious to know the result. But as I could get no information and the cannonading stopped I went to sleep again. I woke up before daylight. The cannonading commenced about three o'clock. I was longing for daylight and trying to see if our line was still at the stone wall. As soon as I could see I saw long lines of Rebel infantry moving around Culp's Hill on the Union right. There the battle opened just at the break of day. This

*While at the State Encampment of the G. A. R., at Gettysburg, June, 1909, the writer met several citizens who gave him very valuable information respecting the attack of the Louisiana Tigers on Cemetery Hill on the evening of July 2, 1863. Mr. Amos U. Miller, No. 218 West Middle Street, Gettysburg, at whose old-fashioned home many of the comrades lodged during the encampment, accompanied the writer to the said church, where, by the courtesy of R. M. Elliot, the janitor, we were taken to the identical window from which our informant, Mr. Ruch, watched the assault on that memorable evening of the battle. The place was pointed out where the Rebel troops formed in the low ground near the old prison.

was an infantry fight, and one continual rattle of musketry, and continued till nearly noon. But as soon as it was light enough to see our line I saw old glory still on the stone wall. I went downstairs to interview the guard, but this fellow was not as pleasant as the North Carolinian. I said to him you are shoving in your infantry on our right this morning. 'Yas,' he said, 'there was a regiment or so in thare.' He was mad at the Eleventh Corps. His answer was that they had killed too many of their men the night before. I told him that turn about was fair play. He wanted to know what I meant. I asked if they did not lick the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville. He answered, 'Yes we did.' And didn't you lick two divisions of the Eleventh Corps day before yesterday? I told him the Eleventh Corps owed them another licking to get even with them. He thought I was about right. . . .

I retired upstairs and watched the Rebel sharp-shooters. I saw one get on the roof of a two-story house. He was firing over the chimney, and I thought it a bad position. If he were to get hit and stunned the fall would kill him. He had fired four rounds and was getting ready for another, and in the act of looking over the chimney was hit and fell off the gable end. After the battle I looked up the fellow to see where he was hit, and found that a ball had pierced his forehead. . . . After the infantry fighting on the right things were very quiet until about 2 o'clock, when a sulphuric tornado of shells broke loose. The Rebels opened the ball with a hundred and fifty cannon and the Unions replied with nearly one hundred. The brick church was rocking and the windows rattling as though there was an earthquake. This lasted one hour and three quarters. I saw lots of men turn pale. In a joking way I asked Sergeant Seiple to go out and stop the noise. But the fun was all out of him, and he answered me very solemnly that we had better leave them alone. . . . The church was not a very safe place, for we did not know what minute some of these shells would come down through the roof . . . but when the end came another grand view came. This was Picketts' charge. . . . I had a good view of this. . . . This was the

end of the heavy fighting at Gettysburg. It was not long after this till we received a call from a Rebel doctor and Major requesting all those who could walk to get out and start for Richmond....the old doctor pronounced me unable to travel, and they made out a parole for me....The Rebel army left us during the night....I was not sorry when they were gone. The citizens of the town paid us a visit and brought with them baskets of bread, ham, and apple butter. After breakfast we got orders for all who could to leave the town....Before I left Dr. Stout filled my pockets with bandages, lint, and sticking plaster. He told me I would find lots of the boys who had not yet seen a doctor, and that I could dress a wound as well as anybody, and to keep plenty of water on the wounds. I came to Gettysburg a mere private, and when I left I was a sort of full-fledged doctor. I had two ramrods for canes, and my face had not been washed for four days, my pants were ripped for two feet on the outside seam....so I started out with professional dignity. I struck Baltimore Street and started for Cemetery Hill. To get to the hill I had to walk stooped over, as the bullets from the sharpshooters were whizzing over my head. The Rebs were keeping up a bold front.

I got back to where Picketts' charge had been repulsed the day before. The sight was horribble. The dead Rebs were hanging on the stone wall and on both sides of the fence it was full of dead men. On the Union side they were being carried into rows. They had three rows started and it reminded me of gathering the sheaves in a harvest field. I took a seat on a large stone near the wall and watched the men at their work for over an hour. Then started on for the rear, and must have gotten back about two miles from the town when I came to a barn. Of course the barn doors were open, and I asked a man where I could find the Eleventh Corps hospital. Just as I spoke I heard voices in the barn which was full of wounded.... the boys of our regiment who were there cheered for me, and said they had room for me. The reason why I had such a reception was that it had been reported that I was killed. This barn was full of

wounded men from one end to the other. Where there was room for a man you would find one. The hay mows, the feed room, the cow stable, the horse stable and loft. There was a work bench in one end of the barn with a few tools, and a comrade by the name of Jesse Soys, had the two middle fingers of his left hand cut off by a piece of a shell. He was busy making crutches, they were not very handsome, but they answered the purpose. I was the first doctor that had come to the barn.... and I soon went to work dressing wounds. Sergeant Lantz was the first patient. We named him Dad. He had been shot through the thigh. Sergeant Lilly of Co. D was the next, he was also wounded in the thigh. Wm. Riehl was the third. He was shot in the shoulder, the ball was in his back. It was cut out the next day. Three of us sat on him while the surgeon cut out the ball. The ball was all battered, looking as much as if it had gone through a stone fence. I dressed wounds until I got out of bandages, and afterwards who should turn up but the chaplain, whose friendship I had lost by hinting for a drink of whiskey. He had about a bushel of hard-tack in a bag, but they did not amount to much in that crowd—only one apiece. Provisions began to come in that evening, and the days following the natives brought in wagon-loads of bread, apple butter, and ham. To get something from every wagon had to be worked by a sort of system, and the way it was done was that two or three would escort the chaplain to the wagon, and the instruction to him was that he must tell the parties in charge of the wagon, that we in the barn had had nothing to eat for three days, which resulted in getting something out of every wagon. But the chaplain had to repeat this story every hour, and the consequence was we had plenty to eat and some left over when I left the barn. This was the only time in my life when I thought a preacher was any benefit to his fellow man.... One word more about the chaplain I got into the barn on Saturday, and on Sunday morning the chaplain started to have services on the barn floor not over five feet from me. He got down on his knees and was offering a prayer to the Deity, and he was just getting nicely started when some hard Christian in the cow stable yelled, 'put the preacher

out.' I felt sorry for my friend, the Chaplain, and praying seemed hard under the circumstances. The yelling was kept up during the service and consequently the prayer was cut short and the hymn shorter. I never was in a meeting where I felt so much like laughing, but as I was so near the preacher, out of respect for him, I controlled myself and kept in.

Among my patients in the ward was a case of typhoid fever I expected every hour to be his last. . . . and all I had to give him was water. . . . on the second day, another preacher came into the barn. He did not belong to the army. . . . he had a big jug of whiskey. . . . and a small glass, and coming up on my side of the floor gave each man a glass. . . . my patient lay on the opposite side from me and when it came his turn he tried hard to get up, but he could not. The preacher told him that he felt sorry for him, but in his condition he dared not give him whiskey. The sick man begged for a drink, and when the gentleman shook his head the poor fellow looked disappointed. I could not stand this any longer, and as my mind was made up that the fellow was going to die anyhow, that if he wanted a little whiskey in this world before going to the next one he should have it. I interceded for him, telling the preacher that this man was one of my patients, that he had typhoid fever, and that the stimulant was just what he needed. The man replied that if I said so he should have it. He handed me a glass and I raised his head and gave it to the patient. He drank it and lay down to sleep. The thought with me was that will fix him either kill or cure. In the last few days I had looked upon so many dead men, that one more made no difference. My patient took a long sleep, and I thought he would never again awake. But on that night he looked up and asked me for a drink of water. He said he felt better. The drink of whiskey had saved his life. On leaving the boys I went round to bid them good-bye and when I called on my patient he asked me to get his knapsack. He was then sitting up, though very weak. . . . He presented me with a pair of canvass leggings. He was a zouave, and stated, 'I give you these leggings, to remember me by, for you have saved my life. . . .'

I learned on the third morning of my stay in the barn, that a train left Littletown every afternoon, at five o'clock, for Baltimore, and all those who could get to Littletown could go on to Baltimore and Philadelphia. I did not like to leave three of my comrades and they could not walk, for it was eight miles to the station. Presently a native came along with a democrat or spring wagon, and one horse. I stopped him and asked him to take my three comrades to Littletown. Oh my! he did not have the time to spare and could not possibly do it. I called this fellow down in great shape. I told him he was not much of a man, that here were men who had driven the enemy from their homes, and protected their property, and that these men had gotten wounded in doing so, and were unable to get to a railroad station, and that he could not do them the small favor to haul them to the railroad station. He told me to let up; that I was right, and that he had not seen things in the true light. He said he would go, but first feed his horse. I took him into the barn and showed him whom to take. He asked me how I was going to get there. I told him I would walk. He did not think I could make it, but I told him I had a little over seven hours in which to make eight miles and I would try it. I started with some others, but was soon left behind and did not get to the station until 5 p. m. . . . my limb grew very bad from the effects of this walk. I got lunch in a charity place, for I had not one cent to my name. On reaching the depot, I met a captain of a battery. He had five flesh wounds, and was bloody all over. He told me he had taken into battle at Gettysburg a full battery of six guns, eighty horses, and eighty-four men. He asked me how many of these I thought he brought out. I replied that by the looks of him I thought there were not many left to bring out. He told me that all he got out was forty men and one horse. By this time the train backed in, and I found it to be an army Pullman train, composed of box cars of a freight train, with a bundle of hay in each car. We entered and lay down on the hay. This was very comfortable. Our train stopped at Hanover, where the citizens handed in a big basket of eatables, with the request to return the basket, which we did with thanks. We arrived in Baltimore some time in the night. Here we receiv-

ed the very kindest treatment; the people assuring us that we deserved the best of the land. The invasion had helped the citizens, making them very friendly. My comrades could not walk, so I left them in Baltimore (it being quite a distance to go from one station to another) took train for Philadelphia. The night before Christmas I met Dad Lantz in Easton, just on his way from a New England hospital. Lilly I never met again. Twenty-five years after the war I met Riehl in Gettysburg. We shook hands three times, and he said, 'Rube I am poor, but 'it does me more good to see you than it would to find a ten-dollar gold piece.' He said then, 'I wonder if it is safe now to talk about our sleeping on picket?' . . . I boarded the train for Philadelphia and arrived in the city about 9 o'clock that night. Here we got good meals, had wounds dressed, but instead of taking a cot as the rest did, I lay down on the floor. About midnight the fellows commenced getting out of their cots and complaining of back-ache, took positions on the floor. The beds were too soft for an old soldier. That night and the next morning, the train-load with which we came, was sent to West Philadelphia. Our men, twenty in number, belonging to the 153d Regiment, requested to be sent to Harrisburg, and our request was granted. After reporting to general hospital, where we got dinner, we left for Harrisburg, arriving there that night about 9 o'clock. The first thing we looked for was Uncle Sam's boarding house, known in war time as the Soldiers' Retreat. . . . We had one corporal in our squad and we sent him to see about supper. He came back and reported that the man in charge told him that we could not have supper, that he was expecting a regiment of militia in that night. This crowd was composed of twenty men and a corporal. We looked ragged, bloody and dirty. Some with heads tied up, some with arms in slings, some with crutches and canes. In fact—we looked as if we had seen service, had been to the front, and this report was not acceptable to us. So we held a council of war, and its decision was that we storm the retreat. I think there were two or three old pistols or revolvers in the crowd, and none of them loaded. We had no trouble with the guard, for they were on our side; the guard easily passed, we got in. After

we got in a big fellow made his appearance, told us we could come so far on one table and no further. One of the fellows showed him an old revolver and the big man got out of our way. We ate all we wanted, then retired to look for a place to sleep. We had fully decided to report that gentleman in charge of the Retreat to the governor. We found quarters for the night in a covered portion of the depot. Just at daybreak as I awoke I heard commands, 'Fall in.' The militia had arrived which had been expected the evening before....As they marched off we could hear the officers calling, 'left, left, left.'...we found water back of the depot, took a wash, and curled our hair, and soon after that a messenger arrived inviting us back to the Retreat for breakfast. The old man apologized for his actions the night before, said he was off, took out his jug, that softened our hearts, and we forgave him his sins. It was a little after breakfast when Colonel Glanz, Captain Stout and Dr. John Kohler came to look for us, being very anxious about the regiment. I told the Colonel it was too hot and dry to talk much. He treated to the beer. The doctor had started out to look up a hospital for us. My captain said to the colonel, 'there is only one man here of my company, and I want to talk with him, and you can have all the rest.' The Captain and I were seated at a table. He went over the list of his men, inquiring after every one by name. I reported either killed or wounded, as there were only twelve left of the company after the battle. As I reported the tears rolled down his cheeks....the doctor returned with arrangements, and we were placed in a hospital on Mulberry Street....If I remember right the regiment arrived in Harrisburg on the 17th. The citizens of the town treated us to everything to make us comfortable.

The day came to return home. Our first stop was at Reading. Here we were met by a committee from Easton, and they presented each man of the regiment with a badge of honor containing the corps mark, the battles we had been in and the following poem:



Northampton Welcomes Her Brave Sons

CHANCELLORSVILLE,
GETTYSBURG, July 1-2-3
1863
153d Pa. Vol.

"We hail the hero's safe return,
To home and friends again ;
And mourn with tears of sympathy
The gallant patriots slain."

“We hail the hero’s safe return,
To home and friends again;
And mourn with tears of sympathy
The gallant patriots slain.”

The boys were in fine spirits. The Colors and our Brass Band were on the roof of the car. Our next stop was Allentown Junction. I had informed Captain Stout that I lived six miles up the valley from the Junction, that I could not walk it, and that I had no money. He started through the car to see if he could find twenty cents for my fare. He returned with the twenty cents all in pennies. I told him from the looks of the change he must have got all there was. He said he would not undertake to get twenty cents more out of that crowd. I and some more got off at the Junction, and by the time I got up to the Allentown station there were about twenty to go up the Lehigh Valley Railroad. They all expected to walk but myself; for there was but twenty cents in that crowd, and I had it. But we were fortunate. An old man, I think his name was Laubach, learned of our misfortune and bought tickets for all of us. I had been traveling two months without any money in my pocket, and I did not feel safe with twenty cents in the crowd I was in. . . . Our train came along and we were soon at our destination. A coal train was passing at the time we arrived, and being between other cars and the station and the passenger train having to wait, I got out on the platform of the car, and on the platform of the depot stood my mother, sister and two brothers. They were expecting an uncle of mine from New York city. They did not know me. The conductor was helping me off the train, and in alighting my back was turned to them, and my name was on my knapsack,—that was enough. I cannot describe how glad they were to see me. They never said a word about my running away, and going to the army. It was the same with Captain Howell. . . . (To be continued).”

Captain Howard James Reeder, Co. G.*

This precocious, youthful officer was of fine presence, and possessed of excellent military traits. His accomplishments were of a high order, having been reared in a family of learning and refinement—one of the most distinguished homes of our native city. He had been commissioned a lieutenant of Company A, 1st Regiment, of the United States Infantry, on October, 1861, being then but 18 years of age. On the organization of the 153d in September, 1862, he was commissioned its adjutant, and on the 29th of January, 1863, was promoted to captain of Company G. In both official relations he was a favorite with the regiment, and served with great ardor and efficiency. His memory is highly cherished by the regiment. He was wounded at the battle of New Madrid, Mo., March 13, 1862. At the close of the war he rose to positions of honor and trust. He was delegate to the Republican National Conventions of 1872, 1876, 1880; Judge of Court of Common Pleas, Third Judicial District of Pennsylvania, 1881-1882 and 1884-1894; Judge of Superior Court of Pennsylvania 1895 to date of his death, December 22, 1898.

Reminiscence of Lieutenant Jonathan Moore, Co. G.

"First I think of the home-leaving; the sad thoughts of separating from dear ones and the quietude and comforts of home, to engage in the turmoil of war—for which I had no taste whatever. Why did I with others, decide to enlist and join the 153d regiment? It was in response to the call of my country in her great struggle. That call was stronger than the ties which bind us to our loved ones. We spent a few days in Easton, our county seat, where we received our first military training. We were then moved on to Harrisburg and quartered in Camp Curtin. One of my most distinct recollections is that I was glad to get away from the place, though it meant going to scenes of active service. The sudden transition from home life to the camp life

*Joseph Reimer resigned Jan. 28, 1863, and Adjutant Reeder was appointed Captain.



Lieutenant Jonathan Moore, Co. G.



Captain Howard J. Reeder, Co. G.

had a deleterious effect upon my health; so that I felt that it was very important that I get away. When we reached Baltimore my health was much changed for the better. It was not long until I could relish the soldiers' diet; even a piece of bacon scorched over a hasty fire on the march. The boys had concluded that Comrade Moore had gotten about as near the front as he would ever get. My reply to them was, 'Boys, if you keep up with me from now on you will do well,' and my prediction proved quite correct.

By the time our regiment passed Washington and reached camp on Virginia soil the devastation of war had become real, and some of the boys began to realize that entering the army was not going on a picnic. They began to learn that privations were a part of a soldier's life; and to think of the good things they had left on leaving home. The cloudy water of this place did not compare with the limpid streams of old Mt. Bethel's hill sides, and the pure water which bubbles up from the base of the Blue mountain in sight of their home. They missed the cakes and pies of their mother's table. One of the boys was heard to say, 'Oh! If I only could get home to get a drink out of our old spring!' But they were told to be courageous, for we had enlisted in a cause so good we could afford to undergo self-denial. These Blue Mountain boys were as worthy in soldierly qualities as the 'Green Mountain boys' of Revolutionary fame. From close and constant relations with these men of my company during the ten months we were together I can say they were men that could be relied upon for the doing of faithful duties wherever called upon. When our regiment reached Alexandria we were shown the building in which the young and gallant Colonel Ellsworth was shot while descending the stairs from the roof where he had replaced the national flag which had been pulled down. The contemplation of the circumstances connected with that event tended to stimulate patriotism in the boys and embolden them to hasten on to the front. We reached the front in due time, and from there they had active and arduous duties. They were conspicuous in the two battles—Chancellorsville and

Gettysburg, and in both these great conflicts they were entitled to great credit for their soldierly conduct.

After the winter of '62 and '63, the spring gave indications of active service all along our lines. The entire army of the Potomac then lying on the north bank of the Rappahannock river was then ordered to be in readiness for an aggressive movement, and on the morning of the 27th of April, 1863, the advance began. The army moved in three columns, crossing in different places. General Hooker's plans for getting his army across the river were well made and successfully accomplished. Having his forces now just where he wanted them, and the positions and other conditions so satisfactory, he was greatly elated and his address to the men was the occasion of great enthusiasm all along the line. How successful his plans were, remained to be told. At this time it was confidently expected that by the movements then going on all railway communications between General Lee and his base of supplies would be severed. The Army of the Potomac was now supposed to be in such a position that there was nothing to prevent it moving successfully on the enemy. The bands played, the men shouted and threw their hats in the air and we were just then the boys who would have the honor of accomplishing what had long been the motto:—'On to Richmond.' But Hooker had evidently overlooked the fact that he had Stonewall Jackson to deal with.

Leaving others to deal with this question, I will pass on to relate some items connected with our recent visit to those grounds, which was made June 11, 1894. Arrived at Chancellorsville, alighting from the carriage at a farm house, we entered the yards and were immediately interested in the surroundings. In the rear we readily recognized the open field where at the time of the battle in the shades of night, before and after the midnight hour, we were in a bedlamitish scene striving to gather together the fragments of a scattered regiment of a broken corps which had been driven by the surprise of an unexpected and sudden massing of Jackson's troops on our weak and unprotected lines. In viewing the ground over which we had fought, we came

to the monument of Stonewall Jackson. Nearby was a large stone which marked the spot where he fell. Here I was deeply interested, as all through those years since the event, I have been impressed with the belief that I was near the spot at the time when he fell, and now being more fully able to trace the spot, the impression is confirmed. One of the inscriptions on the monument is as follows: "Last words of Stonewall Jackson, Lieut. General C. S. A. 'Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.'"

Our next search was for the location where the attack was first made on our line, and the effort to find the place cost no little trouble. Nothing seemingly had been done since the war to improve the land here and in the surrounding country. The fields are more grown with bushes and the woods are more dense. We called at several little farm houses to make inquiry for the exact spot. At length we came to an old farm house where the inmates knew something which was of great interest to us. Here was the headquarters of one of our division generals (Devens). The inmates treated us with the kindest regards, knowing as we told them we were Union soldiers. Here the kind lady opened the cellar door and invited us down to see the place where during the battle she, and twenty-four other women and children, were huddled together for protection, all the able-bodied men being out in the field of contest. From the information received here we soon found our old brush defense, and the critical spot where the 153d was posted. Will the men of our regiment ever forget that balmy Saturday afternoon; will they ever forget the blast of the enemy's bugles calling their forces to advance; the horde of Grays coming down upon us like an avalanche; when the enemy was pouring volleys into our ranks, and the dense smoke which rose in our front and on our flanks, and when we were unable to discover our relations to the enemy in the low ground they occupied; when suddenly turning to look up to higher ground, we saw one of our officers directing us to bring the men out at once from the place where if we had remained a few moments more, all would have been taken prison-

ers? That memorable occasion will never be forgotten while we live.

The question in which all are interested is how did our men behave in that critical situation? For some time the regiment was under a cloud of censure. The members, when asked what part of the army they belonged to, were invariably answered, 'O, you were the fellows who run so well.' But we were never much disturbed by such slurs...having the conscious satisfaction that our men did all that any body of men could have done under like circumstances, and never took any pains to defend ourselves. We simply let truth vindicate itself as it always does. Let any one who is in doubt read our Brigadier General Gilsa's address. Our last day at the battle of Chancellorsville was to us one of great suspense. On our arrival on the field, as previously stated, we were flushed with the prospect of success. Later conditions had changed the spirit of our troops. There were indications that we were not holding our own, notwithstanding efforts to make the impression that we were. When the night came on (and a chilly night it was) and we were placed in line to be in readiness to move at a moment's signal, we received strict orders that no man should speak a word; none knowing whether to expect an attack or a retreat, the suspense constantly increased. This condition of things continued until morning. Though 46 years have passed away since that memorable night, there is not a surviving comrade who was in that line that night, who has not very distinct recollections of it. We well remember how eagerly we watched the head of the column when it moved to see what direction it was taking. We soon found we were going toward the Rappahannock. Our surprise was over. We were now hastily falling back to cross the river, which was then rapidly rising, and threatening to impede our crossing. We were glad of our escape, but our mortification was greater than our joy. To realize that our Chancellorsville campaign had been a disaster instead of a victory. Though those years have gone by, we well remember many of the incidents which occurred on the way back to Brooks

Station. How well we recollect the wallowing through the Virginia mud, and seeing some of our comrades from weariness fall helpless in the mire. The sight was truly pathetic; words cannot describe the feelings of sympathy we had for our exhausted men.

Our stay at the old camp was brief, but a few weeks, and was taken up with drilling and preparation for further exercise, and engagement with the enemy. Soon we got upon the march. Lee's army was on one side of the Blue Mountain and we on the other; neither knowing where the converging point would be. We knew we were going northward, and that meant homeward. We traveled in the direction of home for weeks, but well knew that we would again meet the enemy before meeting our friends. The whole enlightened world knows to-day where that meeting was—it was Gettysburg, the most memorable battlefield in the annals of American history. No true Union soldier who was a participant on that occasion, and who did his duty, will need blush to have it known that he was there.

And now as to how the regiment to which we belonged acquitted itself in the two great battles, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, the writer will simply refer the reader to General von Gilsa's words in his farewell address to the regiment on the 14th day of July, 1863, when the command was returned to be mustered out.

It will be remembered that the 153d Regiment was in the First Division of the Eleventh Corps, and on the day we reached the battlefield of Gettysburg was marching left in front. Thus bringing our regiment the first in the engagement, General Barlow, commanding the division, was ordered to join immediately on the right of Reynolds' Corps, whose forces were holding the enemy in check as our division advanced. Before this junction could be formed, General Early, in command of one of Ewell's divisions, coming up hastily from York, intercepted and prevented the junction. The enemy's force being so much greater than ours, and the situation such that we were being flanked, the command was given to fall back to a more favorable position. In the short conflict that day with an army greatly

outnumbering our force, our division lost heavily. The writer recollects when he was looking as we stood on an eminence, close to where the monument of the regiment now stands, watching the enemy emerge from the woods, and send a volley into our thin ranks, our regiment forming little more than a good skirmish line. Here one of Company G's favorite men fell close by my side, also several others of the company were killed on the right and left. One of the men received a bullet in one leg and limping the best he could to keep up with the command, he called for help and I assisted him to a place of more security. This comrade still survives, and at one of our reunions of the regiment exhibited the bullet, which he had carried in his limb for seventeen years, before its removal.

Like all good soldiers I and my company encountered some fierce domestic contests along the way on the march. The story of the onion patch has gone the rounds with the boys; the gravel-and-dirt-throwing-female in the protection of her garden; the interesting episode of the boys and the geese and chickens; meeting the Rebel private with arm in sling who said he remembered our Corps badge, and that he had met us in the Chancellorsville fight, all make interesting reminiscence. Soon after the army crossed the Potomac and entered the well-tilled and productive parts of Maryland, we began to enjoy scenery which was homelike. The fields were beautified by the meadows and ripening grain. The cherry trees, of which there were many along our road, were loaded with their glistening fruit, and every object was in great contrast with the barren country we had passed through in Virginia. The story of the boys in blue, who alighted upon the cherry trees like flocks of birds, and the sudden disappearance of the luscious fruit, needs no repeating here.

A few days more brought us to the battlefield of Gettysburg.

And now surviving comrades, it is forty-five years since we received our honorable discharge from the great army of the Rebellion. The discharge paper we hold as a great and valued relic. Let us not forget we are still engaged in a great fight

against all existing evils. While we are in the world let us be valiant as in the former contest until the end which will soon come to us all, and then receive our final discharge and receive the great reward according to the promise, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

(Comrade Lieutenant Moore submitted the above narrative just a few months before his death. No man gave the historian more encouragement.—Ed.)

Since Comrade Jonathan Moore had written the interesting narrative and had sent it to the historian as a record of the regiment, he has passed away. The following obituary notice appeared in the Portland (Pa.) Enterprise, from which the writer has taken extracts: "Entered into rest, Mr. Jonathan Moore, Thursday, February 18, 1909, at his residence in Mount Bethel. . . . He was one of the most noble and best men who ever lived in Northampton county. . . . was born on the 27th of April, 1825, in Orange County, N. Y. He was a teacher of the public schools of the county. . . . conducted the Williamsburg Academy for 12 years. . . . had a wide reputation for scholarship and tact in teaching, impressing as well his noble character upon his many pupils.

His war record appears as above indicated. At the close of the war Mr. Moore entered business and was for many years the agent of the D. L. & W. Railroad at Portland. He was also for many years a director of the First National Bank of Bangor. He was chaplain in the Grand Army Post of Portland for many years.

His funeral services were held in the Mount Bethel Presbyterian Church, with which he was honorably and usefully identified for many years."

Interesting Items by Rev. Stryker A. Wallace, Co. G.

"I was enrolled at Easton, Pa., in the summer of 1862, and mustered into the service of the United States at Harrisburg with the regiment, and mustered out at Harrisburg July 24, 1863.

Speaking of Chancellorsville, I carried Dr. Neff's instrument case in and out of battle,—carried it out more rapidly than I carried it in. I did it successfully, however, by making good use of my legs. When the Johnnies came rushing in on our flank, there was no time to be lost. I took Reuben Hess from the field to the operating table, when the surgeon declared that amputation was necessary. I witnessed the operation and took a piece of the bone which was badly fractured and showed it to Mr. Hess, and it satisfied him that operation was necessary. I was a convoy to Major Freuhauff, who was wounded, and brought him across the Rappahannock river when we retreated from the field. We crossed under the cover of darkness. The camp fires of the enemy were burning all around us. We arrived at the hospital early in the morning, but found everything full. The major suggested that we lie down on the ground. No sooner had we touched the ground than we fell asleep, worn out. About 7 or 8 o'clock I felt the point of the major's elbow in my side, when he said, 'Look here.' I looked and the army was passing by, banners flying and the troops in full retreat for Falmouth and the old camp grounds. After we had crossed on a pontoon, there was a high hill up which we climbed, and looking back we had a view of most of the army; a grand sight it was. It was approaching in three columns, each headed for one of the three pontoon bridges. The serpentine movements of the troops with their flying flags was a beautiful sight.

There were many incidents of the camp and march, some amusing and some historical. Upon the resignation of Captain Joseph Reimer, of Company G, Adjutant Howard J. Reeder became captain of our company. I regret two things, first that so many of the commanders are gone from us, and second that I cannot meet and see those who remain. I would like very much to be with you at your reunion. I thank you for the invitation.

I shall be glad to hear from you again. I am cordially and truly yours."

The above letter was addressed to the Secretary, N. H. Mack, Subsequently the writer received the following from Comrade Wallace:

Dear Mr. Kiefer: "So busy have I been that I have just reached your letter and am so pressed now that I cannot give to it the attention I would like. I think the regiment returned to a position on Cemetery Hill after the first day's fight in which we were defeated. General Howard took up position on Cemetery Ridge, and the part of the line which fell to our regiment was on Cemetery Hill, and behind the stone wall to shield the men from the sharp-shooters stationed in and on the buildings in the town of Gettysburg. The battery (of which you speak) was planted on the rising ground just back of our regiment. We lay in front of the battery.

Our men made good account of themselves in repulsing the Louisiana Tigers, who were immediately in front of our regiment. It was against them we were pitted. Our regiment was to the right of the well, and of the Cemetery Gate, of which you speak. Of all the men most capable, that I know of, to tell you about these matters is Lieutenant Jonathan Moore. I will write you about Comrade Hess later. I will be glad to help you all I can."



The Story of Wm. Armstrong—By Rev. Stryker A. Wallace, Co. G.

"Things were quiet at Gettysburg after the contending lines were well formed, succeeding the fighting of the first day. The 153d Regiment of Penna. Volunteers was lying behind a stone wall on Cemetery Hill for protection from the sharp-shooters in the buildings in the town. In the meantime a Rebel headquarters was established in a field in full view beyond and opposite our lines. One of our batteries was stationed on the brow of the hill just back of us. A staff, or, general officer, came riding along and said to the captain of the battery, 'Captain, can't you give them a shot?' The captain following the suggestion, sighted a piece and the first shot went in the door of the Rebel headquarters. A Rebel battery responded and a duel succeeded between the two batteries.

Wm. Armstrong, (commonly called Bill) a large, sturdy man, accustomed to work on the railroad, from which and his Irish ancestry, he had a powerful frame, stood up against the wall leaning on his elbow watching the contest between the batteries. A shell from the Rebel gun exploded over his head and a piece of the shell about as large as the two front fingers, struck him over the left eye, scooping out a hole in his forehead about an inch and a half deep. Two of our men were ordered to carry him to the rear; which they were doing when a general riding by said to the men, 'don't you see that the man is dead?' They laid him down. In the meantime the battle was raging all along the line, the engagement having been brought on by the duel between the batteries.

Wm. Armstrong lay for two days on the field, and was picked up the third day by the ambulance corps, and taken to the Eleventh Corps Hospital—to the barn used for the hospital, but after being looked over by the surgeons, was ordered carried out, as it was thought there was little or no hope for him. The writer found him at the corner of the barn, with a big flat stone for a pillow, his overcoat having been folded and placed under his head. A blanket was thrown over him. But in the meantime he had lost his coat out from under his head, and his

blanket had slipped from him. Blood was running from the wound and from his eyes and nose. His lips were so swollen he could not speak. He was conscious, recognizing my voice, and by prying open his mouth with a spoon I fed him some soup. The first food he had taken since he entered the battle four days before.

I went to the chief surgeon, told him of this man, that it had been supposed he would die, but that he had not died, and that he ought to have medical attention. He went out with me and looked at him and said, 'that is a very interesting case; he is a big, strong fellow, he can pull through,' or words to that effect. He sent an assistant surgeon to dress his wound. While the poor fellow had been lying there, without food, drink or shelter, it had rained, and the cavity in his head was half full of water. Dr. Neff afterwards said, that probably the rain had saved his life, as it kept down inflammation. I asked the Chief Surgeon what I should do with the man. He replied, 'Put him wherever you can.' That meant a great deal or it meant nothing, as every place was full. I got a stretcher and another soldier, and seeing a large tent going up about one hundred yards away, I remarked to my comrade, that I suppose is a regimental tent, but the surgeon says we shall put him wherever we can. We will take him right in and lay him down. He is too badly hurt for them to throw him out. If they protest we will tell our orders. And so we did, there being a sort of protest, but the condition of the patient and the order of the surgeon prevailed. In this way poor Bill Armstrong found a temporary resting place, and needed attention, till he could be removed to the general hospital.

He was restored to his family with a hole in his head and the loss of an eye, but otherwise as hale and hearty as ever. When I afterwards saw him in Pennsylvania he suddenly grabbed me and drew me to his bosom and lifted me clear off my feet for joy. He recognized that I had probably saved his life, and was grateful for the service to him."

Comrade Hess, Company G, By S. A. Wallace.

"Comrade Hess was struck by a minie ball above the knee. The ball went straight through, carrying the bone away with it, or splitting the bone as it crashed through it. He was lying in a little tent opposite and apparently unconcerned, and without pain. When I found him I said, 'Well, you must go to the hospital, to the operating table, to have your wound examined.' We had hoped the ball had gone around the bone, but it looked bad. The holes were opposite each other. He was afraid to go to the table for fear the surgeon would take off his leg, perhaps unnecessarily, so he wanted me to speak to the surgeon about it. I cheerfully assented to do so. The doctor gave me the most hearty assurance that he would do no wrong to the patient. After placing the man under chloroform he ran his little finger into the wound and taking a pair of pincers from his vest pocket he pulled out a splintered bone several inches long, showing that the bone was badly fractured, and in fact carried clear away. I took a long piece of the bone and showed it to Mr. Hess to show him that the amputation of the limb was an absolute necessity. He seemed to be satisfied. He recovered from the operation and returned to his home.

There was another of the Hess boys who was also wounded in the leg, but which proved to be only a flesh wound. The doctor cut the ball out, Young Hess pluckily refusing to take chloroform. The operation took place in the little tent which he occupied. I witnessed this operation. I think the names of these comrades were Reuben and Abraham, but cannot tell with any degree of certainty."





Theo. Hester, Co. G.



Lieutenant Wm. Simmers, Co. G.

Theodore Hester, Co. G.

Comrade Hester was a drummer boy and was an interesting chum, a fine specimen of the young men who enlisted from Mt. Bethel. He relates the following: "Winfield S. Snyder and I were the musicians of Company G. The regiment assembled in Easton September 22, when transportation was made ready for Harrisburg, where we encamped until we went to Washington, D. C., and encamped on Arlington Heights after which we were removed to the camp we named Camp Glanz, in honor of our colonel. Our next move was by boat to Alexandria, on the shore of the Potomac. We spent the winter at Brooks Station, and about the last of April marched to the battleground of Chancellorsville, where our regiment became engaged in its first battle. The fight commenced on Saturday, May 2, our regiment being posted on the extreme right of the line of the Eleventh Corps. The enemy having become aware of weak points of our army, made a circuit and completely enveloped our line. In those days I was an expert runner, and I was not long deciding what disposition to make of my 'worldly goods,' but left them all behind and made my way through the dense thickets, escaping with my life. There was but one point of the compass which suggested personal safety, and that was due north. The next day was Sunday. I continued to use my athletic abilities until I reached the Rappahannock river. Here I stopped long enough to take account of stock, and investigate the surroundings. I finally concluded to go back and see how many of the boys of Company G I could find. I followed the line of breastworks of the different regiments and finally came where they were, and they were glad to see me. I missed a few comrades of the company and learned of personal friends who were killed at the opening of the battle, among them were Peter Kunsman and Jacob Rambel. Henry Dunbar told me that he assisted one of them to lean against a tree, others were captured. I crossed with the band of an Ohio regiment. On arrival at Falmouth I took a train for Brooks Station. I reported at headquarters and was assigned to hospital duties in charge of Wards Nos. 29 and 30, with 12 to 14 wounded in each ward. We were subsequently

transported to Washington, D. C. Among the patients I attended and brought with me to Washington were Samuel Carlton and John Holmes, of a Massachusetts regiment. Our return to Harrisburg for the muster-out and the reception in Easton were joyful events. The memory of our meeting with friends at home will ever abide."

Captain Geo. H. Young, Co. H.

The Captain occupied a conspicuous place in both battles and was wounded on the first day at Gettysburg. He was a fine type of soldier and commanded his Company with great acceptability. His experience in the engagement of Chancellorsville, and the terrible sufferings on account of his wound at Gettysburg would make an interesting chapter. He still resides in the city, enjoying the well earned honors of his military and civil life.

Lieutenant Wm. H. Crawford, (M. D.) Co. I.

"In the evening of the first day I had charge of a detail of men before the cannon. We remained in this position protected as well as we could during all night of the first day and until the evening of the second day. Up to the time of the charge by the Louisiana Tigers on the evening of the 2d, we were associated with a skirmish detail of the 33d Massachusetts. After the charge was made and the enemy repulsed we followed them down to the stone fence and lane. Here we remained on these low grounds until the 4th day."



Captain George H. Young, Co. H.



Lieutenant George W. Walter, Co. H.

Letter of Lieut. Reuben J. Stotz, Co. I.

"Camp near Brook's Station, Va., June 2, 1863.

Dear Sister:—Having a few leisure moments I thought I would address a short letter to you. You may perhaps think that I have forgotten you, but if you do I hope you will be convinced that it is not so. I had commenced a letter for you a short time ago, but was too lazy to finish it. I hope you will forgive me. I am, thank God, in good health and spirits, hoping this will find you in the same state. We have to drill every day, the weather is very hot and we have to go it double-quick, which as you can imagine, makes us sweat very much. The balance of the time we spend in lying in our tents. Soldier life is a very lazy life in summer time and I am getting a little tired of it, and should be glad if we were taken out of this stinking Virginia. Tomorrow we will move our camp. The general issued orders that we had to remove our camps every 10 days, the object being to prevent sickness as much as possible. I think it a very good plan, although I think it unnecessary for us, for we have a very healthy place. I don't like to leave it to exchange for another. It is the most beautiful camping ground I have yet seen in these diggings. We expect to return to our homes the beginning of next month. Won't that be a joyous time for us, if permitted to do so? I saw in the papers that the people of Northampton are making preparation for our reception.

Our company's health is very good, only one being sick at present, viz., Jeremiah Resh, who has typhoid fever. He is, however, rapidly recovering. There are two in the general hospital, and as far as I can find out, are doing well. Two prisoners who were taken in the battle of Chancellorsville were paroled and are in Convalescent Camp, near Alexandria, Va. One, I think, is still on the other side of the river. The Rebs retained him to attend to our wounded. He may, however, have been paroled since and sent up to our camp. I had the good luck to come out without a scratch. I did not think it possible that a man could get out of such a place unhurt, the way the balls whizzed around our heads. Our regiment was posted at the extreme right of the line, and was the first attacked, and that by an overwhelming force. After giving the Rebs five volleys we were ordered, by our commanding officers, to retreat. Our boys stood remarkably well (and as the brigade general said) gave the enemy a parting volley which they did not expect. The Eleventh Corps is censured very much, but I know that some regiments fought bravely, and no blame

should be put on such. Our army is lying quiet and there is no indication of any forward movement, nor attack from the enemy. You can get more information through the papers than I can give you. If God grants me the privilege to return and spend a few days with you we will have a long conversation, which will be of more satisfaction than writing. Give my love to Jacob and the children, and keep a share for yourself. Wishing you health and happiness in abundance, I remain as ever your affectionate brother,

REUBEN."

Recollections of Lewis B. Clewell, Co. I.

"Three members of Company I, James Engle, George Fritz and myself, were captured at Chancellorsville on the evening of May 2, 1863. We, in company with a large number of prisoners from the 153d and other commands, were taken to Jackson's headquarters, where we spent the night in an old shed (or, as many as could get in, the rest outside). On Sunday morning, May 3d, we marched about two miles from the battlefield, where we were halted, drawn up in line, and the able or stronger-looking men were detailed to go with the ambulances and pick up the wounded. Those selected for this work were not sent to Libby. Comrade Fritz of Company I was one of the number detailed. He afterward stated that many of the wounded were found on the field still living on the second and third days after the battle, and that many were supposed to have been burned to death in the high grass which was burning.

The sights and odors sickened him at first, but soon got used to it. We continued our march, arriving at Spottsylvania Court House, where we spent the night. May the 4th we marched to Guinea's Station. Up to this time no rations had been dealt out to us. I had about three days' rations in my haversack, and while it lasted I divided with the less fortunate comrades. While here the Rebs rolled in a number of barrels of wheat flour, from which we were allowed to help ourselves. The prospect of making a meal of raw flour, without salt or water, was not very cheering,



Lieutenant Reuben J. Stotz, Co. I.



Lieutenant Wm. H. Crawford, M. D., Co. I.



Captain Joseph S. Myers, Co. I.

but as is said, 'necessity is the mother of invention.' We set our Yankee wits to work and in a few minutes were drawing water. This we did by digging small holes in the sand, into which the water would filter. Then dipping it out with our tin cups, we added sufficient flour to make a stiff batter, pressing it into flat cakes with our hands and placing them on the end of sharpened sticks, we held them near the fire until baked. The rest was easy. Prisoners were added to our number daily. May 7th we marched to near Milford Station, camping for the night. May 8th we continued our march, arriving in the evening at Hanover Station, where we spent the night, and had very good crackers dealt out to us, which were not so hard as our hard-tack.

During the evening we were calling for one of our men, Jacob Senseman, a member of our Regimental Band. The Rebel officer in command of the guard, hearing the name called, approached us, asked if we were calling Senseman. We said yes. He then asked us where he was from. We replied from Nazareth, Pa. He said, 'I would like to see him. I was a student at Nazareth Hall and was well acquainted in Nazareth.' He made inquiry about many of his old acquaintances and was friendly, allowing us to communicate with the guard, who treated us very kindly. May 9th, arriving at Richmond, we were placed in Libby prison, second floor. The officers occupied the first floor. Our colonel, Charles Glanz, being one of the first floor occupants. We found a knot hole in the floor, through which we passed messages on slips of paper. The room assigned to us was in charge of a deserter from the Union army and he was the worst man we had thus far to deal with. Our prison fare was two meals a day, and for the first time good soft bread was served, for the second, poor weak bean soup. The water came in through pipes from the James River, was muddy after a shower. Troughs running around two sides of the room, flushed with the waste water from the pipe were used for all closet purposes. The filthy water from the trough in the room above us leaked through into our apartments and was very offensive, and in these days would be considered quite unsanitary. The Richmond Inquirer was

brought to the outside of the door, and by our first shoving 20 cents of our currency (shin-plasters) through under the door, a copy of the paper would be served us in like manner. On one occasion a back number was passed in, in exchange for my 20 cents. May 13th, on leaving Libby for City Point, we were supplied with cakes, by Rebel women and children, at 25 cents each, such as we could get at home for 2 cents apiece. Marched to City Point in a heavy rain, and dried our clothes by the fire, May 14th took steamer for Annapolis, Md., arriving May 16th; encamped until May 20, when we left for 'Convalescent Camp' at Alexandria, remaining there until July 8th, when we were sent to Harrisburg, which was our abiding place until mustered out with the regiment.

LEWIS B. CLEWELL."

Corporal, Co. I, 153d Regt. Pa. Vols., Bethlehem, Pa.

Capt. Isaac LaRue Johnson, Co. K.

Grand Royal Arch Chapter, District of Columbia. Office of the Grand High Priest, Washington, D. C., January 10, 1900.

"To the Constituent Chapter of this Grand Chapter, and all to whom these presents may come: Again are we reminded of the solemn fact that 'it is appointed unto all men once to die.' Isaac LaRue Johnson, Past Grand High Priest, passed the vails which interpose between this earthly tabernacle and the Holy of Holies above, at his residence in this city on Thursday, December 28, 1899. M. E. Companion Johnson was born in Warren County, N. J., October 16, 1837. He came to this city when a youth, was graduated at Columbia College, studied law, and was admitted to practice in the Courts of the District.

In 1862 he was commissioned a captain in the One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Infantry, and served with his regiment in the Army of the Potomac. Resigning on February 11, 1863, he returned to Washington and re-engaged in the practice of law, in which he soon gained a highly honorable reputation. His great work in his profession was to make complete copies of all titles from the records of the office



Captain Isaac Buzzard, Co. K.



Captain Isaac L. Johnson, Co. K. (Resigned).

of Records of Deeds, and the documents thus prepared were the foundation of the first Real Estate Title Insurance Company in the District. He was interred with Masonic honors at Oak Hill Cemetery on Sunday, December 31, 1899. The Grand Lodge performing the burial service, and the several bodies of which he was a member being represented in the cortege which followed his remains to their last resting place.

WM. BARNUM, *Grand High Priest.*

A. W. JOHNSON, *Grand Secretary.*"

Letter from Lieut. Laurence Dutott, Co. K.

"Camp near Brooks Station, May 13, 1863.

Dear Elizabeth:—I hope you have received all my former letters. Now I must tell you more of the battle. The Rebs attacked us on the 2d of May. We stood until they came within twenty-five feet of us, when we were compelled to fall back. They kept up a steady fire of shot and musketry, having us in a cross fire. The bullets came as thick as hail. We were driven back more than a mile, when our noble battery opened on them. How glad I was when I heard our battery cutting them. I was almost played out, for want of water. That was on Saturday. I slept on the field quietly. Sunday morning they came on again, but they fell like flies. At the same time we lost a great many good fellows. Peter Sandt was killed in Saturday's fight. Jeremiah Flory was missing the same day. You would not know the rest if I were to tell you their names. One from Ottsville was killed the same day. Last Sunday our chaplain preached a sermon in honor of our dead. We feel lost without our colonel. The last we saw of him he was standing against a tree supposed to be wounded. The tears were rolling down his face when he said, 'My God, what has become of my regiment?' He thought we were all cut up. I think we all lament our good commander's fate. May God help him to return. Our lieutenant colonel is here but is wounded and is unfit for duty. All our field officers are wounded, and three line officers, but I am safe so far, thank God....All the officers lost their baggage. One of the mules was shot. The one that had mine on, and all my baggage is in the hands of the Rebs. I bought a new blanket.

From your husband.

LIEUT. LAURENCE DUTOTT.

We just heard from Colonel Glanz. He is in Richmond, a prisoner."

Lewis Fraunfelder, Co. K.

While on a visit describing the spot where the 153d stood during the assault, Comrade Fraunfelder said; "Here behind this very wall is where we lay. These cannon just behind us and all these guns as you see them here occupied the same position. This stone fence furnished all the protection we had, as we fired over it. So far as I can judge there is no change in the location or shape of the rows of stone. About in this location I remember crouching. The cannonading was very severe all about us. The men assembled on Cemetery Hill on the evening of the 1st day numbered about 60. It required considerable time for the reorganization of the scattered men, but which was effected by the subordinate officers, greatly assisted by the Brigadier General von Gilsa. I was with a detachment of 20 men sent out as skirmishers. We were sent out across the wall and foot walls below the hill into an open field. Here we were under the fire of the sharp-shooters who occupied the houses on the outskirts of the town. It was here on this skirmish line where I was wounded on the 2d day."

Letter from John Rush, Co. K.

"My Dear Comrade Mack:

Your circular letter dated October 6th came to me a few days ago and indeed I was glad to get even a circular letter from one of my old comrades. This is the first line that I have ever received from any member of the 153d. But I had no reason to expect to hear from any of them as I was an entire stranger to every one in the regiment and when we were mustered out went back to my home in New Jersey where I was living when the war broke out, but, my parents refusing their consent to my enlistment, I went over to Easton and went to work on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and when the 153d was being made up stole a march on my parents and enlisted in Company K of that regiment.

I was born in Ireland on the first day of May, 1844. My parents came to this country (bringing me with them) and landed in Boston on the first day of May, 1847, when I was just three years old.

My experience in the Army was so ordinary as not to be worth taking up space in history, but in answer to your ques-



John Rush, Co. K.

tions will relate some of my experience to be used or not just as you like.

I was wounded in the left arm at Gettysburg, and, after lowering and raising my arm to see if the bone was broken and finding that it was not, I finished loading my rifle but when I attempted to raise my arm to fire found that it was so weak that I could not raise it,—a minie ball having passed nine inches through the muscles of the arm and shoulder.

When I found myself useless and helpless I started to go to the rear but had only gotten a few steps from the line when another minie ball struck my right shoulder cutting my collar bone almost entirely away. Although that was forty-five years ago I have never since been free from pain in that shoulder.

As our whole line was falling back I was hailed by a brave young lieutenant, I don't know his name or to what regiment he belonged, but he tried to rally the boys, that were falling back, and make a stand, and when I told him that I was wounded in both shoulders he told me to break my gun so that the enemy would not get it and when I told him that I could not and that it was loaded, he took my gun and I held my cartridge box open with one hand and my cap pouch open with the other, and we both stood at a gate, he loading and firing my gun, till I was made a prisoner and he had a narrow escape. I don't know what became of him, but I wish I could see him for he was made of sterling stuff.

I was taken into a large brick house, I think it was the almshouse, but the place was full of wounded and the late comer had to wait till some poor fellows died before he could get a bed.

My wounds had bled quite freely, but I had some use of my right arm, and when I was put on a bed I could manage to pour water from a pitcher on my own wounds when lying on my back, while others were worse off than myself.

There was one poor fellow, an Irishman, who was very severely wounded in the head, who wanted to get out of his bed and let me have it saying that he had no right there as he came there as an enemy. I, of course, refused to let him get out of bed but later on when I did get a cot he became delirious and was about to fall out of bed, and I jumping up suddenly ran to sit on the side of his bed to keep him in. That started my own wounds to bleeding afresh and as I was too weak to walk and the enemy having more wounded of their own than they could take care of, they left me alone, and on the fourth of

July I was hauled off to the field hospital in the heaviest rain since Noah's Flood, and spent that night on the seat of an ambulance. Captain Oerter, of Co. C, and some one else that I don't know, occupied the bed of the ambulance. The next day I was taken to a tent and my blouse and shirt cut down the front and back and taken off me to prevent irritation and in that undress uniform, trousers and shoes, was taken to Baltimore where my wounds were first dressed.

The train that I traveled on was made up of freight and stock cars which caused some dissatisfaction, but everybody has learned since then that railroads were not equipped to meet such emergencies on short notice. But I was greatly favored by falling into the hands of dear Miss Anna Dix who took me into a passenger coach attached to the train; for the accommodation of officers, and kept me in the seat with herself, as I had lost considerable blood and rations were short I guess I looked rather pale. Miss Dix had no rations but she ordered a doctor—and her orders were obeyed—to give me some brandy. No one but a mother could have cared for me so tenderly as Miss Dix did and when I heard of her death I felt her loss as one of the greatest sorrows of my life.

When we arrived in Philadelphia I felt at home among my own people as I had many relatives living there and indeed everybody was made to feel at home in that beautiful city of loveable people where I was taken to the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon and hospital. Here I got a square meal, had my wounds dressed again, got another clean shirt—the one given me at Baltimore was taken off—those shirts were made in sections and tied on with tape, I was then sent to Girard Hospital. Indeed I could not retrace my steps for I can't remember all the places that I got a night's lodging but finally landed in Easton and was mustered out with the regiment. I had lived in Easton some time in the fifties. Was there when the cholera was very bad.

I remember that our regiment met with a royal welcome

from the good people of that City. They gave us a fine dinner at the Fair Grounds where beautiful girls waited on the tables, and I personally was very hospitably entertained at the home of a Mrs. Fleming, whose beautiful and patriotic daughter Amanda, seeing my almost helpless condition with both arms in slings, took me to her home and treated me like a brother.

Time cannot blot out the sweet memories of the tender sympathy shown to a stranger in a time of distress and all these years I have prayed that God would bless the Fleming family.

When in the Army I was young and inexperienced, and was a great trial to my Captain, Isaac Buzzard, whom I secretly loved as a brave and upright Christian gentleman.

When I was mustered out I had \$26 to live on and clothe myself for six months while my wounds were healing up, I managed to keep covered by buying cheap material and making my own clothes but had no need to tell any one that I made them.

After I got able to work I tried to re-enlist but was rejected twice, then went in the Construction Corps in Virginia; but wanted to get back in the ranks and tried again, but was again rejected. Then through the influence of the Honorable Philip Johnson M. C., from Easton, got into the Commissary Department as Citizen Soldier at \$50 per month and boarded and lived at a hotel, but got restless and went to Trenton where I was accepted in a way that looked very much like graft, being wounded as well as being an alien (was exempt from military service) the examining surgeon and mustering officer tried to run me in as a substitute, and when I refused to go as a substitute for any one, they told me that I would get eleven hundred dollars if I went as a substitute for their man, and when I told them that there was not enough money in the State of New Jersey to hire me as a substitute they ordered me out. Then I told the Captain that he might be called upon to explain why I was not as well fitted to serve as

a volunteer recruit as I was to serve as a substitute for some able-bodied man, he turned as white as this paper, cursed me, and said, that if I wanted to go and get killed and miss that eleven hundred dollar bounty that he would muster me in and I might go and get killed. So I was mustered in as a volunteer recruit in Co. C, 2d New Jersey Cavalry (I had a school chum in that Company), but as that regiment was in Sherman's Army it had left Chattanooga before I got there. I was then sent back to Nashville and put into a camp of detached cavalry under command of Lieutenant Colonel Minor, Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Keeler, all of the 7th Ohio Cavalry. If we were in that section of the county now and behaved as we did then we would be called 'Night Riders;' as we made most of our excursions at night, going out by twos, tens, twenties or more according to the game we were after.

At the close of the war I came west to Illinois, and for a time boarded with a Mrs. Liab Clark in the Town of Charleston, a former home of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln's famous Log Cabin was just out of Charleston and Mrs. Clark was the daughter of Dennis Hanks whom I knew very well.

I railroaded for a time in Illinois and Michigan. In the Spring of 1877 I came to the coast and spent my first year running a steamboat on Puget Sound when I was sent for to come here to run a steamboat on San Francisco Bay, where I remained for five years.

I am now engaged in the jewelry business. I was not overlooked by the big fire and as I stood in the bread line and cooked in the street and saw the refugees carrying their worldly possessions on their backs it reminded me of camp life, but I hope to be spared another such a reminder.

I am a member of George H. Thomas Post G. A. R. of this Department. I know Lieutenant Colonel Edward S. Soloman of the 45th New York, 1st Brigade, 3d Division, Eleventh Corps. He is a Past Dept. Commander of this Department. In discuss-

ing the battle of Gettysburg with him one time he said 'the 153d fought like devils.'"

Brief Narratives by the Boys.

Peter Kridler, Company A, says he spent from 4 p. m. of the first day till the next evening on skirmish duty in the Gettysburg engagement; during this time he fired 65 rounds of cartridges. He landed on top of Cemetery Hill about dusk on the second day.

Tilghman Rhoads, Company A, wounded at Gettysburg; was a monumental worker by trade, had the great honor of setting the marker at the foot of the stone fence indicating the skirmish line of the regiment. Comrade Rhoads also testifies that when he retired from the Rebel flank at Chancellorsville, he saw the stacked guns of the 41st Regiment, and the men gone. George Hirst, Company F, in the Chancellorsville battle, took his gun from the stack, fired, and retired, but found the regiment behind the 153d gone.

Reuben S. Vogel, Company D, was on von Gilsa's staff, but by request of Colonel Glanz, joined the band. Jacob R. Senseman, a member of the band, was taken prisoner at Chancellorsville. Peter Sandt (Wm. P.), Company E, was killed in line of battle at Chancellorsville. (He is among the "Unknown"). Comrade Vogel says: On the slope of Cemetery Hill he saw many dead whose pockets had been turned wrong side out. This was a common sight after a battle. Ernest Bender, Company H, assisted in the slashing of the trees of the barricade in front of the regiment on the Chancellorsville battle ground. General von Gilsa was present and told the men how to cut the timber. As Bender was hit by a falling tree Gilsa told him to quit. Sidney J. (M.) Miller rode one of Colonel Glanz's horses away at the opening of the battle and at the time of the retreat. Gilsa rode the other horse.* Colonel Glanz was captured near the Tally House. He was a very fleshy man, and wore high topped boots which reached to his thigh. It was impossible for him to run, and whoever

*Gilsa's horse had fallen and injured the General.

could not take his own part, in that performance, at that time, was captured. Colonel Dachrodt was wounded in the arm. Philip Halpin was killed near Barlow's Knoll, in the extreme front position our regiment had taken at Gettysburg. Peter Kridler says a comrade saw where 18 bodies were buried in one grave at that spot. These bodies, with all that could be located elsewhere over the field were taken up in the month of October and buried in the National grounds, where all bodies that could not be identified were placed in tiers of the plot marked, "Unknown." Companies A and B went on the skirmish line on first entering the field at Gettysburg. Kridler further says, he heard Gilsa say as he rode along the line through the town, "By order of General Schurz I take command of my brigade." Gilsa was very popular with the boys, and Barlow had placed him under arrest (for not obeying some order of detachment). The men of the brigade shouted lustily as the General (Gilsa) rode by them to enter the field to be again at the head of his command.

George Siegfried, Company D, residing at Bath, was a member of Company D. He reports having fired four times before the regiment was ordered to retire before Jackson's attack. It was a moment of great excitement. On his turning back he saw the guns of the 41st still on stack and the men gone. An incident of amusing nature occurred as related by George. It was on this wise: The men were out of rations upon an occasion, and he gave \$20 to two comrades and sent them out to look for bread. They came back with one loaf, for which they paid fifty cents, but returned only \$7.50 change, and the balance they could not account for. After the regiment returned home Wirebach paid back six dollars, and about one year afterwards, Houser met his friend Siegfried and said to him, "Here is the \$6 I have owed you for a year. We had spent your change in a little outing of our own." Asa K. McIlhaney, the public school principal of Bath, has taken a great interest in everything pertaining to the regiment, and rendered the historian considerable assistance. F. L. Fatzinger, Esq., of Bath, also assisted the writer by introductions to comrades from whom valuable items were received.

John Ribble was one of the first men wounded in front of the line at the opening of the battle at Chancellorsville. He was removed in a wagon and taken to the rear.

Thomas Quinn, Co. D.

"I was wounded in first day's fight at Chancellorsville, and laid in woods over night. Was taken prisoner next morning by the 5th N. C. Regt., Confederate; was taken to Libby prison about three weeks; was paroled and taken to Convalescent Camp, Alexandria, Va., was exchanged and after battle of Gettysburg was discharged. Enlisted as private, was promoted to Corporal and then to 3d Sergeant. Was with regiment whole time except while in prison.

Members of the 153d Band.

Eugene Walter, Leader; Jas. C. Beitel, A; Jos. E. Seiple; Lewis H. Abel, A; Wm. H. Clewell, A; Henry C. Leibfried, A; C. Edwin Michael, A; Chas. Schuman, F; Wm. H. Burcaw, F; Jacob Senseman, A; Reuben S. Vogel, D; Stephen D. Hirst, H; Henry Medemack; Henry Nolf, Co. D; John Bruce, G.

Thoughts on Memorial Day.

Memorial Day is crowded with tender memories. The new-made grave of our sleeping Comrade is yet before our bowed spirit. More than 500,000 brave warriors were laid to rest in the storm of that dark day. The dead we mourn were our Comrades in arms, in blue. They have bivouaced under "those low green tents whose curtains never outward swing." Their dust is watched by the night sentinels—the silent stars which pace their solemn rounds in the midnight sky. We pay them a soldiers' honor while we place flowers—the emblems of hope—on their graves. Thus also we reconsecrate ourselves to those high



The National Cemetery, Gettysburg.

principles for which, with them, we fought and for which they have given the full measure of patriotic devotion with their lives. Go back in memory to those dark and stirring days. They seem as but yesterday, the weird dream of a night. Now again before our eyes they are unveiled and appalling. The excitements of those war times. How fresh the sad scenes! Sad men everywhere! The mechanic laid down his tools on the bench before him. The husbandman his implements of sowing and reaping, walked to the fence to learn tidings of the far off field of the contending armies. The plow was left athwart the furrow. The horse is ridden to the village green, to the enlisting room in the excitement of the drum beats and under the Nation's flag. "To arms" cannot be longer unheeded. The love of home is strong; but the love of country prevails. The final day has come, the parting from loved ones, amid sobs and farewells the long trains bear away the father, the son, the brother, the friend. The grief of that sad parting was only exceeded by the joy of the return of the loved ones. The lives laid upon the altar of their country! How precious to know that the fallen ones are wrapped in their country's flag! That though some were not recognized as to Regimental relations; yet they sleep in the shadow of the same National monument which commemorates the known dead.*

*Of the forty-seven killed, and deaths from wounds, at Gettysburg, seven repose in the National Cemetery (at Gettysburg), while many of them are there asleep with the unknown.



A True Patriot's Monument.

Hiram Pearson, Company D, has erected a beautiful monument in Greenwood Cemetery, Howertown. It is one of the most attractive memorials of its kind in eastern Pennsylvania, and is the only one erected at private expense in either Lehigh



Erected by Hiram Pearson, Co. D.

or Northampton Counties. This, is a very important reason (aside from the fact that it shows the patriotism of our people) why we should add this beautiful monumental shaft to our illustrative department of the history of our gallant soldiers.

The dimensions of the monument are 26 feet and six inches

high, and six and a half feet wide at the base. The crowning figure is that of a full sized soldier in the position of parade rest. The adornment and engravement of the shaft are: The Eleventh Army Corps Crescent, G. A. R. emblems and the war record of Mr. Pearson. He was in both battles in which the 153d participated,—Chancellorsville and Gettysburg—and was severely wounded in the latter. The work on the shaft is of best design, and the position in the Cemetery commanding, being visible for a long distance. It will ever perpetuate the memory of the generous veteran and stand in commemoration of the noble regiment and its heroic sacrifices for the preservation of our beloved country.

In Memoriam.

We commemorate the bravery, worthiness, patriotism, fame and moral elevation of our fallen comrades. We proudly bedeck the sacred places of their sleeping dust with flowers as emblems of remembrance. The Pantheon, in Rome, is a temple dedicated to all the gods of the pagans, the Santa Marie Rotondo is the only ancient edifice in Rome preserved perfectly. It was lighted through an aperture in the dome. It was built by Agrippa twenty-seven years before the Christian era.

On the plains of Marathon 11,000 Greeks put to flight 100,000 Persians and drove them to the sea. They that day saved Europe from the threatening horde of Asia before whom had fallen Egypt, Babylon, Armenia and Syria. On Marathon the despots' mad rush was stayed. Here the dauntless Greek gave to the world an example of patriotism before unknown. Byron said in verse:

"The flying Meade, his shaftless broken bow;
 The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
 Mountains above, earths, ocean's plain below;
 Death in the front, destruction in the rear,
 Such was the scene."

On that noted field the grateful Greeks erected an artificial earth mound the sole monumental design to mark the spot where their brave men fell.

The dead of our Union army lie buried in a grander Pantheon than the Greeks across the seas. History will forever hold them dear. The faces of our deceased victorious comrades are not yet obliterated from the tablet of our memory.

The Pantheon, the temple of Trajan, Westminster Abby hold the dust of many brave and glorious men, but what more famous monuments of valorous deeds than these:

The "Broken Rock," the "Splintered Tree," the "Wheat Field," "Spangler's Spring," the "Clump of Umbrella Trees," "Round Top," "Little Round Top," "Bloody Angle," "Devil's Den," "Seminary Ridge," "*Barlow's Knoll*" and "*Cemetery Ridge*." The National Cemetery at Gettysburg, where lie 1000 of our brave "Unknown," and where many of the dead of the 153d repose.

The poet has said:

"They lie where they fighting fell,
 In alien groves, but slumber well;
 No sister or wife to weep.
 There strew with flowers the silent grave:
 Of those who died their native land to save.
 And more and more as swift years come and go,
 Of those who mourned for these will slumber low.
 But in far time to come when all are gone,
 Will still the memory of our dead live on."

**Address of Lieutenant J. Clyde Millar. At Dedication of
Monument of 153d Regiment on Barlow's Knoll.**

"To be called upon at a moment's notice to group into words suitable and fully grasp the idea of the single sentence to honor brave men dead, to me is an impossibility; and yet, we are told history repeats itself; a true saying, is it not? for this day marks a closing act in a drama beheld in the lifetime of many present—that of war on the one side, peace, glorious peace, repeating itself, on the other. We see congregated here to-day upon this historical field a vast multitude assembled from the North as well as the South; but under what different auspices from the one that gathered here one-fourth century ago. To-day the hum of voices in glad greetings are heard; the clasping of hands in one common brotherhood seen; the mingling together beneath the folds of a starry flag, each and every one saying that for America there can be but one God, one country and one flag. Then for a few moments of time to turn back the leaves of memory and see what can be read thereon. Again we see two armies, antagonistic one to the other, two columns of men rapidly marching parallel with each other towards a centering point. When and where that inevitable meeting was to be none for a time knew. At last one man, the one-armed Howard, declared that here, within these encircling hills, should be the arena wherein should be enacted one of the greatest gigantic struggles of warfare known to the civilized world. Ere the sun had reached its meridian on that first day of July, 1863, there was a hush, a stillness in the very atmosphere surrounding us. War-worn veterans knew full well that it was but the lull, the forerunner of the tempest yet to come. Brave hearts trembled or waxed strong in the awful presence of the coming storm; the steady tramp of marching men ended; the rumbling roll of cannon wheels ceased; the bugle call silent; knapsacks were unslung; bayonets fixed; the command of forward awaited; at last the guns of brave Reynolds rang out on that mid-summer day: the die was cast; the battle on. Soon the sullen boom of the cannon's roar was heard, the unearthly shriek of the flying

shell, the bugle's blast, the hoarse command, the volley's crash. I looked and beheld lying over yonder, touched by the icy hand of death, the form of one who had once been a mother's pride; there, stark and still, lay a fond father's hope; here the husband of a loving wife; yonder a young girl's choice.

Again I see this regiment, 600 strong,* with an undaunted front, charging that flaming line of almost certain death. When brave Beaver, Howell, Yeager, Meyers, with hundreds more, went down beneath that leaden hail, still onward they swept out of the shimmering light into that dark death-dealing cloud, ever and anon amidst this murky scene could be seen the floating banners of this charging host, the red-like stripes cut from a crimson cloud, the white-like stripes from the morning's mist; the blue, a field of azure sky, within which, like balls of fire at a white heat, blazed and twinkled the diamond stars; wave after wave, billow after billow, of southern rebellion, rolled up, but broke on that bulwark of northern unionism, that with its glittering wall of bayonets and thundering tones said, thus far, but no farther; strewn the valley, dotted the hills with wounded, dying and dead, slumbering on yonder hillside heroes who solved with their own existence the problem of a nation's life; sleeping on yonder hillside in their windowless palaces of rest, thousands upon thousands of brave unknown ones who said the star of American liberty should not go down in the darkness of midnight gloom, but should hence forth glisten and shine as a beacon light for millions living, as well as for unborn millions yet to come.

Then consecrate this monument to their memory dear. Time may crumble its beautiful outlines; storms beat upon its rocky sides, but guard well thy trust, oh, thou Silent Bugler one! Call not back our loved ones gone, but watch over with a soldier's care yon voiceless city of our beloved dead—dead, but not forgotten. 'Tis but a question of time, the rising and setting of a few more suns, when we too will cross over that river, where war drums never throb or battle flags unfurl.

*The number present in this battle cannot be actually ascertained.

Hush thy rustling wings, oh angel band;
 Halt! thou mystic soldier host;
 Hold! thou countless millions, hold!
 Time in silent awe is lost.
 See! with noiseless tread they come, with hallowed light they shine.
 'Tis the mighty chieftains, Grant and Meade.
 Hark! Hear their last command comes ringing down the line;
 Spirit soldiers freed,
 See your living comrades now, as all brave soldiers should,
 Clasp hands in one grand brotherhood.
 Henceforth they march forevermore
 As one great mighty army corps
 Through all Eternity;
 No North, no South, no East, no West,
 But all fraternity,
 When death sounds taps for bivouac dead.
 The pontoon bridges all are laid
 Across yon shoreless sea,
 Then closed en masse, that silent band in waiting stand,
 With no one now to lead;
 It matters not, they'll meet us there,
 Our old commanders, Grant and Meade."

**Dedication of Monument 153d Regiment Infantry. Address
 of Lieutenant William Beidelman.**

"Comrades of the late One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment:—

As we recall the scenes enacted on this spot a little more than twenty-six years ago, we are overcome by the emotions that struggle within us. It is here that you met in desperate encounter the then foe who sought the destruction of the American Union. As we stand on this elevated spot, to be ever known as Barlow's Knoll, in honor of the gallant and distinguished officer who commanded our Division, and who was so desperately wounded here, our minds recall the terrible drama performed here a little more than a quarter of a century ago.

Our fancy again paints the lurid scenes of this great and memorable battlefield. Looking across yonder fields now wrapt in peaceful embrace, we can imagine General Gordon's command of brave Georgians advancing upon us in grand but terrible battle array. In fancy I see their serried columns marching grandly on, their burnished guns glistening in the sun of that awful July day, and then that dreadful charge, the desperate struggle on the banks of the peaceful stream at our feet, the carnival of death, our comrades falling all around us, and finally the repulse of our brave boys; all these are things to which our memories recur this day. This very spot drenched in the patriotic blood of our dead comrades; let us pause and drop a tear or two in honor of their memory. There are some people who ask us to forget these scenes. But I say let those who remained behind enjoying the calm repose of peaceful homes while you went forth to do battle, and if need be die for your country, forget them, but you cannot. The heroism, the deeds of valor and the blood poured out on both sides by the blue and the gray, protest in trumpet tones against burying these recollections. There is no human inspiration that can, or will ever awaken greater pride in our bosom than the fact that you fought at Gettysburg. It is on this field that the tide of the great rebellion was turned which kept on ebbing until the Union and free government on this continent were again made secure by the surrender at Appomattox.

This beautiful monument which we dedicate this day, will, as the years roll on, tell the story of what you did here, and it will serve to keep green the memories of those of our comrades that fell here. And when we are no longer, and the last one of us shall be gathered with the Grand Army beyond the grave, and none of us are left to talk about Gettysburg, this marble shaft will remain to tell the story.

The Map of the Battlefield.

The vast field covers 25 square miles, every part of which is shown on the map except the Cavalry Battlefield, which lies 3 miles east of the town. The picture shows the ground as it now appears with the Government improvements of roads dedicated to the Generals who had armies in the respective localities. North of the town in a westerly direction we find Buford Avenue. About in this region the battle began.



Soldiers' Monument in Easton, Pa.

The Beautiful Monument in the County Seat.

No more enduring commemoration of Northampton's great regiment—the 153d—has been shown by the citizens of

the County than by the erection of the elegant shaft which graces the public square of the City of Easton and was dedicated to the grateful memory of all her soldiers.

1st Regiment (3 months).

Company A, Capt. Jas. L. Selfridge.
Company B, Capt. Jacob Dachrodt.
Company C, Capt. Wm. H. Armstrong.
Company D, Capt. Charles H. Heckman.
Company H, Capt. Ferdinand W. Bell.

9th Regiment (3 months).

Company G, Capt. Richard A. Graeffe.

41st Regiment—12th Reserves—(3 years).

Company E, Capt. John I. Horn.

46th Regiment (3 years).

Company C, Capt. Owen A. Luckenbach.

47th Regiment (3 years).

Company A, Capt. Richard A. Graeffe.
Company C, Capt. Charles H. Yard.

51st Regiment (3 years).

Company B, Capt. Ferdinand W. Bell.
Company K, Capt. John E. Titus.

59th Regiment—2d Cavalry—(3 years).

Company H, Capt. Nalbro Frazier, Jr.

64th Regiment—4th Cavalry (3 years).

Company A, Capt. Edward Tombler.

67th Regiment (3 years).

Company H, Capt. Lynford Trock.

108th Regiment—11th Cavalry (3 years).

Company H, Capt. Samuel Wetherill.

113th Regiment—12th Cavalry (3 years).

Company D, Capt. David Schortz.

- 129th Regiment (9 months)
Company C, Capt. Jonathan K. Taylor.
Company D, Capt. Herbert Thomas.
Company F, Capt. David Eckar.
Company K, Capt. John Stonebach.
- 153d Regiment (9 months).
Company A, Capt. Owen Rice.
Company B, Capt. Joseph A. Frey.
Company C, Capt. Henry J. Oerter.
Company D, Capt. Theodore H. Howell.
Company E, Capt. John P. Ricker.
Company F, Capt. Lucius Q. Stout.
Company G, Capt. Joseph Reimer.
Company H, Capt. George H. Young.
Company I, Capt. Joseph S. Meyers.
Company K, Capt. Isaac L. Johnson.
- 174th Regiment Militia (9 months).
Company B, Capt. Freeman J. Geissinger.
Company H, Capt. Zachariah D. Morris.
Company I, Capt. Stephen Williamson.
- 202d Regiment (1 year).
Company F, Capt. Amandus J. Laubach.
- 214th Regiment (1 year).
Company H, Capt. Edward Kelly.
- 215th Regiment (1 year).
Company G, Capt. John O. Billheimer.
- 5th Volunteer Militia of 1862.
Company A, Capt. Wm. B. Semple.
Company B, Capt. Wm. Kellogg.
Company E, Capt. George Finley.
Company I, Capt. Thomas W. Lynn.
- 27th Volunteer Militia of 1863.
Company D, Capt. Joseph Oliver.

34th Volunteer Militia of 1863.

Company D, Capt. Franklin C. Stout.

38th Volunteer Militia of 1863.

Company C, Capt. Joseph P. Cotton.

Company D, Capt. Wm. H. Thompson.

Company E, Capt. Edward Kelley.

Company F, Capt. Thomas L. McKeen.

Company G, Capt. William Otto.

Company H, Capt. Christian Kroehle.

Company K, Capt. Augustus F. Heller.

46th Volunteer Militia of 1863.

Company C, Capt. Henry B. Huff.

Battery C, 5th U. S. Artillery—Capt. Truman Seymour, was entirely recruited from Northampton County.

In addition to the above Northampton County was largely represented in the 19th Penna. Cavalry; 3d New Jersey Cavalry; Spencer Miller's Battery; and less numerous in other organizations.



The Roster of the 153d Regiment.

The Roster which is embodied in the History of the Command is probably the most perfect Roll of army members found in the archives of the State. It has cost our indefatigable secretary, Comrade N. H. Mack, several years of the most painstaking labor, and has involved an incredible amount of correspondence to gain the information respecting the members. In very many instances he received no replies from comrades, yet the large percentage of favorable replies has greatly facilitated his work.

It may be of interest to the Comrades to say that Mr. Mack is advised by the Adjutant General of the State that no corrections have been reported to the Harrisburg office, relative to the soldiers of our regiment since the war. In view of this the present corrected rolls will be greatly increased in value through the labor of our worthy secretary.

THE HISTORIAN.

ROSTER
of the
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THIRD REGIMENT.
PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

Corrected to May 20, 1909.

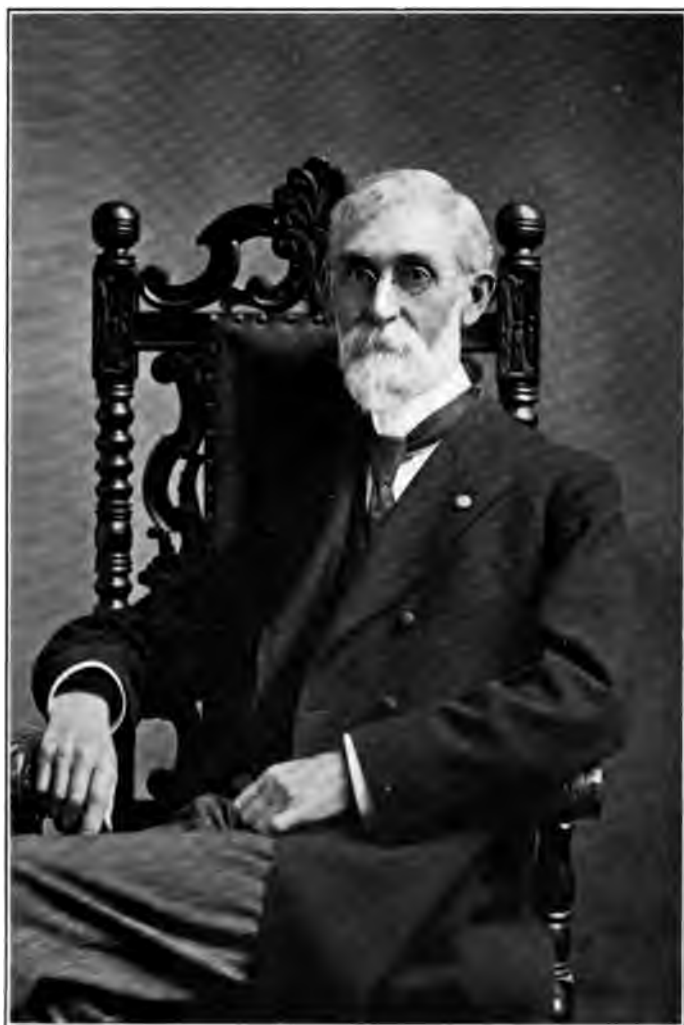
This Roster has been compiled from all available sources, such as original Company Rolls, Simmers and Bachschmid's "Ten Months with the 153d Reg't Pa. Vols.," "History of Pennsylvania Volunteers" by Samuel P. Bates. Personal interviews and correspondence with surviving Officers and Men of the regiment, correspondence with Superintendents of the National Cemeteries at Gettysburg and Fredericksburg, and by the courtesy of the Bureau of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

At this late day it is impossible to compile a Roster without some errors, as so few of the comrades are able to give *positive* information. Our Records at the War Department at Washington have by the Adjutant General been declared very defective in consequence of our having been discharged so soon after the battle of Gettysburg.

The compiler asks the kind indulgence of the comrades, and submits this Roster as being as nearly reliable as can be made at this late day.

In compliance with the requirements of the State authorities all corrections have been made in parentheses.

NEWTON H. MACK.
Secretary of the Regimental Association.



Newton Heston Mack, Musician of Co. K. Secretary and Treasurer of the
Regimental Association.



COMPANY A—(Nazareth)—(*Continued.*)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Senseman, Jacob R.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	24	Transferred to Regimental Band. Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Confined in Libby prison. The Rebs confiscated his horn. Died in Philadelphia, Pa.
Straub, Anthony	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	20	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Spangler, Solomon	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	23	
Saylor, John (W.)	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	25	Dead.
Smith, Joseph C.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	22	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Captured and confined in Libby prison.
Smith, Jacob F.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	22	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Shireman, Samuel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	41	Discharged at Philadelphia. Died at Nazareth, Pa.
Stocker, Freeman	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	22	Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Schlosser, Elias	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	35	Dead.
Schwab, Joseph	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out.

COMPANY A—(Nazareth)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Smith, Daniel H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	23	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out.
Schaffer, Charles B.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	23	Died of typhoid fever in camp near Brooks Station, Va., April 7, 1863.
Transue, Samuel B.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out. Died 1866.
Titus, Joseph	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	38	Died at South Bethlehem, Pa.
Werner, William H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	23	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Nazareth, Pa.
Werkheiser, Samuel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Confined in Libby prison. Died at Nazareth.
Wartman, Samuel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	28	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Died at Nazareth, Pa.
Wunderling, Charles (Wonderly) ..	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	20	Died at Easton, Pa.
Ward, Francis	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	18	
Wohlbach, David	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	44	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa. Prisoner from July 1 to July 20, 1863. Dead.
Young, Edward	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	28	

COMPANY B (Bethlehem).

Mustered out with Company July 24, 1863, except where otherwise noted.

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Joseph A. Frey	Captain	Oct. 9, 1862		Dead.
Joseph T. Wilt	1st Lieut.	Oct. 8, 1862		Killed in a grain elevator at Weehawken, N. J., Dec. 8, 1905.
George H. Fritchman	2nd Lieut.	Oct. 8, 1862		Promoted to 1st Lieut., Co. K, Feb. 19, 1863. Died at Birmingham, Ala., July 20, 1889.
Adam Reisinger	2nd Lieut.	Oct. 11, 1862		Promoted from Sergt. Major Feb. 19, 1863. Dead.
Charles H. Doll	1st Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862	38	Died at Bethlehem, Pa., Aug. 15, 1876.
David Moll	Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862	22	Promoted from Corporal Feb. 18, 1863. Wounded at Gettysburg.
Daniel J. Rice	Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Bethlehem, Pa.
Morris Curry	Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862		
Samuel Stone	Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Jacob L. Klinker	Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 14, 1863. Died at Bethlehem, Pa.
Clayton P. Johnson	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862		
Rudolph Roessel	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1 1863. Died at Bethlehem, Pa.

COMPANY B—(Bethlehem)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
♂ Michael Bunstein	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa., Jan. 23, 1905.
Robert H. Wier	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Dec. 1, 1862. Died at Philadelphia, Pa.
Felix D. Benner	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Feb. 18, 1863. Died at Vallejo, Cal., Oct. 26, 1902.
Henry P. Osborne, Jr.	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862	23	Absent, sick at muster-out.
Henry F. Kildare	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Bethlehem, Pa.
Aaron P. Snyder	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862		Missing in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
John Schmidt (Singer)	Musician	Oct. 7, 1862	14	
George W. Hayden	Musician	Oct. 7, 1862	13	Died at Easton, Pa.
Arnold, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Barndt, Henry (G.) (Barnes)	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	37	Died at Bethlehem, Pa., Dec. 20, 1906.
Bush, Asher	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Discharged Oct. 7, 1863. Said to have served 13 months. Killed on railroad.
Blum, Aaron	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died near Easton, Pa.
Buss, John	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Butztown, Pa.
Buss, Adam	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Wagnersville, near Bethlehem, Pa.
Brader, Levi (A.)	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died Feb. 27, 1907.
Brader, William M.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

COMPANY B—(Bethlehem)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Brader, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Christ, Alfred	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died Oct. 26, 1897.
Campbell, W. H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died Jan. 9, 1895.
Cole, Stephen P.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Colverson, Charles	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died July 22, 1905.
Derr, John H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Bethlehem, Pa., West Side.
Derr, Samuel H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Ehrig, Samuel (Erich)	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Frey, Edwin	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Bethlehem, Pa.
Fenner, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Dead.
Frick, Lewis H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Bethlehem, Pa.
Frankenfield, E.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Frankenfield, G. W.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Dead.
Fatzinger, David	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Absent, sick at muster-out. Died at Be- rea, Ohio, Jan. 13, 1892.
Frankenfield, Owen	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died near Stafford Court House, Va., Jan. 16, 1863.
Grosh, Abraham	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Bethlehem, Pa., Oct. 25, 1865.
Hinkle, Jacob H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Discharged March 27, 1863. Died at Bethlehem, Pa.

COMPANY B--(Bethlehem)--(*Continued.*)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Herlikofer, Charles	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Hartman, John H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Bethlehem, Pa.
Hackman, John Jr.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Hartzell, Edwin J.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 25, 1863. Died March 26, 1900, at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Hoffman, DeWitt	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	19	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died June 26, 1891, at Santee, Pa.
Handsue, Tilghman	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Deserted Dec. 30, 1862.
Jameson, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	
Jacoby, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Jones, Tobias	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	19	Killed in battle of Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
Kuester, Henry	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	35	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Dec. 22, 1862.
Kemmerer, Emelius F.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Knauss, Charles E.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Lynn, Elias B.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate March 27, 1863.
Landis, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	17	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Captured; escaped on the field.
Layton, Charles A.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		

COMPANY B—(Bethlehem)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Lee, Hiram	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Bellingham, Wash., April 25, 1906.
Long, Augustus	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Allentown, Pa.
Loudenberger, H. T.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	
Lawall, Reuben O.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville. Confined in Libby prison.
Michael, Edward	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Dead.
Musselman, Joseph	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Bethlehem, Pa., Nov. 20, 1885.
Medernach, Henry	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Transferred to Regimental Band. Died in hospital near Potomac Creek, Va., Feb. 17, 1863.
Moyer, Christian	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Moll, Thomas (E.)	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Denver, Col., Dec. 13, 1896.
Moser, Jeremiah	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Moths, Reuben	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Miller, Henry A.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	24	Died at 11th Corps hospital at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2 to 4, 1863, from wound in thigh.
Miller, Theodore	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	28	
Messinger, Michael F.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Discharged Mar. 24, 1863. Died July 29, 1906.

COMPANY B—(Bethlehem)—(*Continued.*)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Quier, Matthias	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died April 6, 1907.
Reed, William L.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Roth, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 29, 1863. Died Jan. 9, 1888.
Rhoad, John A.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Rinker, Jacob	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Schmidt, Anton	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	50	Discharged March 24, 1863. Died at Bethlehem, Pa.
Steckel, Herman K.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Smith, Adam	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Schoeneberger, W. H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died near Boonesboro, Md., on the march.
Snyder, Andrew	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Allentown, Pa., Aug. 1, 1901.
Schoeneberger, Christian	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died May 18, 1868. Confined in Libby prison.
Schnable, Thomas	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Nazareth, Pa.
Schnable, George W.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	28	
Saylor, Thomas M.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Bethlehem, Pa.
Van Billiard, Jerome	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Dead.

COMPANY B—(Bethlehem)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Van Billiard, Martin	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Prisoner at Gettysburg, Pa. Dead.
Woll, Henry	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Company cook. Dead.
Wagner, Samuel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	20	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Wilson, Charles R.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died near Stafford Court House, Va., Dec. 23, 1862.
Wohlbach, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	18	
Weiner, Jacob	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	18	
Walter, Frederick	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Bethlehem, Pa.
Woodring, James D.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	18	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Woodring, Israel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863.
Wachter, John	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Younkin, Reuben A.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa. Died in Chestnut Hill Hospital, Philadelphia Pa., Aug. 1, 1863.
Younkin, John	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died in Libby prison.
Young, Gabriel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Dead.

COMPANY C (Saucon Township).

Mustered out with Company July 23, 1863, except where otherwise noted.

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Henry J. Oerter	Captain	Oct. 8, 1862	35	Wounded at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863. Died at Easton, Pa., by drowning, Nov. 28, 1864.
H. D. Yeager	1st Lieut.	Oct. 8, 1862	26	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Mustered out while lying wounded at Gettysburg, July 24, 1863. Died Oct. 14, 1907, at Philadelphia, Pa.
Benjamin F. Boyer	2nd Lieut.	Oct. 8, 1862	26	Resigned Jan. 23, 1863. Died at Cam- den, N. J., Jan. 3, 1908.
Andrew Burt	2nd Lieut.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted from Sergt. Major Jan. 23, 1863.
Joshua K. Hess	1st Sergt.	Oct. 8, 1862	25	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
J. R. Dimmig	Sergt.	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Mauch Chunk, Pa.
Francis T. Eggert	Sergt.	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Frenchtown, N. J., July, 1889.
Isaac Frankenfield	Sergt.	Oct. 8, 1862		Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Levi E. Weaver	Sergt.	Oct. 8, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at South Bethlehem, Pa.
Albert Kiess	Sergt.	Oct. 8, 1862		Promoted from Corporal March 5, 1863. Died at Harrisburg, Pa., June, 1894. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

COMPANY C—(Saucon Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
John Bratch	Sergt.	Oct. 8, 1862		Promoted from Corporal May 3, 1863. Died at Fountain Hill, South Bethlehem, Pa.
Abraham VanBilliard	Corporal	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at South Bethlehem, Pa.
Daniel E. Weaver	Corporal	Oct. 8, 1862		Missing in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. (Said to have been killed at Gettysburg).
Stephen L. Stone	Corporal	Oct. 8, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Hellertown.
William H. Morey	Corporal	Oct. 8, 1862		
Thomas D. King	Corporal	Oct. 8, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Easton, Pa.
James W. Krader	Corporal	Oct. 8, 1862		Promoted to Corporal May 3, 1863.
Robert Wollbach	Corporal	Oct. 8, 1862		Promoted to Corporal May 3, 1863.
William H. Riegel	Corporal	Oct. 8, 1862		Promoted to Corporal May 3, 1863.
Ellwood R. Mathews	Corporal	Oct. 8, 1862		Absent at muster-out.
George Lee	Musician	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Iron Hill, South Bethlehem, Pa.
Robert Wallace	Musician	Oct. 8, 1862		
Appley, George	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa.
Boas, Michael	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at South Bethlehem.
Bleyler, Samuel	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		

COMPANY C—(Saucon Township)—(*Continued.*)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Berkenstock, Thomas	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Friedensburg, Pa.
Cawley, Elias	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Decker, Henry	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at So. Bethlehem, Pa., March, 1899.
Diehl, Jacob J.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Leithsville, Pa.
Dotterer, Henry	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Leithsville, Pa.
Dotterer, John N.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Leithsville, Pa.
Dotterer, Milton	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Dead.
Dotterer, William	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Derr, Robert	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Emery, William	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Fulmer, Edwin	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Faust, William K.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Dead.
Fisher, William	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Gross, Aaron	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Bellefontaine, Ohio, March 28, 1905.
Gerhard, Benjamin F.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862	23	
Gebhard, Tobias	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Dead.
Hippenstiel, Frank	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		(Confined in Libby prison).

COMPANY C—(Saucun Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Heft, Joseph M.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Wassergass, Pa., Jan., 1908.
Henn, John (Hennison)	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Dead. Interred in National Cemetery, Grave No. 46, Gettysburg, Pa.
Huber, Thomas	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg. Pa., July 1, 1863. Dead.
Keller, Theodore	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Keiserman, Benneville	Private	Oct. 8, 1862	20	Wounded at Gettysburg. Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Bethlehem, Pa., Feb. 25, 1908.
Kerns, Samuel G.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg. Pa., July 1, 1863.
Koch, Milton	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Koch, Thomas	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died April 17, 1877.
Koch, Jacob	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Brooks Station, Va., April 18, 1863.
Leidig, Aaron	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Nebraska City, Neb., Oct. 11, 1893.
Laury, Addison	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Philadelphia, Pa.
Lynn, John M.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 17, 1862.
Labold, Wilson	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Dead.
Lambert, James	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died in camp near Potomac Creek Bridge, Va., June 1, 1863.

COMPANY C—(Saucon Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Lambert, John	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Missing in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Lasher, John	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Laury, Phaon	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died in Lower Saucon Dec. 20, 1908.
Litz, Frederick	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Dead.
Moths, Josiah	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Dead.
Malone, Patrick	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Absent, sick at muster-out. Killed on railroad at South Bethlehem, Pa.
Mattes, Sofron	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Hellertown, Pa.
Mauser, Christian	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Mohr, Charles	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Missing in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Pfeifer, Philip	Private	Oct. 8, 1862	34	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Roth, George W.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Roth, Martin	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Rinker, Joseph H.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
Rothrock, Joseph	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Dead.
Rothrock, John H.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863. Dead.

COMPANY C—(Saucun Township) —(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster in.	Age at muster in.	Remarks.
Ruffy, Ludwig	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Prisoner from June 12 to 15, 1863.
Reiss, Robert	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Ruth, Samuel ..	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Reiss, Franklin W.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Rinker, Paul	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Rinker, Joseph E.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Bethlehem, Pa.
Reiss, John	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Dead.
Rentfling, Jacob	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Friedensville, Pa.
Sigman, Charles	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Stern, Ezra	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Shafer, Emanuel	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Dead.
Stein, Ephraim	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Bingen.
Schmeltzle, Rudolph	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died July 12, 1887.
Schirmayer, Joseph	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 14, 1863.
Smith, John H.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Dead.
Trone, Asher	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Allentown, Pa., May 26, 1903.
Thompson, James	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at South Bethlehem, Pa.
Unangst, Edward	Private	Oct. 8, 1862	26	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863 Died in Lower Saucun Township March 28, 1908.

COMPANY C--(Saucon Township)--(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Unangst, Henry W.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863. Died.
Weitknecht, Daniel R.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Dead.
Wallace, George W.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Connellsville, Pa., Feb. 6, 1893.
Werst, Joseph	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Buried in National Cemetery, Sec. D, grave 73.
Werst, John H.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Weaver, John W.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died at Leithsville, Pa.
Weiss, Peter H.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at West Bethlehem.
Werst, Solon H.	Private			
Werst, Wilson	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Weirbach, Seno	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		
Weaver, Theodore A.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died from wounds at Gettysburg, Pa.
Weber, Samuel R.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Died in Lower Saucon.
Weicknecht, Wilson E.	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Widridge, Henry N.				Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 19, 1863.
Yons, Amandus	Private	Oct. 8, 1862		Dead.

COMPANY D (East Allen Township).

Mustered out with Company July 23, 1863, except where otherwise noted.

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Theodore H. Howell	Captain	Oct. 9, 1862	38	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Leave of absence from May 25 to June 3, 1863.
W. R. Houser	1st Lieut.	Oct. 10, 1862	28	Absent, sick, from April 15 to June 20, 1863.
William H. Beaver	2nd. Lieut.	Oct. 10, 1862	21	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Buried in National Cemetery, Gettysburg, Section C, grave 80.
Stephen J. Laubach	1st Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862	24	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate April 6, 1863. Died June 1, 1864.
Amandus Laubach	1st Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862	18	Promoted from Sergeant April 6, 1863. Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Paroled.
George A. Laubach	Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862	22	Promoted to Sergeant April 6, 1863. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa. Died Dec. 25, 1866.
Thomas Quinn	Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862	19	Promoted from Corporal Feb. 21, 1863. Captured at Chancellorsville, Va. Confined in Libby prison six weeks. Wounded in side.

COMPANY D—(East Allen Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Charles Isenmoyer	Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Promoted from Corporal Feb. 21, 1863. Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Confined in Libby prison.
Arthur Millar	Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862		Promoted to Sergeant April 6, 1863. Sergeant of the Ambulance Corps. Died at Slatington, Pa.
James W. Moser	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Paroled. Died Feb. 27, 1872.
John Whitesell	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862	22	Paroled prisoner July 3, 1863. Died near Hecktown, Pa.
John W. Hetrick	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862	29	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Paroled.
Tilghman Troxell	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862	25	Killed in battle at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Samuel Stofflet	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862	23	Promoted to Corporal Jan. 16, 1863. Captured July 1, 1863. Paroled. Died at Alliance, Pa.
Harrison W. Lilly	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Feb. 21, 1863. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. In hospital at Harrisburg, Pa.
Miffin Miltenberger	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862	24	Promoted to Corporal May 7, 1863. Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

COMPANY D—(East Allen Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
James Person	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862	27	Promoted to Corporal June 12, 1863. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Isaiah S. Beaver	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862	19	Died at Washington, D. C., Jan. 11, 1863, of typhoid fever.
John B. Bens	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862	20	Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
George A. Eckert	Musician	Oct. 7, 1862	14	Died at Newport June 25, 1886.
Curtis V. Strickland	Musician	Oct. 7, 1862	14	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Held as prisoner 13 days, then paroled.
Able, Peter	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	24	Died in Plainfield, Pa., Oct. 16, 1891.
Agnew, Henry	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	24	Dead.
Beisel, Peter	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	19	
Bartholomew, Charles	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	23	Died at Dumfries, Va., Dec. 22, 1862, of typhoid fever.
Bartholomew, Jefferson	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863. Died Sept. 30, 1898.
Billiard, Thomas	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Missing in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

COMPANY D—(East Allen Township) — (Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Beil, George W.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Absent, sick at muster-out.
Campbell, John	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	
Coleman, Abraham	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	37	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Paroled. Died Oct. 23, 1872.
Crock, William H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	19	Died April 18, 1902.
Darhammer, Joseph	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Paroled.
Davis, James A.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	18	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate March 24, 1863.
Deibert, James	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	
Deibert, Solomon F.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	
Engler, George A.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	22	Absent, sick in 11th Corps Hospital June 12, 1863.
Fenicle, William H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	22	With Ambulance Corps.
Fritchman, Stephen	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	22	
Fritchman, Thomas W.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	
Fryman, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Died at Catasauqua, Pa.
George, Richard	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	18	Died May 28, 1896, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Va.
Getter, Charles	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	38	Died July 17, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

COMPANY D—(East Allen Township)—(*Continued.*)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Gruver, Franklin J.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	18	Died Jan. 16, 1889.
Halle, Frederick G.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	40	Died at Soldiers' Home, Ohio.
Hess, Samuel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Died at Howertown, Pa.
Heberling, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	25	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Heberling, Reuben	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	23	Died at Lehighon, Pa.
Haper, Monroe	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	28	Dead.
Huber, James M.	Private,	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Paroled.
Isemoyer, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Confined in Libby prison.
Janison, Robert G.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	41	Died March 23, 1870.
Jacoby, Isaac C.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	19	Paroled prisoner.
Jacoby, Augustus	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	19	
Kreidler, John	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	30	Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863. (In Libby prison). Died at Bath, Pa., Dec. 31, 1889.
Knauss, David	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	
Kercher, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Captured. Dead.
Kleppinger, S. G.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	24	Missing in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Kleppinger, Joseph	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Died July 5, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Buried in National Cemetery, Sec. C, Grave 79.

COMPANY D—(East Allen Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Knipe, Benjamin F.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	24	Died at Freemansburg, Pa.
Kratzer, David	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	25	
Laubach, Eli	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	
Lindeman, Samuel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	26	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Longenbach, James	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	24	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa.
Laub, John M.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	27	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died April 6, 1897.
Leh, Thomas F.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Markle, Andrew	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	
McReady, Robert	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	30	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Died at Bristol, Pa., Feb., 1878.
Miller, Charles	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	23	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Miller, Stephen	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	17	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Paroled.
Martin, Allen	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	25	Absent, sick at muster-out. Died at Howertown, Pa., Oct. 27, 1906.
Michel, Samuel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	22	
Moser, Joseph	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Nolf, Henry	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	33	
Pearson, Hiram	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	22	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.

COMPANY D—(East Allen Township)—(*Continued.*)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Person, Abraham	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	27	
Ramaley, Samuel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Died 1889. Sick in hospital at Harris- burg.
Ramaley, Stephen	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	27	Dead.
Rhoads, Lewis E.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Died, Nov. 25, 1881.
Rhoad, Tilghman J.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	23	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Rutman, Walter	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	22	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Died July 15, 1890.
Shafer, Samuel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	29	
Sowerwine, Lewis	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Died at Hokendaqua, Pa.
Shive, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	25	
Solt, James E.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	22	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 31, 1863. Died at Petersville, Pa.
Stofflet, Francis	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. In hospital at Philadelphia.
Spangler, Joel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died Aug. 2, 1904.
Spangler, Philip	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	28	Died at Brooks Station, Va., May 31, 1863, of typhoid fever.
Schafer, David	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	23	
Schafer, Lewis	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	19	

COMPANY D—(East Allen Township)—(*Continued.*)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Schlabach, Benjamin L.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	20	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Gettysburg, Pa., July 31, 1863.
Stuber, Monroe	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	22	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. In hospital at Harrisburg, Pa.
Schoeneberger, Levi	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	28	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Died April, 1888.
Siegfried, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	24	
Siegfried, Franklin	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	18	Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Died Aug. 10, 1900.
Siegendall, William H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	25	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. In hospital at Harrisburg, Pa.
Troxell, David	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	23	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 4, 1863. Died at Siegfried's Bridge, Pa., Sept., 1881.
Vogel, Reuben S.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	27	Transferred to Regimental Band.
Walhart, Samuel J.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	19	Died at Herkimer, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1899.
Weaver, William T.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	28	Discharged at Brooks Station, Va., April 3, 1863, by order of Major Gen. O. O. Howard. Died May 11, 1902, at Bethlehem, Pa.
Wolf, David	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	22	
Worman, John R.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	

COMPANY E (Palmer and Forks).

Mustered out with Company July 23, 1863, except where otherwise noted.

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
John P. Ricker	Captain	Oct. 10, 1862	38	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Easton Pa., (in the same room in which he was born) June 14, 1906.
Christian H. Rehfuss	1st Lieut.	Oct. 15, 1862		
Jeremiah Dietrich	2nd Lieut.	Oct. 14, 1862		
Paul Bachschmid	2nd Lieut.	Oct. 12, 1862	44	Resigned Dec. 24, 1862. Promoted from Sergt. Major Dec. 27, 1862. Died at Washington, D. C., Feb. 20, 1908. Age—90 yrs. and 26 days.
Theodore R. Combs	1st Sergt.	Oct. 11, 1862		Dead.
Andrew Burt	1st Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Sergt. Major Dec. 27, 1862.
Adam Reisinger	1st Sergt.	Oct. 11, 1862		Promoted to 1st Sergt. Dec. 27, 1862; to Sergt. Major Jan. 20, 1863. Dead.
William F. Snyder	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Dead.
Andrew J. Hay	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		
John Bittner	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted from Corporal Dec. 27, 1862. Dead.
Amandus D. Snyder	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted from Corporal Jan. 20, 1863. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died March 21, 1907, at Nation- al Military Home, Ohio.

COMPANY E—(Palmer and Forks)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Jacob Christian	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Lewis Fraunfelder	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Vanselan Walter	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Nathaniel D. Michler	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Jan. 27, 1863. Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Abraham G. Snyder	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Soldiers' Home, Dayton, Ohio.
George W. Barnett	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Dec. 27, 1862.
Noah Dietrich	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Edwin Brinker	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Died in Forks Township.
Samuel E. Lerch	Musician	Oct. 10, 1862		Died Aug. 2, 1895, at Hazleton, Pa.
Darius Thomas	Musician	Oct. 10, 1862		Died Jan. 1, 1863, at Brooks Station, Va., in hospital.
Abel, Reuben	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out.
Abel, David	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Andrew, Joseph	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Brady, Levi S.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Absent at muster-out. Died Feb., 1887.

COMPANY E—(Palmer and Forks)—(*Continued.*)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Roadwer, Edward	Private	Oct. 10, 1862	19	Missing in action at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. (Killed at Chan- cellorsville).
Rall, Samuel	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Bonden, Edward	Private	Oct. 10, 1862	19	
Bridinger, Sidney R.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Brady, Thomas D. C.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Bauer, Tobias	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Dead.
Bonden, Adam	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa.
Cole, Joseph	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died Aug. 16, 1907.
Derr, Charles H.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Dick, Christian	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863. Died at Easton, Pa.
Dachrodt, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa.
Dreher, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Entlich, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Appointed Drum Major. Died at Easton.
Ellhardt, George	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa.
Engel, Simon	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Bethlehem, Pa., Aug, 1886.
Ealer, Edwin	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Flight, Pearson	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died Jan., 1904.

COMPANY E—(Palmer and Forks)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Faust, Reuben	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Glass, Peter	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at West Easton, Pa.
Geiger, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Hart, Peter	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa.
Hetzler, Joseph	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Hay, John O.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Missing in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Heffling, George	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Died at Easton, Pa.
Hayden, Edward P.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Died at Easton, Pa.
Imich, Charles	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa.
Jacoby, Jacob	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Dead.
Johnson, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Deserted Oct. 13, 1862.
Kichline, Thomas	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Missing in action at Chancellorsville, Va. Dead.
Kisselbach, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 14, 1863.
Kuhn, Moyer	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at West Easton, Pa.
Koch, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Deserted Oct. 18, 1862.

COMPANY E—(Palmer and Forks)—(*Continued.*)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Lehr, Edward	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Lehr, Peter	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa.
Leidich, Francis	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa.
Messinger, Valentine	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863. Died at Easton, Pa.
Messinger, Aaron	Private	Oct. 10, 1862	28	
Miller, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died July 7, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Buried in National Cemetery, Sec. C, Grave 34.
Mertz, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa.
Martin, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out. Died at College Hill, Easton, Pa.
Moser, John H.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Moyer, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Killed at Brooks Station, Va., by being struck by locomotive, Jan. 28, 1863.
Mutchler, Henry M.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa.
Newbrandt, John S.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Confined in Libby prison.
Norton, Joseph	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Easton, Pa.
Osterstock, Edward	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		

COMPANY E—(Palmer and Forks)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Paxson, John J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Robst, Emil	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa.
Rosener, Jacob	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 28, 1863. Dead.
Shug, John A.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died in Forks Township.
Stetcher, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Shug, Alexander	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Missing in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. (Killed in battle).
Shug, Theodore	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa. Died at Easton, Pa.
Stumpel, August	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa.
Smith, Samuel B.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Died at Freemansburg, Pa.
Smith, Frank	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Saylor, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Sandt, William P.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa.
Snyder, Theodore	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Transue, Messiah	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Died at Easton, Pa.
Vanosten, George W.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa.

COMPANY E—(Palmer and Forks)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Walter, Richard J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863. Died Sept. 19, 1906.
Warner, Charles C.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863. Confined in Libby prison.
Woodring, Abraham K.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died Nov., 1890, at Philadelphia, Pa.
Walters, Levi F.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862	17	Wounded in knee at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Wilson, James E.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died 1903.
Wagner, Augustus	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died Nov., 1890.
Werkheiser, Ephraim	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died May 10, 1907.
Writtenberg, Isaac	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 28, 1863.
Yeager, Peter Jr.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Killed on N. J. Central R. R. at Easton, Pa.
Yoch, Charles A.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Petersburg, Pa., June, 1864.
Young, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Absent in hospital at muster-out. Died at Easton, Pa.
Zeller, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		

COMPANY F (Williams Township.)

Mustered out with Company July 24, 1863, except where otherwise noted.

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Lucius Q. Stout	Captain	Oct. 10, 1862	36	Died Aug. 5, 1865, at Riegelsville, Pa.
Henry R. Barnes	1st Lieut.	Oct. 8, 1862		Dead.
William Beidelman	2nd Lieut.	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa., Feb. 1, 1903.
John Seiple	1st Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862		Promoted from Private Oct. 11, 1862. Died July 8, 1863, of lockjaw, from wounds received at Gettysburg.
Samuel Lantz	Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862		Promoted from Private Oct. 11, 1862. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Easton, Pa., Dec. 25, 1881.
Stephen B. Frick	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted from Private Oct. 11, 1862.
Jacob Koken	Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862		Promoted from Private Oct. 11, 1862. Died Jan. 4, 1866.
Edward J. Kiefer	Sergt.	Oct. 7, 1862		Promoted from Private Oct. 11, 1862. Died at Easton, Pa., Feb., 1905.
Michael Bougher	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Oct. 11, 1862. Captured at Chancellorsville, Va. In Libby prison.
Henry Ziegenfuss	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862	27	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

COMPANY D—(East Allen Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Gruver, Franklin J.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	18	Died Jan. 16, 1889.
Halle, Frederick G.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	40	Died at Soldiers' Home, Ohio.
Hess, Samuel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Died at Howertown, Pa.
Heberling, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	25	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Heberling, Reuben	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	23	Died at Leighton, Pa.
Haper, Monroe	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	28	Dead.
Huber, James M.	Private,	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Paroled.
Isemoyer, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Confined in Libby prison.
Jamison, Robert G.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	41	Died March 23, 1870.
Jacoby, Isaac C.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	19	Paroled prisoner.
Jacoby, Augustus	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	19	
Kreidler, John	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	30	Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863. (In Libby prison). Died at Bath, Pa., Dec. 31, 1889.
Knauss, David	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	
Kercher, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Captured. Dead.
Kleppinger, S. G.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	24	Missing in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Kleppinger, Joseph	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Died July 5, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Buried in National Cemetery, Sec. C, Grave 79.

COMPANY F—(Williams Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Benner, Abraham	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out.
Bader, Edwin	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Bader, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Chamberlain, Levi	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at South Bethlehem, Pa.
Dichl, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 27, 1863.
Einsley, Philip	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Absent at muster-out. Dead.
Ensley, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Erig, Edward	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Deserted Oct. 17, 1862.
Frey, Thomas	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died April 21, 1888.
Frey, Charles	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Grogg, Conrad	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Grube, Charles W.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died Sept. 4, 1863.
Groman, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Getter, Jacob	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Absent at muster-out.
Hirst, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		

COMPANY F—(Williams Township) — (Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Jeremiah Transue	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862	35	Promoted to Corporal Oct. 11, 1862. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died May 9, 1895.
Peter Smith	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Oct. 11, 1862.
Peter Unangst	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Oct. 11, 1862.
Jacob Unangst	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Oct. 11, 1862. Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Andrew Ziegler	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Oct. 11, 1862. Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Philip R. Halpin	Corporal	Oct. 7, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Oct. 11, 1862. Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
William R. Kiefer	Musician	Oct. 7, 1862		Dead.
William H. Hartzell	Musician	Oct. 7, 1862		Died July 24, 1901, at Allentown, Pa.
George Barbour	Musician	Oct. 7, 1862		Transferred to Regimental Band.
Bleckley, Henry	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	16	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster- out. Died Oct. 14, 1897.
Burcaw, William H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	22	
Bougher, John Y.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died Jan. 26, 1899.
Balliet, John	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		

COMPANY F—(Williams Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Benner, Abraham	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out.
Bader, Edwin	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Bader, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Chamberlain, Levi	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at South Bethlehem, Pa.
Diehl, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 27, 1863.
Ensley, Philip	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Absent at muster-out. Dead.
Ensley, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Erig, Edward	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Deserted Oct. 17, 1862.
Frey, Thomas	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died April 21, 1888.
Frey, Charles	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Grogg, Conrad	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Grube, Charles W.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died Sept. 4, 1863.
Groman, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Getter, Jacob	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Absent at muster-out.
Hirst, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		

COMPANY F—(Williams Township)—(*Continued.*)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Hunter, Josiah	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died Nov. 23, 1903.
Hineline, Joel F.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Absent at muster-out.
Hillpot, Isaiah (Esaías)	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va. Confin- ed in Libby prison. Died July 29, 1903.
Hummel, Jacob	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Koken, John	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Absent at muster-out. Dead.
Knecht, Stephen H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Knecht, Edwin F.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. In hospital at muster-out.
Keller, Peter	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Knible, William (Knoble)	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Kressler, John	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	20	Died Sept. 17, 1872.
Kressler, Levi	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	19	
King, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	23	
Luckenbach, John S.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Lantz, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863 Died April 23, 1906.

COMPANY F—(Williams Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
21 Lay, Lewis	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Miller, Longinus	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Dead.
Miller, William F.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Dead.
Mann, Benjamin	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Mann, Samuel S.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Moser, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Moose, Washington	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Michael, Thomas F.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died June, 1903, in New Jersey.
Marsteller, William (H.)	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Nicholas, David	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	20	Died Dec. 27, 1887.
Parry, Evan	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Quier, Amos J.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died at Mineral Point, Wis., Nov. 30, 1899.
Pierson, Joseph J.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Promoted to Hospital Steward Oct. 13, 1862.
Romig, Stephen	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Roberts, Robert R.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Absent at muster-out.
Roth, Daniel S.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Ruch, Reuben F.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
				Captured.

COMPANY F—(Williams Township) —(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Rinker, Jeremiah	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died Dec. 8, 1905, in Lower Saucon Township, Pa.
Raub, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Dead.
Ruth, Amandus	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Riehl, William H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Stadiger, John	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Sherry, Ira C.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Sherrer, Herman	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Soys, Jesse	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	34	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died July 24, 1900.
Stackel, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Company Cook, transferred to Brigade Cook.
Shively, Charles M.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Stein, Jackson	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Sloyer, Edward	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Stoneback, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Killed on L. V. R. R.; was brakeman.
Sandt, Aaron	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Stuber, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. (Died from wounds in hospital).
Shrontz, Samuel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Snyder, John	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Shuman, Charles	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Transferred to Regimental Band. Died at Bath, Pa., July, 1906.

COMPANY F—(Williams Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Stocker, Joseph D.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	20	
Transue, Reuben	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	25	Died Aug. 29, 1881.
Taylor, William H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	27	Died Sept. 14, 1896.
Trumbauer, John	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	19	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died March 26, 1904.
Uncle, Charles	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Williams, Thomas	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Wasser, Charles	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Ambulance driver.
Wilhelm, Nelson	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 27, 1863. Died March, 1879.
Weigner, Nathaniel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	38	Missing in action, date unknown. Died March 23, 1866.
Woodring, James	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Yantz, (Yons), Samuel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 27, 1863. Died at Bingen, Pa., Jan., 1892.
Zearfass, Henry	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Zearfass, William K.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Zeiner, Levi	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Zeiner, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		

COMPANY G (Upper Mt. Bethel).

Mustered out with Company July 24, 1863, except where otherwise noted.

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Joseph Reimer	Captain	Oct. 10, 1862		Resigned Jan. 28, 1863. Died July, 1896.
Howard J. Reeder	Captain	Oct. 11, 1862	18	Promoted from Adjutant Jan. 29, 1863. Died Dec. 28, 1898, at Easton.
Jonathan Moore	1st Lieut.	Oct. 10, 1862	37	Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa., Feb. 18, 1909.
Henry Evans	2nd Lieut.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Adjutant Jan. 29, 1863.
William Simmers	2nd Lieut.	Oct. 11, 1862		Promoted from Sergt. Major, Jan. 29, 1863. Died at Mauch Chunk, Pa.
George G. Beam	1st Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Sergt. Major Feb. 19, 1863. Died at New Hampton, N. J., Nov 7, 1904.
James Young	1st Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted from Sergt. Feb. 19, 1863. Missing in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. (Killed at Gettysburg, Pa.)
William H. Allen	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted from Private Jan. 7, 1863.
Joseph Horn	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel.
Peter Kunsman	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
Reuben Eilenberger	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862	29	Promoted from Corporal May 3, 1863. Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died Jan. 19, 1908.

COMPANY G—(Upper Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
William J. Jennings	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted from Private Jan. 7, 1863.
William H. Dunbar	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
Calvin S. Heller	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Killed on cars at Del. Water Gap, Pa.
John F. Reagle	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		
David Eilenberger	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		
John Jacoby	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Dec. 1, 1862.
Samuel Reagle	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863. Died at Stone Church, Pa.
Uriah McCracken	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Dec. 1, 1862.
				Promoted to Corporal Jan. 15, 1863.
				Died at Philadelphia, Pa.
				Promoted to Corporal. Died of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Buried in National Cemetery, Section A, Grave 94.
John C. Labar	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Corporal May 3, 1863.
				Died at Bangor, Pa.
Klinefelter, Sylvester	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Corporal. Wounded and captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Factoryville, Pa., July 8, 1909.
Theodore Hester	Musician	Oct. 10, 1862	24	
Winfield S. Snyder	Musician	Oct. 10, 1862	14	
Albert, Samuel	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Aten, Peter	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Absent, sick at muster-out. Dead.

COMPANY G—(Upper Mt. Bethel)—(*Continued.*)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Ayres, Lemuel	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died July 14, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863.
Adams, William J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Buried in Mil'y Asy. Cem., D. C.
Bruce, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Transferred to Band. Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Clifton, Jacob	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Cobel, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Dunbar, William J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Dunbar, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Datesman, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Dietrich, Jesse	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863. Not on muster-out roll. Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Dietrich, Robert	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Datzius, Philip	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died Nov. 9, 1864, at hospital, Portsmouth Grove, R. I.
Dietrich, William J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Eilenberger, Robert	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Eilenberger, Jeremiah	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Evans, Reuben	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.

COMPANY G—(Upper Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Furlong, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Felker, Morris	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died April 15, 1909.
Frutchey, Aaron	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Fulse, James	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Fourl, Elias	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Groner, Jesse	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Goble, Jacob A.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Portland, Pa.
Goble, Oscar	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Portland, Pa., of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Good, Samuel	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Griffith, Griffith R.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out. Died 1893.
Hartzell, Reuben J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Hess, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Hess, Abraham	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Hess, William H.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Lost a leg at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at East Bangor, Pa.
Hess, Reuben	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863. Died at Bangor, Pa.
Hoenshilt, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		

COMPANY G—(Upper Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Holden, Samuel	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Washington, N. J., Jan. 1, 1905.
Harris, Archelaus	Private	Oct. 10, 1862	29	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Handelong, George	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out.
Houser, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died Feb. 23, 1895.
Hawk, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Heffelfinger, Paul	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Danielsville, Pa., Oct. 23, 1892.
Jennings, James	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Dec. 24, 1862. Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Jennings, Samuel	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Bangor, Pa., Sept. 14, 1899.
Krotzer, James	Private	Oct. 10, 1862	15	
Koch, Henry	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863.
Kippler, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Philadelphia, Pa., 1889.
Labar, Josiah	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Confined in Libby prison.
Labar, Henry A.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Lynn, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Danielsville, Pa.
Miller, Ephraim	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Bangor, Pa.

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COMPANY G—(Upper Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Metzger, Isaac M.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 19, 1863.
Mendel, George	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Portland, Pa.
Morey, Jacob	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863. Died at Cherryville, Pa., Mar. 8, 1895.
Nace, Milton	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Stroudsburg, Pa.
Nicholas, Enos	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Stone Church, Pa.
Owens, Robert	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Perret, Charles F. X.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out. Dead.
Pcfl, Josiah	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Perry, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Slateford, Pa.
Racely, Serenus	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa. Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Reimel, Jeremiah	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Commissary Sergt Jan. 29, 1863.

COMPANY G—(Upper Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Reimel, Jacob J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Ross, Joseph G.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Ribble, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Lost arm at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Dead.
Roberts, Alfred	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died in Bucks County, Pa.
Resh, Amos	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863.
Roth, Henry	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died March 7, 1907.
Smith, Benjamin	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Smith, George T.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Discharged Feb. 11, 1863.
Smith, Reuben	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out. Died Oct. 19, 1906.
Smith, Simon	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Confined in Libby prison. Died in Upper Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Smith, Jacob J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		

COMPANY G—(Upper Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Sellinger, Jacob	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Shafer, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862	17	
Seip, James	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Swartwood, Joseph (Whitely, George)	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		George Whitely went as substitute for Swartwood, served as ambulance driver. Died at Stroudsburg, Pa., April 20, 1907.
Tintel, George	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Vogel, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 27, 1863.
Wagoner, Jeremiah	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Wallace, Stryker A.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Weidman, Daniel R.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Warg, Peter	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Weston, Chester A.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		

COMPANY F—(Williams Township) —(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Rinker, Jeremiah	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Died Dec. 8, 1905, in Lower Saucon Township, Pa.
Raub, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Dead.
Ruth, Amandus	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Riehl, William H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Stadiger, John	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Sherry, Ira C.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Sherrer, Herman	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	21	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Soys, Jesse	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	34	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died July 24, 1900.
Stackel, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Company Cook, transferred to Brigade Cook.
Shively, Charles M.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Stein, Jackson	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Sloyer, Edward	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Stoneback, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Killed on L. V. R. R.; was brakeman.
Sandt, Aaron	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Stuber, William	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. (Died from wounds in hospital).
Shrontz, Samuel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Snyder, John	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Shuman, Charles	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Transferred to Regimental Band. Died at Bath, Pa., July, 1906.

COMPANY F—(Williams Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Stocker, Joseph D.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	20	
Transue, Reuben	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	25	Died Aug. 29, 1881.
Taylor, William H.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	27	Died Sept. 14, 1896.
Trumbauer, John	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	19	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died March 26, 1904.
Uncle, Charles	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Williams, Thomas	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Wasser, Charles	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Wilhelm, Nelson	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Ambulance driver. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 27, 1863. Died March, 1879.
Weigner, Nathaniel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862	38	Missing in action, date unknown. Died March 23, 1866.
Woodring, James	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Yantz, (Yons), Samuel	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 27, 1863. Died at Bingen, Pa., Jan., 1892.
Zearfass, Henry	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Zearfass, William K.	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		
Zeiner, Levi	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Zeiner, George	Private	Oct. 7, 1862		

COMPANY G (Upper Mt. Bethel).

Mustered out with Company July 24, 1863, except where otherwise noted.

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Joseph Reimer	Captain	Oct. 10, 1862		Resigned Jan. 28, 1863. Died July, 1896.
Howard J. Reeder	Captain	Oct. 11, 1862	18	Promoted from Adjutant Jan. 29, 1863. Died Dec. 28, 1898, at Easton.
Jonathan Moore	1st Lieut.	Oct. 10, 1862	37	Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa., Feb. 18, 1909.
Henry Evans	2nd Lieut.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Adjutant Jan. 29, 1863.
William Simmers	2nd Lieut.	Oct. 11, 1862		Promoted from Sergt. Major, Jan. 29, 1863. Died at Mauch Chunk, Pa.
George G. Beam	1st Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Sergt. Major Feb. 19, 1863. Died at New Hampton, N. J., Nov 7, 1904.
James Young	1st Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted from Sergt. Feb. 19, 1863. Missing in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. (Killed at Gettysburg, Pa.)
William H. Allen	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted from Private Jan. 7, 1863.
Joseph Horn	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel.
Peter Kunsman	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
Reuben Eilenberger	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862	29	Promoted from Corporal May 3, 1863. Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died Jan. 19, 1908.

COMPANY G—(Upper Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
William J. Jennings	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted from Private Jan. 7, 1863.
William H. Dunbar	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
Calvin S. Heller	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Killed on cars at Del. Water Gap, Pa.
John F. Reagle	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		
David Eilenberger	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		
John Jacoby	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Dec. 1, 1862.
Samuel Reagle	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863. Died at Stone Church, Pa.
Uriah McCracken	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Dec. 1, 1862.
				Promoted to Corporal Jan. 15, 1863.
				Died at Philadelphia, Pa.
				Promoted to Corporal. Died of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
				Buried in National Cemetery, Section A, Grave 94.
John C. Labar	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Corporal May 3, 1863.
Klinefelter, Sylvester	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Bangor, Pa.
				Promoted to Corporal. Wounded and captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
				Died at Factoryville, Pa., July 8, 1909.
Theodore Hester	Musician	Oct. 10, 1862	24	
Winfield S. Snyder	Musician	Oct. 10, 1862	14	
Albert, Samuel	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Aten, Peter	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Absent, sick at muster-out. Dead.

COMPANY G—(Upper Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Ayres, Lemuel	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Adams, William J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died July 14, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863. Buried in Mil'y Asy. Cem., D. C.
Bruce, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Transferred to Band. Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Clifton, Jacob	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Cobel, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Dunbar, William J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Dunbar, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Datesman, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Dietrich, Jesse	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863. Not on muster-out roll. Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Dietrich, Robert	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Datzius, Philip	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died Nov. 9, 1864, at hospital, Ports- mouth Grove, R. I.
Dietrich, William J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Eilenberger, Robert	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Eilenberger, Jeremiah	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Evans, Reuben	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.

COMPANY G—(Upper Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Furlong, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Felker, Morris	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died April 15, 1909.
Frutchey, Aaron	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Fulse, James	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Fouri, Elias	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Groner, Jesse	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Goble, Jacob A.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Portland, Pa.
Goble, Oscar	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Portland, Pa., of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Good, Samuel	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Griffith, Griffith R.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out. Died 1893.
Hartzell, Reuben J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Hess, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Hess, Abraham	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Hess, William H.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Lost a leg at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at East Bangor, Pa.
Hess, Reuben	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Hoenshilt, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863. Died at Bangor, Pa.

COMPANY G—(Upper Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Holden, Samuel	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Washington, N. J., Jan. 1, 1905.
Harris, Archelaus	Private	Oct. 10, 1862	29	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Handelong, George	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out.
Houser, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died Feb. 23, 1895.
Hawk, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Heffelfinger, Paul	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Danielsville, Pa., Oct. 23, 1892.
Jennings, James	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Dec. 24, 1862. Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Jennings, Samuel	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Bangor, Pa., Sept. 14, 1899.
Krotzer, James	Private	Oct. 10, 1862	15	
Koch, Henry	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863.
Kippler, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Philadelphia, Pa., 1889.
Labar, Josiah	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Confined in Libby prison.
Labar, Henry A.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Lynn, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Danielsville, Pa.
Miller, Ephraim	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Bangor, Pa.

COMPANY G—(Upper Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Metzger, Isaac M.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Jan. 19, 1863.
Mendel, George	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Portland, Pa.
Morey, Jacob	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863. Died at Cherryville, Pa., Mar. 8, 1895.
Nace, Milton	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Stroudsburg, Pa.
Nicholas, Enos	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Stone Church, Pa.
Owens, Robert	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Perret, Charles F. X.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out. Dead.
Poff, Josiah	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Perry, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Slateford, Pa.
Racely, Serenus	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa. Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Reimel, Jeremiah	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Commissary Sergt Jan. 29, 1863.

COMPANY G—(Upper Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Reimel, Jacob J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Ross, Joseph G.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Ribble, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Lost arm at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Dead.
Roberts, Alfred	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died in Bucks County, Pa.
Resh, Amos	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863.
Roth, Henry	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died March 7, 1907.
Smith, Benjamin	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Smith, George T.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Discharged Feb. 11, 1863.
Smith, Reuben	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out. Died Oct. 19, 1906.
Smith, Simon	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863. Confined in Libby prison. Died in Upper Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Smith, Jacob J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		

COMPANY G—(Upper Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Sellinger, Jacob	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Mt. Bethel, Pa.
Shafer, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862	17	
Seip, James	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Swartwood, Joseph (Whitely, George)	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		George Whitely went as substitute for Swartwood, served as ambulance driver. Died at Stroudsburg, Pa., April 20, 1907.
Tintel, George	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Vogel, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 27, 1863.
Wagoner, Jeremiah	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Wallace, Stryker A.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Weidman, Daniel R.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Warg, Peter	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Weston, Chester A.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		

COMPANY H (Moore Township).

Mustered out with Company July 24, 1863, except where otherwise noted.

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
George H. Young	Captain	Oct. 10, 1862	29	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
George W. Walton	1st Lieut.	Oct. 10, 1862	40	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died Sept. 19, 1894.
Conrad F. Reyer	2nd Lieut.	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
George M. Hoch	1st Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862	21	Promoted from Private Oct. 31, 1862.
Elias Berlin	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Killed by cars.
Sidney M. Miller	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted from Corporal March 28, 1863. Died at Catasauqua, Pa., Aug. 1, 1895.
James P. Steckel	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
William Woodring	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Dead.
John Person	Sergt.	Oct. 10, 1862		Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 27, 1863. Dead.
George Lilly	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		
Joseph Fritz	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		
James Frack	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		
Michael E. Troxell	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862	22	

COMPANY H—(Moore Township)—(*Continued.*)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Peter Kratzer	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Dec. 10, 1862. Dead.
William Eckert	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Jan. 26, 1863.
John Minster	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Absent at muster-out, sick in hospital.
William H. Stoudt	Corporal	Oct. 10, 1862	23	Promoted to Corporal Feb. 6, 1863. Cap- tured at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
William J. Koken	Musician	Oct. 10, 1862		
Stephen D. Hirst	Musician	Oct. 10, 1862		In Regimental Band. Died Oct., 1904.
Ackerson, Thomas	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Braerman, Frederick	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Bath, Pa., Oct. 31, 1900.
Bender, Ernst	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Bartholomew, Lafayette	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Berlip, Peter (Barlieb)	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Bender, Peter	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured July 1, 1863.
Rorger, Michael	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died March 27, 1906.
Borger, Gideon	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died July 6, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg. Pa., July 1, 1863. Buried in National Cemetery, Section C, Grave 32.

COMPANY H—(Moore Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Cassler, Abraham	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Diehl, Jacob	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died March 3, 1906.
Eckert, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Eberts, Joseph	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Edelman, Jacob	Private	Oct. 10, 1862	22	
Eberts, Levi	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Fehnel, Levi	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Fehnel, Harrison	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Missing in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Feirich, Henry	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Fravel, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Gross, Charles	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Died at Bethlehem, Pa.
Graver, Oliver	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Hagenbuch, Peter F.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Hahn, William (H.)	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Heckman, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died from typhoid fever soon after dis- charge.
Hummel, Frederick	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Heckman, Henry	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died Feb. 15, 1907.
Huffamith, Charles	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		

COMPANY H—(Moore Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Houser, Jacob	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died Sept. 22, 1898.
Herman, Stephen	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Henry, James M.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Hellenbrant, Reuben	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Windmill Point, Va., Jan. 31, 1863.
Johnson, James	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Kratzer, Stephen	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Absent in hospital at muster-out. Dead.
Koehler, Edwin	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Kindt, Francis	Private	Oct. 10, 1862	21	Dead.
Krack, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Dead.
Kester, Amandus	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Kester, Isaac	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Philadelphia, Pa., June 26, 1863.
Lilly, Solomon	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Miller, Henry F.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Miller, Stephen D.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863. Dead.

COMPANY H — (Moore Township) — (*Continued.*)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Muffy, John P.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Miller, Christian	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Miller, Sidney J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Miller, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862	21	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Miller, Joseph	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Miller, Reuben J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Maderer, Peter	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Discharged March 31, 1863. Dead.
Mersh, Franklin	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Mersh, Peter	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Klecknersville, Pa.
Minich, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Meixell, Charles	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Meixell, William	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Ochs, Charles	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Company cook. Dead.
Person, Harrison	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Rice, Stephen	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Dead.
Rice, Conrad	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		

COMPANY H (Moore Township)---(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Remely, Edward	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Rockel, George A.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 26, 1863.
Rockel, George	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Roth, Harrison	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Reichner, Michael	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Schlegel, Henry J.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Schall, Absalom	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Sensebach, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Bath, Pa.
Smith, Jacob	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died soon after muster-out.
Smith, William F.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out. Dead.
Steckel, Theodore	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Steckel, Jacob	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Schmahl, Joseph	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

COMPANY H—(Moore Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Simons, John	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Dead.
Schott, Reuben	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Confined in Libby prison. Dead.
Scholl, Jacob E.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died at Portsmouth, Va., July, 1863.
Scherrer, Constantine	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Silfies, Elias	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Died April, 1882.
Snyder, Josiah	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Missing in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Dead.
Treichler, Edwin F.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Trach, Stephen	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Dead.
Unangst, George W.	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Washburn, Aaron	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Dead.
Wambold, Samuel	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		
Wagner, Reuben	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Wagner, Benjamin	Private	Oct. 10, 1862		Discharged March 27, 1863. Dead.

COMPANY I (Plainfield Township).

Mustered out with Company July 24, 1863, except where otherwise noted.

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Joseph S. Myers	Captain	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
William H. Crawford	1st Lieut.	Oct. 11, 1862	27	
Reuben J. Stotz	2nd Lieut.	Oct. 11, 1862	25	Died at Wind Gap, Pa., April 14, 1879.
Elon Kotz	1st Sergt.	Oct. 11, 1862	28	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Paroled on field.
Theodore Herman	Sergt.	Oct. 11, 1862		Died at Washington, D. C., June 29, 1863.
John Henning	Sergt.	Oct. 11, 1862		Color Bearer.
Levi Mosser	Sergt.	Oct. 11, 1862		Died at Easton, Pa.
Joseph Bear	Sergt.	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Dead.
Lewis B. Clewell	Corporal	Oct. 11, 1862	23	Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Confined in Libby prison.
George W. Rhoad	Corporal	Oct. 11, 1862	21	
Jeremiah Myers	Corporal	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died Jan. 4, 1908.
Jeremiah Weaver	Corporal	Oct. 11, 1862		Dead.
Conrad Bauer	Corporal	Oct. 11, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Oct. 16, 1862.
Joshua Shoemaker	Corporal	Oct. 11, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Oct. 16, 1862. Died at Allentown, Pa., April 30, 1905.

COMPANY I—(Plainfield Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
John B. Derone	Corporal	Oct. 11, 1862		Promoted to Corporal Oct. 16, 1862. Died at Easton, Pa.
Aaron J. Myers	Corporal	Oct. 11, 1862		Died July 6, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Wilson H. Beaber	Musician	Oct. 11, 1862		Bugler. Died at Bath, Pa.
Felix H. Reiter	Musician	Oct. 11, 1862		Died at Soldiers' Home, Dayton, Ohio, Jan. 24, 1903.
Andre, George F.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Died Oct. 9, 1907.
Andre, Levi	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Died June, 1907.
Butz, James L.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Dead.
Bauer, Samuel J.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		
Bruch, Samuel	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		
Bruch, Herman	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Died at Allentown, Pa.
Breidinger, Joseph D.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Died near Edelman's, Pa.
Bruch, William	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Bruch, David	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		
Cassler, John R.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Absent in hospital at muster-out. Dead.
Clewell, William F.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	16	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Died at Boston, Mass., Dec. 24, 1901.

COMPANY I—(Plainfield Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Clewell, Samuel	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	18	Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863. Confined in Libby prison. Died at Schoeneck, Pa., March 2, 1868.
Christine, Aaron	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Drach, Samuel	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Died at Mechanicsville, Iowa, Jan., 1898.
Engle, James	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863. Confined in Libby prison.
Engle, George	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Died at Pottstown, Pa., Dec. 29, 1907.
Frantz, Charles	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster out.
Fritz, George	Private	Oct. 14, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Died in Monroe Co., Pa.
Fritz, Jacob	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Dead.
Fritz, Richard	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Dead.
Fritz, John	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Dead.
Fritz, Gideon	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Died Feb. 3, 1908.
Fordner, Josiah	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		
Haas, William	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Died near Wind Gap, Pa.

COMPANY I—(Plainfield Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Howell, George B.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Itterly, Jacob	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Died near Belfast, Pa., of paralysis, June 2, 1909.
Jones, John	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Dead.
Kocher, Israel	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded and captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Knecht, William H.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Died at Bethlehem, Pa.
Kessler, John	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Dead.
Kress, Chester	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		
Kress, Samuel	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Kern, Willoughby H.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Dead.
Kuntz, William	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Lockhart, Alexander P.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Absent in hospital at muster-out.
Michael, Simon	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Moyer, Adam	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Absent in hospital at muster-out.
Moyer, William	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	30	Absent in hospital at muster-out.
Moyer, Jacob	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	24	Dead.
Moser, William	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Michon, Peter	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		

COMPANY I—(Plainfield Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Nicholas, Benjamin F.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Dead.
Pritchard, Daniel	Private	Oct. 14, 1862		
Pritchard, John J.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863. Died at Bangor, Pa., 1896.
Resh, Jeremiah	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Resh, Thomas B.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Dead.
Rissmiller, George	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Oxford, N. J., Nov. 28, 1899.
Reimer, John	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863.
Stackhouse, Aaron	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Snyder, Anthony	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Dead.
Schlambp, John	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		
Sternier, Samuel	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863.
Seitz, Andrew	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Dead.
Stocker, Samuel H.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	21	
Snyder, George	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Dead.
Sandt, Thomas	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863.

COMPANY I—(Plainfield Township)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Staley, Levi	Private	Oct. 14, 1862		Died in Moore Township, Pa., July 20, 1908.
Stein, James	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Dead.
Shaefer, James	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Dead.
Stadtler, Stephen A.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Sandt, Josiah	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Absent without leave at muster-out. Dead.
Toenges, Moritz	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Died July 19, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Titus, David	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Died at Saylorsville, Pa., April 10, 1904.
Werner, Moses	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Werner, William	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Died at Alden, Kans., March 4, 1906.
Werner, Richard	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out.
Williams, Robert	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Bath, Pa.
Williamson, Franklin	Private	Oct. 14, 1862		Dead.
Young, John H.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863.

COMPANY K (Lower Mt. Bethel).

Mustered out with Company July 23, 1863, except where otherwise noted.

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Isaac L. Johnson	Captain	Oct. 11, 1862	25	Resigned Feb. 11, 1863. Died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 28, 1899.
Isaac Buzzard	Captain	Oct. 15, 1862	27	Promoted from 1st Lieut. Feb. 19, 1863. Died at Bangor, Pa., Aug. 3, 1896.
George H. Fritchman	1st Lieut.	Oct. 8, 1862		Promoted from 2d Lieut. of Co. B, Feb. 19, 1863. Died at Birmingham, Ala., July 20, 1889. Buried in Philadelphia, Pa.
Laurence Dutott	2nd Lieut.	Oct. 11, 1862	32	Died at Martins Creek, Pa., Feb. 12, 1870.
William L. Bowman	1st Sergt.	Oct. 11, 1862	30	
Eli Albert	Sergt.	Oct. 11, 1862	25	
Enos J. Miller	Sergt.	Oct. 11, 1862	20	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Adam Brod	Sergt.	Oct. 11, 1862	27	
Abraham Ackerman	Sergt.	Oct. 11, 1862	41	Promoted from Corporal for meritorious conduct at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Peter P. Sandt	Sergt.	Oct. 11, 1862	38	Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.

COMPANY K—(Lower Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Anthony Albert	Corporal	Oct. 11, 1862	23	Died at Bangor, Pa., March 17, 1905.
Aaron Sandt	Corporal	Oct. 11, 1862	39	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Rochester, N. Y.
John Reimel	Corporal	Oct. 11, 1862	30	Died July 9, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Edwin Berkop (Berkoff)	Corporal	Oct. 11, 1862	27	Deserted Feb. 24, 1863. Re-enlisted in 39th N. J. Vols. Died at Easton, Pa., Feb. 25, 1907.
Henry Smith	Corporal	Oct. 11, 1862	42	Sent to hospital at Brooks' Station, Va., June 11, 1863. Absent in hospital at muster-out. Dead.
Jacob Goldshalk	Corporal	Oct. 11, 1862	19	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 14, 1863.
Herman Godshalk	Corporal	Oct. 11, 1862	42	Absent in hospital at muster-out. Died at Bangor, Pa., May 28, 1906.
Heston N. Mack	Musician	Oct. 11, 1862	18	In Camp Hospital at Aldie, Va., with (Newton Heston Mack) typhoid fever.
Almyer Neigh	Musician	Oct. 11, 1862	14	
Ackerman, Milton	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	19	Dead.
Ackerman, John F.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	18	Died at Ackermanville, Pa., Feb. 3, 1901.

COMPANY K—(Lower Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Ackerman, John G.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	24	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Dead.
Ackerman, David	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	23	Died at Bangor, Pa., March 10, 1905.
Albert, Philip J.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	20	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Andre, Herman	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	19	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Albert, Chester	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	22	Discharged April 16, 1863.
Albert, Andrew J.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	32	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Brittain, William H.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	18	
Buzard, Amos	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	19	Died at Bangor, Pa., Feb. 18, 1900.
Brodt, Robert	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	23	
Brader, Freeman	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	34	Died near Easton, Pa.
Brodey, William	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	42	Deserted Oct. 11, 1862, at Harrisburg, Pa.
Chamberlain, Enos	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	20	
Cyphers, Henry W. (Rothrock, H. A.)	Private	Oct. 20, 1862		
Clark, Hugh (John)	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	38	
Connelly, Jacob R.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	42	Served as company cook. Died at Rich- mond, Pa.
Con, Gallagher	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Transferred Oct. 24, 1862. Organiza- tion unknown.

COMPANY K—(Lower Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Dencer, John	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	41	A Veteran of Mexican War. Died at Bangor, Pa., Jan. 14, 1894.
Davidson, Daniel	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	19	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Engler, John	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	20	Dead.
Fox, Moses	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	21	
Flory, Jeremiah	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	18	Missing in action at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. (Killed).
Fraunfelter, Reuben	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	18	
Fulse, David	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	24	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died March, 1907.
Griffith, Richard	Private	Oct. 20, 1862		
Good, Henry	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	21	
Gardner, James	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	22	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 24, 1863. Dead.
Godshalk, William	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	18	Dead.
Gils, Jacob	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	28	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Gold, Richard H.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	20	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Pen Argyl, Pa., Dec. 20, 1907.
Holland, William	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	18	
Hopple, Peter	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	23	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate Mar. 12, 1863. Dead.

COMPANY K—(Lower Mt. Bethel)—(*Continued.*)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Hoagland, Christian.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	24	Dead, buried in Lutheran Cemetery at Bangor, Pa.
Heldeman, Joseph	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	18	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Heintzelman, Gottlieb	Private	Oct. 20, 1862		Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863.
Hays, James W.	Private			Transferred to 50th Co., 2d Batt., V. R. C.—date unknown—discharged on Surgeon's certificate June 8, 1865.
Johnson, John	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	41	Wounded with loss of arm, at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863. Dead.
Kurtz, Benjamin	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	26	Dead.
Koch, Frederick	Private	Oct. 11, 1862		Dead.
Labar, Alonzo	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	19	Died at Slateford, Pa.
Labar, Isaac	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	18	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Dead.
Leshner, William	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	28	
McCracken, Samuel	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	25	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863. Also at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863. Dead.

COMPANY K—(Lower Mt. Bethel)—(Continued.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of muster-in.	Age at muster-in.	Remarks.
Miller, Reuben	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	21	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Died at Constantine, Mich., May, 1902.
Miller, Theodore H.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	18	
Mann, William H.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	19	
Messinger, Elias	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	40	Died at Allentown, Pa., Sept. 7, 1903.
Rader, John F.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	19	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
Rutt, Jacob H.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	30	Dead.
Rasely, Levi H.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	21	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Fayette, Iowa, June 1, 1874.
Reilly, Terance	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	47	Missing in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. (Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863).
Ricker, George B.	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	26	Accidentally wounded in knee by bayonet.
Rush, John	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	19	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July, 1863.
Smith, Isaac	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	19	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Shook, George	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	21	Died at Bangor, Pa., 1896.
Shook, Abraham	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	20	Dead.
Schock, Lorenzo	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	20	
Seiple, Henry	Private	Oct. 11, 1862	21	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863. Died at Bangor, Pa., Mar. 19, 1906.

